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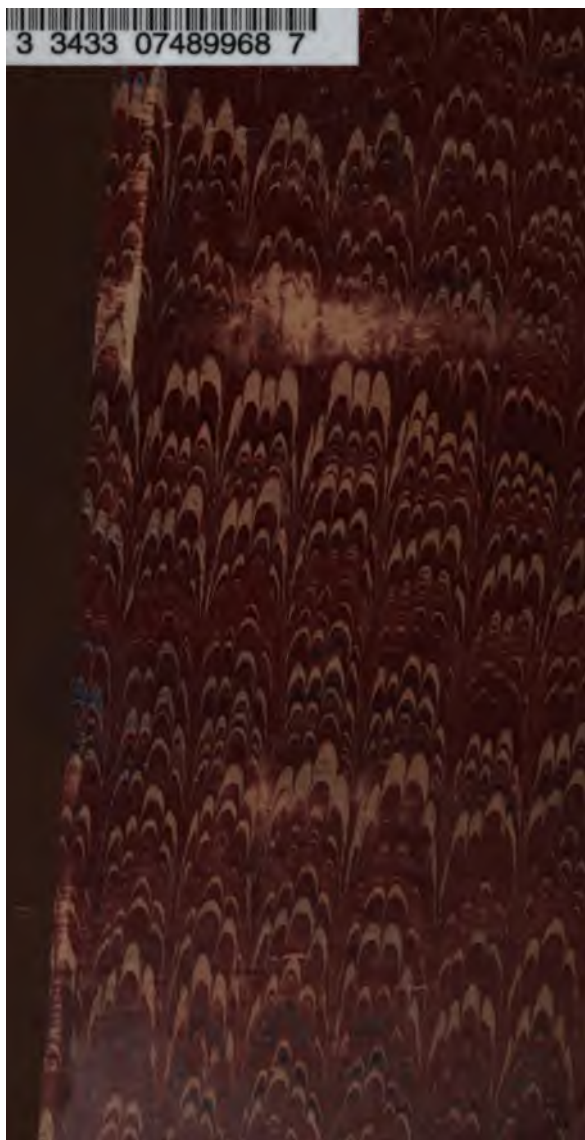
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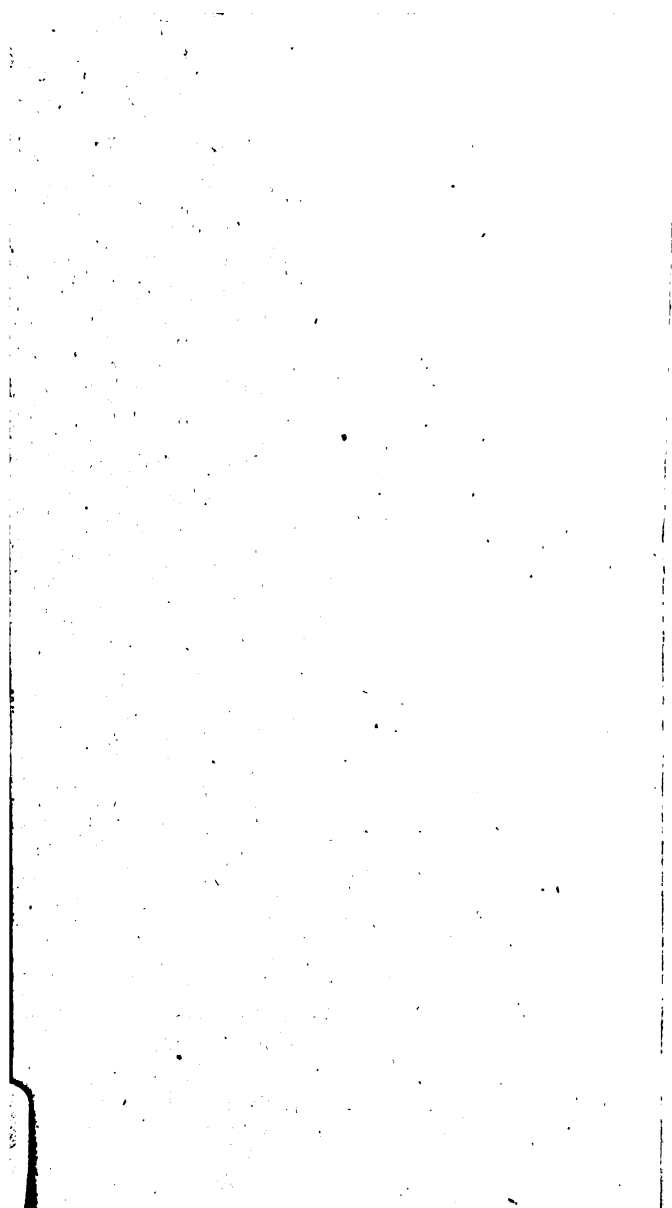
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THE
P L A Y S
OF
WILLIAM SHAKSPEAR

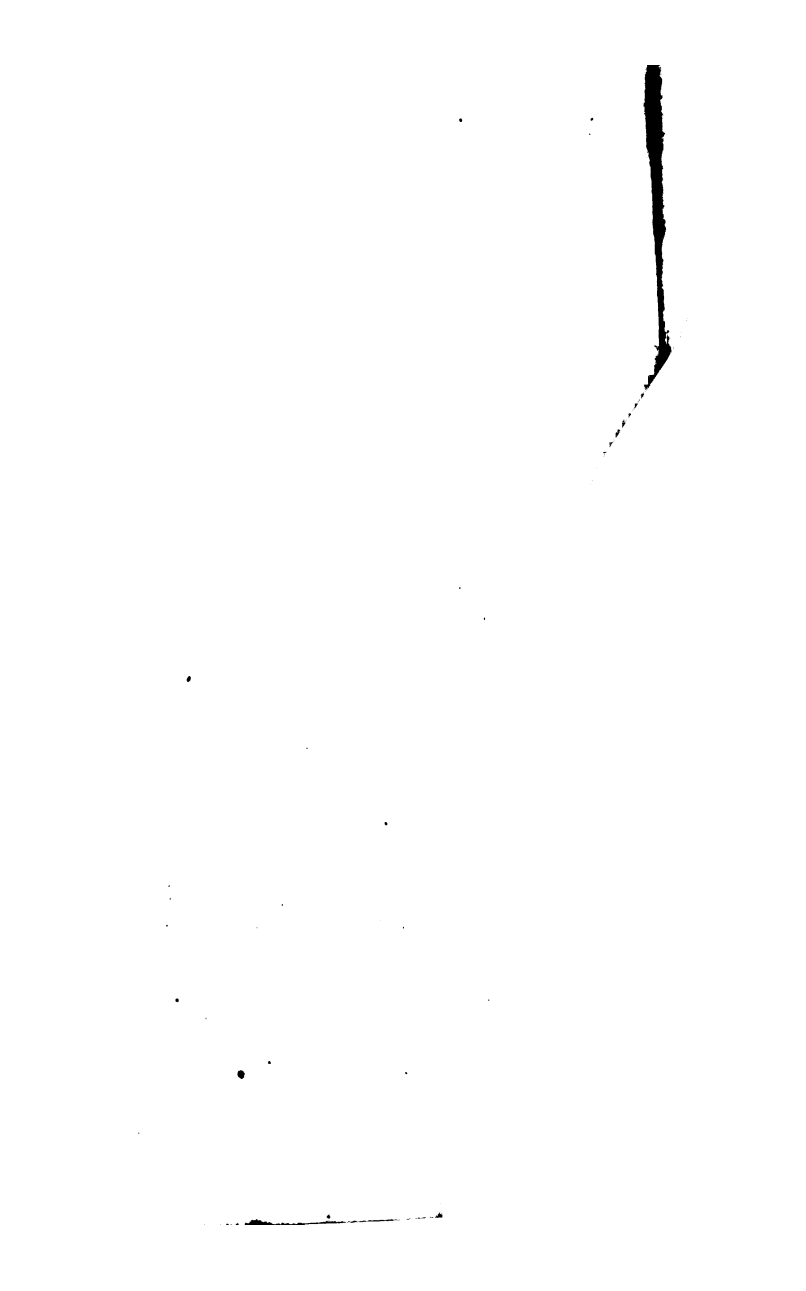
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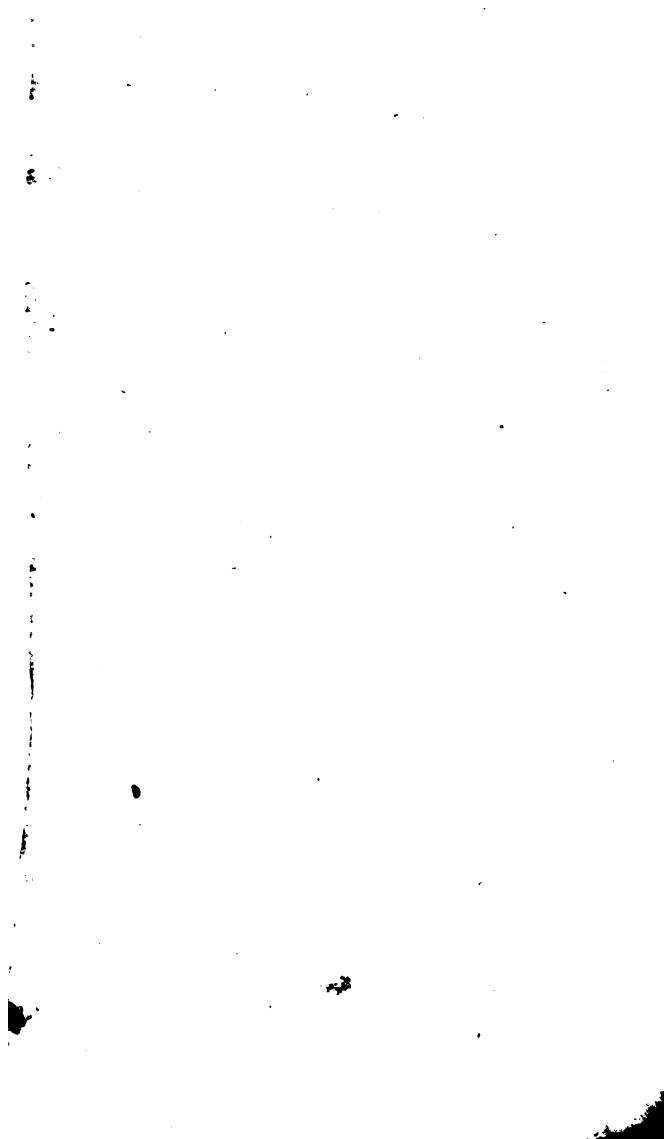
CONTAINING
THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.
TWELFTH NIGHT.... MEASURE FOR MEASURE
MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.



L O N D O N :
Printed by T. BENSLEY, Bolt Court, Fleet Street,
FOR VERNOR AND HOOD, POULTRY; E. HAR
PALL-MALL; AND J. WRIGHT, PICCADILLY

1800.







Harding's Edition.

THE
MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR,
A
COMEDY,
BY
WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

ACCURATELY PRINTED

FROM THE TEXT OF

Mr. STEEVENS's LAST EDITION.

Ornamented with Plates

London:

PUBLISHED BY E. HARDING, NO. 95, FLEET STREET;
J. WRIGHT, PICCADILLY; G. SARR, STRAND;
AND VERNOR AND HOOD, POULTRY.

1798.

OBSERVATIONS.

A FEW of the incidents in this comedy might have been taken from some old translation of *Il Pecorone* by Giovanni Fiorentino. I have lately met with the same story in a very contemptible performance, intitl'd. *The fortunate, the deceived, and the unfortunate Lovers*. Of this book, as I am told, there are several impressions; but that in which I read it, was published in 1632, quarto. A somewhat similar story occurs in *Piacvoli Notti di Straparola*, Nott. 4^a. Fav. 4^a.

This comedy was first entered at Stationers' Hall, Jan. 28, 1601, by John Busby. STEVENS.

A passage in the first sketch of *The Merry Wives of Windsor* shews, I think, that it ought to be read between the *First* and the *Second Part of King Henry IV.* in the latter of which young Henry becomes king. In the last act, Falstaff says:

"Herne the hunter, quoth you? am I a ghost?"

"'Shlood, the fairies hath made a ghost of me."

"What, hunting at this time of night!"

"I'll lay my life the mad prince of Wales"

"Is stealing his father's deare."

and in this play, as it now appears, Mr. Page discountenances the addresses of Fenton to his daughter, because "he keeps company with the wild prince, and with Poins."

The Fishwife's Tale of Brainford in WESTWARD FOR SMELTS, a book which Shakspeare appears to have read, (having borrowed from it part of the fable of *Cymbeline*,) probably led him to lay the scene of Falstaff's love-adventures at *Windsor*. It begins thus: "In *Windsor* not long agoe dwelt a sumpterman, who had to wife a very faire but wauton creature, over whom, not without cause, he was something jealous; yet had he never any proof of her inconstancy. MALONE.

The adventures of *Falstaff* in this play seem to have been taken from the story of *The Lovers of Pisa*, in an old piece called "*Tarleton's News out of Ruggatonia*."

Mr. Warton observes, in a note to the last *Oxford* edition, that the play was probably not written, as we now have it, before 1607, at the earliest. I agree with my very ingenious friend in this supposition, but yet the argument here produced for it may not be conclusive. *Slender* observes to master Page, that his greyhound was "a *greyhound in the forest*;" [*Corswold-Hills* in *Gloucestershire*]; and Mr. Warton thinks, that the games established there by Captain *Dover* in the beginning of *R. James's* reign, are alluded to.—But perhaps, though the Captain be celebrated in the *Annalia Dubrensis* as the founder of them, he might be the reviver only, or some way contribute to make them more famous; for in *The second Part of Henry IV.* 1600, Justice *Shallow* reckons among the *Swinge-bucklers* "Will Squeele, a Cotjole man."

In the first edition of the imperfect play, *for Hugh Evans* is called on the title page, the *Welsh Knight*; and yet there are some persons who still affect to believe, that all our author's plays were originally published by himself. FARMER.

Dr. Farmer's opinion is well supported by "An eclogue on the noble assemblies reviewed on Cotswold Hills, by Mr. Robert Dover." See Randolph's Poems, printed at Oxford, 4to. 1638, p. 314. The hills of *Cotswold*, in *Gloucestershire*, are mentioned in *K. Richard II.* A & II. sc. iii. and by Drayton, in his *Polyolbion*, song 14. STEEVENS.

Queen Elizabeth was so well pleased with the admirable character of Falstaff in *The Two Parts of Henry IV.* that, as Mr. Rowe informs us, she commanded Shakspeare to continue it for one play more, and to shew him in love. To this command we owe *The Merry Wives of Windsor*; which Mr. Gildon says, [*Remarks on Shakspeare's plays*, 8vo. 1710,] he was very well assured our author finished in a fortnight. But this must be meant only of the first imperfect sketch of this comedy. An old quarto edition which I have seen, printed in 1602, says, in the title-page,—*As it hath been divers times acted before her majesty, and elsewhere.* This, which we have here, was altered and improved by the author almost in every speech. POPE. THEOBALD.

Mr. Gildon has likewise told us, "that our author's house at Stratford bordered on the Church-yard, and that he wrote the scene of the Ghost in *Hamlet* there." But neither for this, or the assertion that the play before us was written in a fortnight, does he quote any authority. The latter circumstance was first mentioned by Mr. Dennis. "This comedy," says he, in his Epistle Dedicatory to *The Comical Gallant*, (an alteration of the present play,) 1702, "was written at her [Queen Elizabeth's] command, and by her direction, and she was so eager to see it acted, that she commanded it to be finished in fourteen days; and was afterwards, as tradition tells us, very well pleased at the representation." The information, it is probable, came originally from Dryden, who, from his intimacy with Sir William Davenant, had an opportunity of learning many particulars concerning our author.

At what period Shakspeare new-modelled *The Merry Wives of Windsor* is unknown. I believe it was enlarged in 1603. See some conjectures on the subject, in the *Attempt to ascertain the order of his plays*. MALONE.

It is not generally known, that the first edition of *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, in its present state, is in the valuable folio, printed 1623, from whence the quarto of the same play, dated 1630, was evidently copied. The two earlier quartos, 1602, and 1619, only exhibit this comedy as it was originally written, and are so far curious, as they contain Shakspeare's first conceptions in forming a drama, which is the most complete specimen of his comic powers. T. WARTON.

PERSONS REPRESENTED

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

FENTON.

SHALLOW, *a country Justice.*

SLENDER, *cousin to SHALLOW.*

MR. FORD, }
MR. PAGE, } *two gentlemen dwelling at W*

WILLIAM PAGE, *a boy, son to MR. PAGE.*

SIR HUGH EVANS, *a Welch parson.*

DR. CAIUS, *a French phyfician.*

Host of the Garter Inn.

BARDOLPH, }
PISTOL, } *followers of FALSTAFF.*
NYM,

ROBIN, *page to FALSTAFF.*

SIMPLE, *servant to SLENDER.*

: RUGBY, *servant to DR. CAIUS.*

MRS. FORD.

MRS. PAGE,

MRS. ANNE PAGE, *her daughter, in love*

MRS. QUICKLY, *servant to DR. CAIUS.*

Servants to PAGE, FORD, &c.

SCENE. WINDSOR; and the

MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

ACT I. SCENE I.

WINDSOR. *Before PAGE's House.*

Enter Justice SHALLOW, SLENDER, and Sir HUGH EVANS.

Shallow.

SIR Hugh, persuade me not; I will make a Star-chamber matter of it: if he were twenty sir John Falstaffs, he shall not abuse Robert Shallow, esquire.

Slen. In the county of Gloster, justice of peace, and *coram*.

Shal. Ay, cousin Slender, and *Cust-alorum*.

Slen. Ay, and *ratolorum* too; and a gentleman born, master parson; who writes himself *armigero*; in any bill, warrant, quittance, or obligation, *armigero*.

Shal. Ay, that we do; and have done any time these three hundred years.

Slen. All his successors, gone before him, have done't; and all his ancestors, that come after him, may: they may give the dozen white luses in their coat.

Shal. It is an old coat.

Eva. The dozen white louses do become an old coat well; it agrees well, passant: it is a familiar beast to man, and signifies—love.

B

Shal.

Sbal. The luce is the fresh fish; the salt fish is an old coat.

Slen. I may quarter, coz?

Sbal. You may, by marrying.

Eva. It is marring indeed, if he quarter it.

Sbal. Not a whit.

Eva. Yes, py'r-lady; if he has a quarter of your coat, there is but three skirts for yourself, in my simple conjectures; but that is all one: If sir John Falstaff have committed disparagements unto you, I am of the church and will be glad to do my benevolence, to make atonements and compromises between you.

Sbal. The Council shall hear it; it is a riot.

Eva. It is not meet the Council hear a riot; there's fear of Got in a riot; the Council, look you, shall to hear the fear of Got, and not to hear a riot your vizaments in that.

Sbal. Ha! o' my life, if I were young again, t' should end it.

Eva. It is petter that friends is the sword, and there is also another device in my prain, an adventure, prings goot discretions with it: Th Page, which is daughter to master George Page pretty virginity.

Slen. Mistress Anne Page? She has brow speaks small like a woman.

Eva. It is that fery verson for all the 't you will desire; and seven hundred pound and gold, and silver, is her grandfire, w' bed (Got deliver to a joyful resurrection she is able to overtake seventeen years of motion, if we leave our pribbles and 't a marriage between master Abraham Page.

Shal. Did her grandfire leave her seven hundred pound?

Eva. Ay, and her father is make her a petter penny.

Shal. I know the young gentlewoman; she has good gifts.

Eva. Seven hundred pounds, and possibilities, is good gifts.

Shal. Well, let us see honest master Page: Is Falstaff there?

Eva. Shall I tell you a lie? I do despise a liar, as I do despise one that is false; or, as I despise one that is not true. The knight, sir John, is there; and, I beseech you, be ruled by your well-willers. I will peat the door [knocks] for master Page. What, ho! Got pless your house here!

Enter PAGE.

Page. Who's there?

Eva. Here is Got's plessing, and your friend, and justice Shallow: and here young master Slender; that, peradventures, shall tell you another tale, if matters grow to your likings.

Page. I am glad to see your worships well: I thank you for my venison, master Shallow.

Shal. Master Page, I am glad to see you; Much good do it your good heart! I wish'd your venison better; it was ill kill'd.—How doth good Mistrefs Page?—and I love you always with my heart, la; with my heart.

Page. Sir, I thank you.

Shal. Sir, I thank you; by yea and no, I do.

Page. I am glad to see you, good master Slender.

Slender. How does your fallow greyhound, sir? I heard say, he was out-run on Cotfale.

Page. It could not be judg'd, sir.

Slender. You'll not confes, you'll not confes.

Shal. That he will not;—'tis your fault, 'tis your fault:—'Tis a good dog.

Page. A cur, sir.

Shal. Sir, he's a good dog, and a fair dog; can there be more said? he is good, and fair.—Is sir John Falstaff here?

Page. Sir, he is within; and I would I could do a good office between you.

Eva. It is spoke as a christians ought to speak.

Shal. He hath wrong'd me, master Page.

Page. Sir, he doth in some sort confesse it.

Shal. If it be confesse'd, it is not redress'd; is not that so, master Page? He hath wrong'd me;—indeed, he hath;—at a word, he hath;—believe me;—Robert Shallow, esquire, faith he is wrong'd.

Page. Here comes sir John.

*Enter Sir JOHN FALSTAFF, BARDOLPH, NYM, and
PISTOL.*

Fal. Now, master Shallow, you'll complain of the king?

Shal. Knight, you have beaten my men, kill'd my and broke open my lodge.

Fal. But not kifs'd your keeper's daughter?

Shal. Tut, a pin! this shall be answer'd.

Fal. I will answer it straight;—I have done That is now answer'd.

Shal. The Council shall know this.

Fal. 'Twere better for you, if it were known: you'll be laugh'd at.

Eva. *Pauca verba*, sir John; good worts.

Fal. Good worts! good cabbage.—Slen your head: What matter have you against?

Slen. Marry, sir, I have matter in my head

and against your coney-catching rascals, Bardolph, Nym, and Pistol. They carried me to the tavern, and made me drunk, and afterwards pick'd my pocket.

Bar. You Banbury cheefe!

Slen. Ay, it is no matter.

Pist. How, now, Mephostophilus?

Slen. Ay, it is no matter.

Nym. Slice, I say! *pauca, pauca*; slice! that's my humour.

Slen. Where's Simple, my man?—Can you tell, cousin?

Eva. Peace: I pray you! Now let us understand: There is three umpires in this matter, as I understand: that is—master Page, *fidelicet*, master Page; and there is myself, *fidelicet*, myself; and the three party is, lastly and finally, mine host of the Garter.

Page. We three to hear it, and end it between them.

Eva. Fery goot: I will make a prief of it in my notebook; and we will afterwards 'ork upon the cause, with as great discreetly as we can.

Fal. Pistol——

Pist. He hears with ears.

Eva. The tevil and his tam! what phrase is this, *He hears with ears*? Why, it is affectations.

Fal. Pistol, did you pick master Slender's purse?

Slen. Ay, by these gloves, did he, (or I would I might never come in mine own great chamber again else) of seven groats in mill-sixpences, and two Edward shovel-boards, that cost me two shilling and two pence a-piece of Yead Miller, by these gloves.

Fal. Is this true, Pistol?

Eva. No; it is false, if it is a pick-purse.

Pist. Ha, thou mountain-foreigner!—Sir John, and master mine,

I combat challenge of this latten bilbo:

Word of denial in thy labras here;

Word of denial: froth and scum, thou lieft.

Slén. By these gloves, then 'twas he.

Nym. Be avis'd, sir, and pass good humours: I will say, *marry-trap*, with you, if you run the nuthook's humour on me; that is the very note of it.

Slén. By this hat then, he in the red face had it: for, though I cannot remember what I did when you made me drunk, yet I am not altogether an afs.

Fal. What say you, Scarlet and John?

Bar. Why, sir, for my part, I say, the gentleman had drunk himself out of his five sentences.

Eva. It is his five senses: fie, what the ignorance is!

Bar. And being sap, sir, was, as they say, cashier'd; and so conclusions pass'd the careires.

Slén. Ay, you spake in Latin then too; but 'tis no matter: I'll ne'er be drunk whilst I live again, but in honest, civil, godly company, for this trick: if I be drunk, I'll be drunk with those that have the fear of God, and not with drunken knaves.

Eva. So Got 'udge me, that is a virtuous mind.

Fal. You hear all these matters denied, gentlemen; you hear it.

Enter Mistrefs ANNE PAGE with wine; Mistrefs FORD and Mistrefs PAGE following.

Page. Nay, daughter, carry the wine in; we'll drink within. *[Exit ANNE PAGE.]*

Slén. O heaven! this is mistrefs Anne Page.

Page. How now, mistrefs Ford?

Fal. Mistrefs Ford, by my troth, you are very well met: by your leave, good mistrefs. *[kissing her.]*

Page. Wife, bid these gentlemen welcome:—Come,

we

we have a hot venison pasty to dinner ; come, gentlemen, I hope we shall drink down all unkindness.

[*Exeunt all but SHALLOW, SLENDER, and EVANS.*]

Slen. I had rather than forty shillings, I had my book of Songs and Sonnets here.

Enter SIMPLE.

How now, Simple ! where have you been ? I must wait on myself, must I ? You have not *The Book of Riddles* about you, have you ?

Sim. *Book of Riddles !* why, did you not lend it to Alice Shortcake upon Allhallowmas last, a fortnight afore Michaelmas ?

Sbal. Come, coz ; come, coz ; we stay for you. A word with you, coz : marry, this, coz ; There is, as 'twere, a tender, a kind of tender, made afar off by sir Hugh here ;—Do you understand me ?

Slen. Ay, sir, you shall find me reasonable ; if it be so, I shall do that that is reason.

Sbal. Nay, but understand me.

Slen. So I do, sir.

Eva. Give ear to his motions, master Slender : I will description the matter to you, if you be capacity of it.

Slen. Nay, I will do as my cousin Shallow says : I pray you, pardon me ; he's a justice of peace in his country, simple though I stand here.

Eva. But that is not the question ; the question is concerning your marriage.

Sbal. Ay, there's the point, sir.

Eva. Marry, is it ; the very point of it ; to mistress Anne Page.

Slen. Why, if it be so, I will marry her, upon any reasonable demands.

Eva. But can you affection the 'oman? Let us command to know that of your mouth, or of your lips; for divers philosophers hold, that the lips is parcel of the mouth:—Therefore, precisely, can you carry your good will to the maid?

Shal. Cousin Abraham Slender, can you love her?

Slen. I hope, sir,—I will do, as it shall become one that would do reason.

Eva. Nay, God's lords and his ladies, you must speak possitable, if you can carry her your desires towards her.

Shal. That you must: Will you, upon good dowry, marry her?

Slen. I will do a greater thing than that, upon your request, cousin, in any reason.

Shal. Nay, conceive me, conceive me, sweet coz; what I do, is to pleasure you, coz: Can you love the maid?

Slen. I will marry her, sir, at your request; but there be no great love in the beginning, yet heaven decrease it upon better acquaintance, when we are ried, and have more occasion to know one another, upon familiarity will grow more contempt you say, *marry her*, I will marry her, that I am dissolved, and dissolutely.

Eva. It is a fery discretion answer; fave, ' in the 'ort dissolutely: the 'ort is, according to ing, resolutely;—his meaning is good.

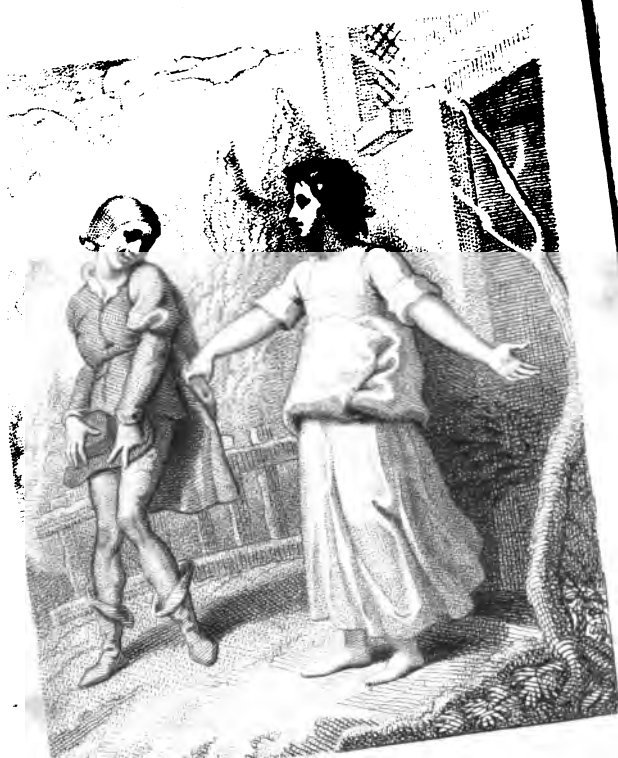
Shal. Ay, I think my cousin meant well.

Slen. Ay, or else I would I might be he

Re-Enter ANNE PAGE.

Shal. Here comes fair mistress Anne, young, for your sake, mistress Anne!





W. N. Gardiner del et sc

Merry Wives of Windsor.

Page. 13.

Published April 1798 by Edw^d Harding Pall Mall.

Anne. The dinner is on the table; my father desires your worships' company.

Shal. I will wait on him, fair mistress Anne.

Eva. Od's plessed will! I will not be absence at the grace.

[*Exeunt* SHALLOW, and Sir H. EVANS.]

Anne. Will't please your worship to come in, sir?

Slen. No, I thank you, forsooth, heartily; I am very well.

Anne. The dinner attends you, sir.

Slen. I am not a-hungry, I thank you, forsooth:—Go, firrah, for all you are my man, go, wait upon my cousin Shallow. [*Exit* SIMPLE.] A justice of peace sometimes may be beholden to his friend for a man:—I keep but three men and a boy yet, till my mother be dead: But what though? yet I live like a poor gentleman born.

Anne. I may not go in without your worship: they will not fit till you come.

Slen. P'faith, I'll eat nothing; I thank you as much as though I did.

Anne. I pray you, sir, walk in.

Slen. I had rather walk here, I thank you: I bruis'd my shin the other day with playing at sword and dagger with a master of fence, three veneys for a dish of stew'd prunes; and, by my troth, I cannot abide the smell of hot meat since. Why do your dogs bark so? be there bears i'the town?

Anne. I think there are, sir; I heard them talk'd of.

Slen. I love the sport well; but I shall as soon quarrel at it, as any man in England:—You are afraid if you see the bear loose, are you not?

Anne. Ay, indeed, sir.

Slen. That's meat and drink to me, now: I have seen Sackerson loose twenty times; and have taken him by the chain:

Cham. But, I warrant you, the women have so cried and scolded at it, that it pass'd:—but women, indeed, cannot stand 'em; they are very ill-favour'd rough things.

Re-enter PAGE.

Page. Come, gentle master Slender, come; we stay for you.

Slen. I'll eat nothing; I thank you, sir.

Page. By cock and pye, you shall not choose, sir: come, come.

Slen. Nay, pray you, lead the way.

Page. Come on, sir.

Slen. Mistress Anne, yourself shall go first.

Anne. Not I, sir; pray you keep on.

Slen. Truly, I will not go first; truly, la: I will not do you that wrong.

Anne. I pray you, sir.

Slen. I'll rather be unmannerly than troublesome: you do yourself wrong, indeed, la. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE II.

The same.

Enter Sir HUGH EVANS and SIMPLE.

Evans. Go your ways, and ask of Doctor Caius' house, which is the way: and there dwells one mistress Quickly, which is in the manner of his nurse, or his dry nurse, or his cock, or his laundry, his washer, and his wringer.

Simple. Well, sir.

Evans. Nay, it is better yet:—give her this letter; for it is a woman that altogether's acquaintance with mistress Anne Page; and the letter is, to desire and require her to

solicit your master's desires to Mrs. Anne Page: I pray you, be gone; I will make an end of my dinner; there's pippins and cheese to come. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.

A Room in the Garter Inn.

Enter FALSTAFF, HOST, BARDOLPH, NYM, PISTOL, and ROBIN.

Fal. Mine host of the Garter,—

Host. What says my bully-rook? Speak schollarly, and wisely.

Fal. Truly, mine host, I must turn away some of my followers.

Host. Discard, bully Hercules; cashier: let them wag; trot, trot.

Fal. I sit at ten pounds a week.

Host. Thou'rt an emperor, Cæsar, Keifar, and Pheeazar. I will entertain Bardolph; he shall draw, he shall tap: said I well, bully Hector?

Fal. Do so, good mine host.

Host. I have spoke! let him follow: let me see thee froth, and lime: I am at a word, follow. [Exit HOST.

Fal. Bardolph, follow him; a tapster is a good trade: An old cloak makes a new jerkin; a withered serving-man a fresh tapster: Go; adieu.

Bard. It is a life that I have desired; I will thrive.

[Exit BARD.

Pist. O base Gongarian wight! wilt thou the spigot wield?

Nym. He was gotten in drink: Is not the humour conceited? His mind is not heroick, and there's the humour of it.

Fal.

Fal. I am glad I am so acquit of this tinderbox: his thefts were too open: his filching was like an unskilful finger, he kept not time.

Nym. The good humour is, to steal at a minute's rest.

Pist. Convey, the wife it call: Steal! foh; a fico for the phrase.

Fal. Well, sirs, I am almost out at heels.

Pist. Why then, let kibes ensue.

Fal. There is no remedy; I must coney-catch; I must shift.

Pist. Young ravens must have food.

Fal. Which of you know Ford, of this town?

Pist. I ken the wight; he is of substance good.

Fal. My honest lads, I will tell you what I am about.

Pist. Two yards, and more.

Fal. No quips now, Pistol: Indeed I am in the waist two yards about: but I am now about no waste; I am about thrift. Briefly, I do mean to make love to Ford's wife; I spy entertainment in her; she discourses, she carves, she gives the leer of invitation: I can construe the action of her familiar style; and the hardest voice of her behaviour, to be English'd rightly, is, *I am for John Falstaff's*.

Pist. He hath study'd her well, and translated her well; out of honesty into English.

Nym. The anchor is deep: Will that humour pass?

Fal. Now, the report goes, she has all the rule of her husband's purse; she hath legions of angels.

Pist. As many devils entertain; and, *To her, boy*, say I.

Nym. The humour rises; [it is good: humour me the angels.

Fal. I have writ me here a letter to her: and here another to Page's wife; who even now gave me good eyes too, examin'd my parts with most judicious eyliads: sometimes the

the beam of her view gilded my foot, sometimes my portly belly.

Pist. Then did the sun on dung-hill shine.

Nym. I thank thee for that humour.

Fal. O, she did so course o'er my exteriors with such a greedy intention, that the appetite of her eye did seem to scorch me up like a burning glass! Here's another letter to her: she bears the purse to; she is a region in Guiana, all gold and bounty. I will be cheater to them both, and they shall be exchequers to me; they shall be my East and West Indies, and I will trade to them both. Go, bear thou this letter to mistress Page; and thou this to mistress Ford; we will thrive, lads, we will thrive.

Pist. Shall I sir Pandarus of Troy become,
And by my side wear steel? then, Lucifer, take all!

Nym. I will run no base humour: here, take the humour letter; I will keep the 'haviour of reputation.

Fal. Hold, sirrah, [*to ROB.*] bear you these letters tightly;
Sail like my pinnacle to these golden shores.—

Rogues, hence, avaunt! vanish like hail-stones, go;

Trudge, plod, away, o'the hoof; seek shelter, pack!

Falstaff will learn the humour of this age,

French thrift, you rogues; myself, and skirted page.

[*Exeunt FALSTAFF and ROBIN.*]

Pist. Let vultures gripe thy guts! for gourd, and fullam holds,

And high and low beguile the rich and poor:

Tester I'll have in pouch, when thou shalt lack,

Base Phrygian Turk!

Nym. I have operations in my head, which be humours of revenge.

Pist. Wilt thou revenge?

Nym. By welkin, and her star!

Pist. With wit, or steel?

Nym.

Nym. With both the humours, I :
I will discuss the humour of this love to Page.

Pist. And I to Ford shall *eke* unfold,
How Falstaff, varlet vile,
His dove will prove, his gold will hold,
And his soft couch defile.

Nym. My humour shall not cool : I will incense Page
to deal with poison ; I will possess him with yellowness,
for the revolt of mien is dangerous : that is my true hu-
mour.

Pist. Thou art the Mars of malcontents : I second thee ;
troop on. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

A Room in Dr. CAIUS's House.

Enter Mrs. QUICKLY, SIMPLE, and RUGBY.

Quick. What, John Rugby !—I pray thee, go to the
casement, and see if you can see my master, master Doctor
Caius, coming : if he do, i'faith, and find any body in the
house, here will be an old abusing of God's patience, and
the king's English.

Rug. I'll go watch.

[*Exit RUGBY.*]

Quick. Go ; and we'll have a posset for't soon at night,
in faith, at the latter end of a sea-coal fire. An honest,
willing, kind fellow, as ever servant shall come in house
withal ; and, I warrant you, no tell-tale, nor no breed-
bate : his worst fault is, that he is given to prayer ; he is
something peevish that way : but nobody but has his fault ;
—but let that pass. Peter Simple, you say your name is ?

Sim. Ay, for fault of a better.

Quick. And master Slender's your master ?

Sim. Ay, forsooth.

Quick.

Quick. Does he not wear a great round beard, like a glover's paring knife?

Sim. No, forsooth: he hath but a little wee face, with a little yellow beard; a Cain-colour'd beard.

Quick. A softly-sprighted man, is he not?

Sim. Ay, forsooth: but he is as tall a man of his hands, as any is between this and his head; he hath fought with a warrener.

Quick. How say you?—O, I should remember him. Does he not hold up his head, as it were? and strut in his gait?

Sim. Yes, indeed, does he.

Quick. Well, heaven send Anne Page no worfe fortune! Tell master Parson Evans, I will do what I can for your master: Anne is a good girl, and I wish—

Re-enter RUGBY.

Rug. Out, alas! here comes my master.

Quick. We shall all be shent: Run in here, good young man; go into this closet. [*Shuts Simple in the closet.*] He will not stay long.—What, John Rugby! John, what, John, I say!—Go, John, go enquire for my master; I doubt, he be not well, that he comes not home:—and down, down, adown-a, &c. [*sings.*

Enter Doctor CAIUS.

Caius. Vat is you sing? I do not like dese toys. Pray you, go and vetch me in my closet *un boittier verd*; a box, a green-a box; Do intend vat I speak? a green-a box.

Quick. Ay, forsooth, I'll fetch it you. I am glad he went not in himself: if he had found the young man, he would have been horn-mad. [*Afide.*

Caius. *Fe, fe, fe, fe! ma foi, il fait fort chaud. Je m'en vais à la Cour,—la grande affaire.*

Quick

Quick. Is it this, sir?

Caius. *Ouy; mette le au mon pocket; Depeche, quickly:* Vere is dat knave Rugby?

Quick. What, John Rugby! John!

Rug. Here, sir.

Caius. You are John Rugby, and you are Jack Rugby: Come, take-a your rapier, and come after my heel to de court.

Rug. 'Tis ready, sir, here in the porch.

Caius. By my trot, I tarry too long:—Od's me! *Qu'ay j'oublié?* dere is some simples in my closet, dat I vill not for the varld I shall leave behind.

Quick. Ah me! he'll find the young man there, and be mad.

Caius. *O diable, diable!* vat is in my closet?—Villainy! *larron!* [*Pulling Simple out.*] Rugby, my rapier.

Quick. Good master, be content.

Caius. Verefore shall I be content-a?

Quick. The young man is an honest man.

Caius. Vat shall de honest man do in my closet? dere is no honest man dat shall come in my closet.

Quick. I beseech you, be not so phlegmatic; hear the truth of it: He came of an errand to me from Parson Hugh.

Caius. Vell.

Sim. Ay, forsooth, to desire her to—

Quick. Peace, I pray you.

Caius. Peace-a your tongue:—Speak-a your tale.

Sim. To desire this honest gentlewoman, your maid, to speak a good word to mistress Anne Page for my master, in the way of marriage.

Quick. This is all indeed, la; but I'll ne'er put my finger in the fire, and need not.

Caius. Sir Hugh send-a you?—Rugby, *baillez* me some paper; tarry you a little-a while.

[*Writes.*

Quick.

Quick. I am glad he is so quiet: if he had been thoroughly moved, you should have heard him so loud, and so melancholy:—But notwithstanding, man, I'll do your master what good I can; and the very yea and the no is, the French doctor, my master.—I may call him my master, look you, for I keep his house; and I wash, wring, brew, bake, scour, dress meat and drink, make the beds, and do all myself.

Sim. 'Tis a great charge to come under one body's hand.

Quick. Are you avis'd o'that? you shall find it a great charge: and to be up early and down late;—but notwithstanding (to tell you in your ear, I would have no words of it;) my master himself is in love with mistress Anne Page: but notwithstanding that,—I know Anne's mind,—that's neither here nor there.

Caius. You jack'nape, give-a dis letter to Sir Hugh; by gar, it is a shallenge: I vill cut his troat in de park; and I vill teach a scurvy jack-a-nape priest to meddle or make:—you may be gone; it is not good you tarry here: by gar, I vill cut all his two stones; by gar, he shall not have a stone to throw at his dog. [Exit SIMPLE.]

Quick. Alas, he speaks but for his friend.

Caius. It is no matter-a for dat:—do not you tell-a me dat I shall have Anne Page for myself?—by gar, I vill kill de Jack priest; and I have appointed mine host of *de Jar-serre* to measure our weapon:—by gar, I vill myself have Anne Page.

Quick. Sir, the maid loves you, and all shall be well: we must give folks leave to prate: What, the good-jer!

Caius. Rugby, come to de court vit me;—By gar, if I have not Anne Page, I shall turn your head out of my door:—Follow my heels, Rugby.

[Exeunt CAIUS and RUGBY.]

C

Quick.

Quick. You shall have An fools-head of your own. No, I know Anne's mind for that : never a woman in Windsor knows more of Anne's mind than I do ; nor can do more than I do with her, I thank heaven.

Fent. [*Within.*] Who's within there ? ho !

Quick. Who's there, I trow ? Come near the house, I pray you.

Enter FENTON.

Fent. How now, good woman ? How dost thou ?

Quick. The better, that it pleases your good worship to ask.

Fent. What news ? How does pretty mistress Anne ?

Quick. In truth, sir, and she is pretty, and honest, and gentle : and one that is your friend, I can tell you that by the way ; I praise heaven for it.

Fent. Shall I do any good, thinkest thou ? Shall I not lose my suit ?

Quick. Troth, sir, all is in his hands above : but notwithstanding, master Fenton, I'll be sworn on a book, she loves you : Have not your worship a wart above your eye ?

Fent. Yes, marry, have I ; what of that ?

Quick. Well, thereby hangs a tale ;—good faith, it is such another Nan ; but, I detest, an honest maid as ever broke bread : We had an hour's talk of that wart ;—I shall never laugh but in that maid's company !—But, indeed, she is given too much to allicholly and musing : But for you—Well, go to.

Fent. Well, I shall see her to-day : Hold, there's money for thee ; let me have thy voice in my behalf : If thou see'st her before me, commend me—

Quick. Will I ? i'faith, that we will : and I will tell
your

or worship more of the wart, the next time we have
confidence; and of other wooers.

Sent. Well, farewell; I am in great haste now. [*Exit.*

Quick. Farewell to your worship.—Truly, an honest
gentleman; but Anne loves him not; for I know Anne's
mind as well as another does:—Out upon't! what have
I forgot? [*Exit.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Before PAGE's House.

Enter Mistress PAGE, with a letter.

Mrs. Page. What! have I 'scaped love-letters in the holy-day time of my beauty, and am I now a subject for them? Let me see: [reads.]

*Ask me no reason why I love you; for though love use reason for his precisian, he admits him not for his counselor. You are not young, no more am I; go to, then, there's sympathy: you are merry, so am I; Ha! ha! then there's more sympathy: you love sack, and so do I; would you desire better sympathy? Let it suffice thee, mistress Page, (at the least, if the love of a soldier can suffice) that I love thee. I will not say, pity me; 'tis not a soldier-like phrase; but I say, love me. By me,
Thine own true knight,
By day or night,
Or any kind of light,
With all his might,
For thee to fight.*

John Falstaff.

What a Herod of Jewry is this?—O wicked, wicked world!—one that is well nigh worn to pieces with age, to show himself a young gallant! What an unweigh'd behaviour hath this Flemish drunkard pick'd (with the devil's name) out of my conversation, that he dares in this manner assay me? Why, he hath not been thrice in my company!—What should I say to him?—I was then frugal of my mirth:—heaven forgive me!—Why, I'll exhibit a bill in the parliament for the putting down of men. How shall I be revenged on him? for revenged I will be, as sure as his guts are made of puddings.

Enter

Enter Mistress FORD.

Mrs. Ford. Mistress Page! trust me, I was going to your house.

Mrs. Page. And, trust me, I was coming to you. You look very ill.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, I'll ne'er believe that; I have to show to the contrary.

Mrs. Page. 'Faith, but you do, in my mind.

Mrs. Ford. Well, I do then; yet, I say, I could show you to the contrary: O, mistress Page, give me some counsel!

Mrs. Page. What's the matter, woman?

Mrs. Ford. O woman, if it were not for one trifling respect, I could come to such honour!

Mrs. Page. Hang the trifle, woman; take the honour: What is it?—dispense with trifles;—what is it?

Mrs. Ford. If I would but go to hell for an eternal moment, or so, I could be knighted.

Mrs. Page. What?—thou liest!—Sir Alice Ford!—These knights will hack; and so thou shouldst not alter the article of thy gentry.

Mrs. Ford. We burn day-light:—here, read, read;—perceive how I might be knighted.—I shall think the worse of fat men, as long as I have an eye to make difference of men's liking: And yet he would not swear; prais'd women's modesty; and gave such orderly and well-behaved reproof to all uncomeliness, that I would have sworn his disposition would have gone to the truth of his words: but they do no more adhere, and keep place together, than the hundredth psalm to the tune of *Green sleeves*. What tempest, I trow, threw this whale, with so many tuns of oil in his belly, ashore at Windsor? How shall I be revenged on him? I think, the best way were to entertain

him with hope, till the wicked fire of lust have melted him in his own grease.—Did you ever hear the like?

Mrs. Page. Letter for letter; but that the name of Page and Ford differs!—To thy great comfort in this mystery of ill opinions, here's the twin-brother of thy letter: but let thine inherit first; for, I protest, mine never shall. I warrant, he hath a thousand of these letters, writ with blank space for different names, (sure more) and these are of the second edition: He will print them out of doubt; for he cares not what he puts into the press, when he would put us two. I had rather be a giantess, and lie under mount Pelion. Well, I will find you twenty lascivious turtles, ere one chaste man.

Mrs. Ford. Why, this is the very fame; the very hand the very words: What doth he think of us?

Mrs. Page. Nay, I know not: It makes me almost ready to wrangle with mine own honesty. I'll entertain myself like one that I am not acquainted withal; for, sure, unless he knew some strain in me, that I know not myself, he would never have boarded me in this fury.

Mrs. Ford. Boarding, call you it? I'll be sure to keep him above deck.

Mrs. Page. So will I; if he come under my hatches, I'll never to sea again. Let's be revenged on him: let's appoint him a meeting; give him a show of comfort in his suit; and lead him on, with a fine-baited delay, till he hath pawn'd his horses to mine Host of the Garter.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, I will consent to act any villainy against him, that may not fully the charinefs of our honesty. O, that my husband saw this letter! it would give eternal food to his jealousy.

Mrs. Page. Why, look, where he comes; and my good man too; he's as far from jealousy, as I am from
giving



Stothard RA del

Burrell sc

Merry Wives of Windsor

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giving him cause; and that, I hope, is an unmeasurable distance.

Mrs. Ford. You are the happier woman.

Mrs. Page. Let's consult together against this greasy knight: Come hither. [*they retire.*]

Enter FORD, PISTOL, PAGE, and NYM.

Ford. Well, I hope it be not so.

Pist. Hope is a curtail dog in some affairs:
Sir John affects thy wife.

Ford. Why, fir, my wife is not young.

Pist. He wooes both high and low, both rich and poor,
Both young and old, one with another, Ford;
He loves thy gally-mawfry; Ford, perpend.

Ford. Love my wife?

Pist. With liver burning hot: Prevent, or go thou,
Like Sir Actæon he, with Ring-wood at thy heels:—
O, odious is the name!

Ford. What name, fir?

Pist. The horn, I say: Farewel.
Take heed; have open eye; for thieves do foot by night:
Take heed, ere summer comes, or cuckoo-birds do sing.—
Away, fir corporal Nym.—

Believe it, Page; he speaks sense. [*Exit PISTOL.*]

• *Ford.* I will be patient; I will find out this.

Nym. And this is true; [*to Page.*] I like not the humour of lying. He hath wrong'd me in some humours: I should have borne the humour'd letter to her; but I have a sword, and it shall bite upon my necessity. He loves your wife; there's the short and the long. My name is corporal Nym; I speak, and I avouch. 'Tis true;—my name is Nym, and Falstaff loves your wife.—
Adieu! I love not the humour of bread and cheese; and there's the humour of it. Adieu. [*Exit NYM.*]

Page. The humour of it, quoth 'a! here's a fellow frights humour out of his wits.

Ford. I will seek out Falstaff.

Page. I never heard such a drawling, affecting rogue.

Ford. If I do find it, well.

Page. I will not believe such a Cataian, though the priest o' the town commended him for a true man.

Ford. 'Twas a good sensible fellow: Well.

Page. How now, Meg?

Mrs. Page. Whither go you, George?—Hark you.

Mrs. Ford. How now, sweet Frank? why art thou melancholy?

Ford. I melancholy! I am not melancholy.—Get you home, go.

Mrs. Ford. 'Faith, thou hast some crotchets in thy head now.—Will you go, mistress Page?

Mrs. Page. Have with you.—You'll come to dinner, George?—Look, who comes yonder; she shall be our messenger to this paltry knight.

[*Aside to Mrs. Ford.*]

Enter Mistress QUICKLY.

Mrs. Ford. Trust me, I thought on her: she'll fit it.

Mrs. Page. You are come to see my daughter Anne?

Quick. Ay, forsooth; and, I pray, how does good mistress Anne?

Mrs. Page. Go in with us, and see; we have an hour's talk with you.

[*Exeunt Mrs. PAGE, Mrs. FORD, and Mrs. QUICKLY.*]

Page. How now, master Ford?

Ford. You heard what this knave told me; did you not?

Page. Yes; and you heard what the other told me?

Ford. Do you think there is truth in them?

Page. Hang 'em, slaves! I do not think the knight would offer it: but these that accuse him in his intent towards

towards our wives, are a yoke of his discarded men; very rogues, now they be out of service.

Ford. Were they his men?

Page. Marry, were they.

Ford. I like it never the better for that.—Does he lie at the Garter?

Page. Ay, marry, does he. If he should intend this voyage towards my wife, I would turn her loose to him; and what he gets more of her than sharp words, let it lie on my head.

Ford. I do not misdoubt my wife; but I would be loth to turn them together: A man may be too confident; I would have nothing lie on my head: I cannot be thus satisfied.

Page. Look, where my ranting host of the Garter comes: there is either liquor in his pate, or money in his purse, when he looks so merrily.—How now, mine host?

Enter Host, and SHALLOW.

Host. How now, bully-rook? thou'rt a gentleman: cavalero-justice, I say.

Sbal. I follow, mine host, I follow.—Good even, and twenty, good master Page! Master Page, will you go with us? we have sport in hand.

Host. Tell him, cavalero-justice; tell him, bully-rook.

Sbal. Sir, there is a fray to be fought, between sir Hugh the Welch priest, and Caius the French doctor.

Ford. Good mine host o' the Garter, a word with you.

Host. What say'st thou, bully-rook? [*They go aside.*]

Sbal. Will you [*to Page*] go with us to behold it? My merry host hath had the measuring of their weapons; and, I think, he hath appointed them contrary places: for, believe me, I hear the parson is no jester. Hark, I will tell you what our sport shall be.

Host.

Host. Hast thou no suit against my knight, my guest-cavalier?

Ford. None, I protest: but I'll give you a pottle of burnt sack to give me recourse to him, and tell him, my name is Brook; only for a jest.

Host. My hand, bully: thou shalt have egrefs and regrefs; said I well? and thy name shall be Brook: It is a merry knight.—Will you go on, hearts?

Sbal. Have with you, mine host.

Page. I have heard, the Frenchman hath good skill in his rapier.

Sbal. Tut, sir, I could have told you more: In these times you stand on distance, your passes, stoccadoes, and I know not what: 'tis the heart, master Page; 'tis here, 'tis here. I have seen the time, with my long sword, I would have made you four tall fellows skip like rats.

Host. Here, boys, here, here! shall we wag?

Page. Have with you:—I had rather hear them scold than fight. *[Exeunt HOST, SHALLOW, and PAGE.]*

Ford. Though Page be a secure fool, and stands so firmly on his wife's frailty, yet I cannot put off my opinion so easily: She was in his company at Page's house; and what they made there, I know not. Well, I will look further into't; and I have a disguise to sound Falstaff: If I find her honest, I lose not my labour; if she be otherwise, 'tis labour well bestow'd. *[Exit.]*

SCENE II.

A Room in the Garter Inn.

Enter FALSTAFF and PISTOL.

Fal. I will not lend thee a penny.

Pist. Why, then the world's mine oyster,

Which

Which I with sword will open.—

I will retort the sum in equipage.

Fal. Not a penny. I have been content, sir, you should lay my countenance to pawn: I have grated upon my good friends for three reprieves for you and your coach-fellow, Nym; or else you had look'd through the grate, like a geminy of baboons. I am damn'd in hell, for swearing to gentlemen my friends, you were good soldiery and tall fellows: and when mistress Bridget lost the handle of her fan, I took't upon mine honour thou hadst it not.

Pist. Didst thou not share? hadst thou not fifteen pence?

Fal. Reason, you rogue, reason: Think'st thou, I'll endanger my soul *gratis*? At a word, hang no more about me; I am no gibbet for you:—go.—A short knife, and a throng;—to your manor of Pickt-hatch, go.—You'll not bear a letter for me, you rogue!—you stand upon your honour!—Why, thou unconfinable baseness, it is as much as I can do, to keep the terms of my honour precise. I, I, I myself sometimes, leaving the fear of heaven on the left hand, and hiding mine honour in my necessity, am fain to shuffle, to hedge, and to lurch; and yet you, rogue, will ensconce your rags, your cat-a-mountain looks, your red-lattice phrases, and your bold-beating oaths, under the shelter of your honour! You will not do it, you?

Pist. I do relent: What would'st thou more of man?

Enter ROBIN.

Rob. Sir, here's a woman would speak with you.

Fal. Let her approach.

Enter Mrs. QUICKLY.

Quick. Give your worship good-morrow.

Fal. Good-morrow, good wife.

Quick.

Quick. Not so, an't please your worship.

Fal. Good maid, then.

Quick. I'll be sworn; as my mother was, the first hour I was born.

Fal. I do believe the swearer: What with me?

Quick. Shall I vouchsafe your worship a word or two?

Fal. Two thousand, fair woman; and I'll vouchsafe thee the hearing.

Quick. There is one mistress Ford, sir;—I pray, come a little nearer this ways:—I myself dwell with master doctor Caius.

Fal. Well, on: Mistress Ford, you say—

Quick. Your worship says very true: I pray your worship, come a little nearer this ways.

Fal. I warrant thee, nobody hears;—mine own people, mine own people.

Quick. Are they so? Heaven bless them, and make them his servants!

Fal. Well: mistress Ford;—what of her?

Quick. Why, sir, she's a good creature. Lord, lord! your worship's a wanton: Well, heaven forgive you, and all of us, I pray!

Fal. Mistress Ford;—come, mistress Ford,—

Quick. Marry, this is the short and the long of it; you have brought her into such a canaries, as 'tis wonderful. The best courtier of them all, when the court lay at Windsor, could never have brought her to such a canary. Yet there has been knights, and lords, and gentlemen, with their coaches; I warrant you, coach after coach, letter after letter, gift after gift; smelling so sweetly (all musk) and so rushing, I warrant you, in silk and gold; and in such alligant terms; and in such wine and sugar of the best, and the fairest, that would have won any woman's heart; and, I warrant you, they could never get an eye-

wink of her.—I had myself twenty angels given me this morning: but I defy all angels (in any such sort, as they say) but in the way of honesty:—and, I warrant you, they could never get her so much as sip on a cup with the proudest of them all: and yet there has been earls, nay, which is more, pensioners; but, I warrant you, all is one with her.

Fal. But what says she to me? be brief, my good the Mercury.

Quick. Marry, she hath receiv'd your letter; for the which she thanks you a thousand times: and she gives you to notify, that her husband will be absence from his house between ten and eleven.

Fal. Ten and eleven?

Quick. Ay, forsooth; and then you may come and see the picture, she says, that you wot of;—master Ford, her husband, will be from home. Alas! the sweet woman leads an ill life with him; he's a very jealousy man; she leads a very frampold life with him, good heart.

Fal. Ten and eleven: Woman, commend me to her; I will not fail her.

Quick. Why you say well: But I have another messenger to your worship: Mistress Page hath her hearty commendations to you too;—and let me tell you in your ear, she's as fartuous a civil modest wife, and one (I tell you) that will not miss you morning nor evening prayer, as any is in Windsor, whoe'er be the other: and she bade me tell your worship, that her husband is seldom from home; but, she hopes, there will come a time. I never knew a woman so dote upon a man: surely, I think you have charms, la; yes, in truth.

Fal. Not I, I assure thee; setting the attraction of my good parts aside, I have no other charms.

Quick. Blessing on your heart for't!

Fal.

Fal. But, I pray thee, tell me this: has Ford's wife, and Page's wife, acquainted each other how they love me?

Quick. That were a jest, indeed!—they have not so little grace, I hope:—that were a trick, indeed! But mistress Page would desire you to send her your little page, of all loves; her husband has a marvellous infection to the little page: and, truly, master Page is an honest man. Never a wife in Windsor leads a better life than she does; do what she will, say what she will, take all, pay all, go to bed when she list, rise when she list, all is as she will; and, truly, she deserves it; for if there be a kind woman in Windsor, she is one. You must send her your page; no remedy.

Fal. Why, I will.

Quick. Nay, but do so then: and, look you, he may come and go between you both; and, in any case, have a nay-word, that you may know one another's mind, and the boy never need to understand any thing: for 'tis not good that children should know any wickedness: old folks, you know, have discretion, as they say, and know the world.

Fal. Fare thee well: commend me to them both: there's my purse; I am yet thy debtor.—Boy, go along with this woman.—This news distracts me!

[*Exeunt QUICKLY and ROBIN.*]

Pist. This punk is one of Cupid's carriers:—

Clap on more sails; pursue, up with your fights;
Give fire; she is my prize, or ocean whelm them all!

[*Exit PISTON.*]

Fal. Say'st thou so, old Jack? go thy ways; I'll make more of thy old body than I have done. Will they yet look after thee? Wilt thou, after the expence of so much money, be now a gainer? Good body, I thank thee: let them say, 'tis grossly done: so it be fairly done, no matter.

Enter

Enter BARDOLPH.

Bar. Sir John, there's one master Brook below would fain speak with you, and be acquainted with you; and hath sent your worship a morning's draught of sack.

Fal. Brook, is his name?

Bard. Ay, sir.

Fal. Call him in. [*Exit BARDOLPH.*] Such Brooks are welcome to me, that o'erflow such liquor. Ah! ha! mistress Ford and mistress Page, have I encompass'd you? go to! *vial!*

Re-enter BARDOLPH, with FORD disguised.

Ford. Bless you, sir.

Fal. And you sir: Would you speak with me?

Ford. I make bold, to press with so little preparation upon you.

Fal. You're welcome. What's your will? Give us leave, drawer. [*Exit BARDOLPH.*]

Ford. Sir, I am a gentleman that have spent much; my name is Brook.

Fal. Good master Brook, I desire more acquaintance of you.

Ford. Good sir John, I sue for yours: not to charge you; for I must let you understand, I think myself in better plight for a lender than you are: the which hath something embolden'd me to this unseason'd intrusion; for they say, if money go before, all ways do lie open.

Fal. Money is a good soldier, sir, and will on.

Ford. Troth, and I have a bag of money here troubles me: if you will help me to bear it, sir John, take all, or half, for easing me of the carriage.

Fal. Sir, I know not how I may deserve to be your porter.
Ford.

Ford. I will tell you, sir, if you will give me the hearing.

Fal. Speak, good master Brook; I shall be glad to be your servant.

Ford. Sir, I hear you are a scholar;—I will be brief with you;—and you have been a man long known to me, though I had never so good means, as desire, to make myself acquainted with you. I shall discover a thing to you, wherein I must very much lay open mine own imperfection: but, good sir John, as you have one eye upon my follies, as you hear them unfolded, turn another into the register of your own; that I may pass with a reproof the easier, sith you yourself know, how easy it is to be such an offender.

Fal. Very well, sir; proceed.

Ford. There is a gentlewoman in this town, her husband's name is Ford.

Fal. Well, sir.

Ford. I have long loved her, and, I protest to you, bestow'd much on her; follow'd her with a doting observance; engross'd opportunities to meet her; see'd every slight occasion, that could but niggardly give me sight of her; not only brought many presents to give her, but have given largely to many, to know what she would have given: briefly, I have pursued her, as love hath pursued me; which hath been, on the wing of all occasions. But whatsoever I have merited, either in my mind, or in my means, meed, I am sure, I have received none; unless experience be a jewel: that I have purchased at an infinite rate; and that hath taught me to say this:

Love like a shadow flies, when substance love pursues;

Pursuing that that flies, and flying what pursues.

Fal. Have you received no promise of satisfaction at her hands?

Ford.

Ford. Never.

Fal. Of what quality was your love then?

Ford. Like a fair house, built upon another man's ground; so that I have lost my edifice, by mistaking the place where I erected it.

Fal. To what purpose have you unfolded this to me?

Ford. When I have told you that, I have told you all. Some say, that, though she appear honest to me, yet, in other places, she enlargeth her mirth so far, that there is shrewd construction made of her. Now, sir John, here is the heart of my purpose: You are a gentleman of excellent breeding, admirable discourse, of great admittance, authentick in your place and person, generally allowed for your many war-like, court-like, and learned preparations.

Fal. O, sir!

Ford. Believe it, for you know it:—There is money; spend it, spend it; spend more; spend all I have; only give me so much of your time in exchange of it, as to lay an amiable siege to the honesty of this Ford's wife: use your art of wooing; win her to consent to you: if any man may, you may as soon as any.

Fal. Would it apply well to the vehemency of your affection, that I should win what you would enjoy? Methinks, you prescribe to yourself very preposterously.

Ford. O, understand my drift! she dwells so securely on the excellency of her honour, that the folly of my soul dares not present itself; she is too bright to be look'd against. Now, could I come to her with any detection in my hand, my desires had instance and argument to commend themselves; I could drive her then from the ward of her purity, her reputation, her marriage vow, and a thousand other her defences, which now are too strongly embattled against me: What say you to't, sir John?

D

Fal.

Fal. Master Brook, I will first make bold with your money; next, give me your hand; and last, as I am a gentleman, you shall, if you will, enjoy Ford's wife.

Ford. O, good sir!

Fal. Master Brook, I say you shall.

Ford. Want no money, sir John, you shall want none.

Fal. Want no mistress Ford, master Brook, you shall want none. I shall be with her (I may tell you,) by her own appointment; even as you came in to me, her assistant, or go-between, parted from me: I say, I shall be with her between ten and eleven; for at that time the jealous rascally knave, her husband, will be forth. Come you to me at night; you shall know how I speed.

Ford. I am blest in your acquaintance. Do you know Ford, sir?

Fal. Hang him, poor cuckoldly knave! I know him not:—yet I wrong him, to call him poor; they say, the jealous wittolly knave hath masses of money; for the which his wife seems to me well-favour'd. I will use her as the key of the cuckoldly rogue's coffer; and there's my harvest-home.

Ford. I would you knew Ford, sir; that you might avoid him, if you saw him.

Fal. Hang him, mechanical salt-butter rogue! I will flare him out of his wits; I will awe him with my cudgel: it shall hang like a meteor o'er the cuckold's horns: master Brook, thou shalt know, I will predominate over the peasant, and thou shalt lie with his wife.—Come to me soon at night:—Ford's a knave, and I will aggravate his stile; thou, master Brook, shalt know him for knave and cuckold:—come to me soon at night. [Exit.

Ford. What a damn'd Epicurean rascal is this!—My heart is ready to crack with impatience.—Who says, this is improvident jealousy? My wife hath sent to him, the

hour is fixed, the match is made. Would any man have thought this?—See the hell of having a false woman! my bed shall be abused, my coffers ransacked, my reputation gnawn at; and I shall not only receive this villainous wrong, but stand under the adoption of abominable terms, and by him that does me this wrong. Terms! names!—Amaimon sounds well; Lucifer, well; Barbason, well; yet they are devils' additions, the names of fiends; but cuckold! wittol-cuckold! the devil himself hath not such a name. Page is an ass, a secure ass; he will trust his wife, he will not be jealous: I will rather trust a Fleming with my butter, parson Hugh the Welchman with my cheese, an Irishman with my aqua-vitæ bottle, or a thief to walk my ambling gelding, than my wife with herself: then she plots, then she ruminates, then she devises; and what they think in their hearts they may effect, they will break their hearts but they will effect. Heaven be praised for my jealousy!—Eleven o'clock the hour;—I will prevent this, detect my wife, be revenged on Falstaff, and laugh at Page. I will about it; better three hours too soon, than a minute too late. Fie, fie, fie! cuckold! cuckold! cuckold! [*Exit.*]

SCENE III.

*Windfor Park.**Enter CAIUS and RUGBY.**Caius.* Jack Rugby!*Rug.* Sir.*Caius.* Vat is de clock, Jack?*Rug.* 'Tis past the hour, sir, that sir Hugh promised to meet.*Caius.* By gar, he has save his soul, dat he is no come;
D 2 he

he has pray his Pible vell, dat he is no come; by gar, Jack Rugby, he is dead already, if he be come.

Rug. He is wise, fir; he knew your worship would kill him, if he came.

Caius. By gar, de herring is no dead, so as I vill kill him. Take your rapier, Jack; I vill tell you how I vill kill him.

Rug. Alas, fir, I cannot fence.

Caius. Villainy, take your rapier.

Rug. Forbear, here's company.

Enter HOST, SHALLOW, SLENDER, and PAGE.

Hof. 'Bless thee, bully doctor.

Shal. 'Save you, master doctor Caius.

Page. Now, good master doctor!

Slen. Give you good morrow, fir.

Caius. Vat be all you, one, two, tree, four, come for?

Hof. To see thee fight, to see thee foin, to see thee traverse, to see thee here, to see thee there; to see thee pass thy punto, thy stock thy reverse, thy distance, thy montant. Is he dead, my Ethiopian? is he dead, my Francisco? ha, bully! What says my Æsculapius? my Galen? my heart of elder? ha! is he dead, bully Stale? is he dead?

Caius. By gar, he is de coward Jack priest of de world; he is not show his face.

Hof. Thou art a Castilian king, Urinal! Hector of Greece, my boy!

Caius. I pray you, bear witness dat me have stay six or seven, two, tree hours for him, and he is no come.

Shal. He is the wiser man, master doctor: he is a curer of souls, and you a curer of bodies; if you should fight, you go against the hair of your professions: is it not true, master Page?

Page. Master Shallow, you have yourself been a great fighter, though now a man of peace.

Shal. Bodykins, master Page, though I now be old, and of the peace, if I see a sword out, my finger itches to make one: though we are justices, and doctors, and churchmen, master Page, we have some salt of our youth in us: we are the sons of women, master Page.

Page. 'Tis true, master Shallow.

Shal. It will be found so, master Page. Master doctor Caius, I am come to fetch you home. I am sworn of the peace: you have showed yourself a wise physician, and sir Hugh hath shown himself a wise and patient churchman: you must go with me, master doctor.

Hof. Pardon, guest justice:—A word, monsieur Muck-water.

Caius. Muck-vater! vat is dat?

Hof. Muck-water, in our English tongue, is valour, bully.

Caius. By gar, den I have as much muck-vater as de Englishman.—Scurvy Jack-dog-priest! by gar, me vil cut his ears.

Hof. He will clapper-claw thee tightly, bully.

Caius. Clapper-de-claw! vat is dat.

Hof. That is, he will make thee amends.

Caius. By gar, me do look, he shall clapper-de-claw me; for, by gar, me vill have it.

Hof. And I will provoke him to't, or let him wag.

Caius. Me tank you for dat.

Hof. And moreover, bully,—But first, master guest, and master Page, and eke cavalero Slender, go you through the town to Frogmore. [*Aside to them.*]

Page. Sir Hugh is there, is he?

Hof. He is there: see what humour he is in; and I will bring the doctor about by the fields: will it do well?

Shal. We will do it.

Page. Shal. and Slen. Adieu, good master doctor.

[*Exeunt PAGE, SHALLOW, and SLENDER.*]

Caius. By gar, me vill kill de priest; for he speak for a jack-an-ape to Anne Page.

Hof. Let him die: but, first, sheath thy impatience; throw cold water on thy choler; go about the fields with me through Frogmore; I will bring thee where mistress Anne Page is, at a farm house a feasting; and thou shalt woo her: Cry'd game, said I well?

Caius. By gar, me tank you for dat: by gar, I love you; and I shall procure-a you de good guest, de earl, de knight, de lords, de gentlemen, my patients.

Hof. For the which I will be thine adversary toward Anne Page; said I well?

Caius. By gar, 'tis good; vell said.

Hof. Let us wag then.

Caius. Come at my heels, Jack Rugby. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Field near Frogmore.

Enter Sir HUGH EVANS and SIMPLE.

Eva. I pray you now, good master Slender's serving-man, and friend Simple by your name, which way have you looked for master Caius, that calls himself *Doctor of Physick*?

Sim. Marry, sir, the city-ward, the park-ward, every way; old Windfor way, and every way but the town way.

Eva. I most feheemently desire you, you will also look that way.

Sim. I will, sir.

Eva: Pless my soul! how full of chofers I am, and trempling of mind!—I shall be glad, if he have deceived me:—how melancholies I am!—I will knog his urinals about his knave's costard, when I have good opportunities for the 'ork:—Pless my soul! [Sings,

*To shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals;
There will we make our peds of roses,
And a thousand fragrant poesies.*

To shallow—

'Mercy on me, I have a great dispositions to cry.

*Melodious birds sing madrigals;—
When as I sat in Pabylon,—
And a thousand vagram poesies
To shallow—*

Sim.

Sim. Yonder he is coming, this way, sir Hugh.

Eva. He's welcome :—

To shallow rivers, to whose falls—

Heaven prosper the right :—What weapons is he ?

Sim. No weapons, sir : There comes my master, master Shallow, and another gentleman from Frogmore, over the stile, this way.

Eva. Pray you, give me my gown ; or else keep it in your arms.

Enter PAGE, SHALLOW, and SLENDER.

Shal. How now, master parson ? Good-morrow, good sir Hugh. Keep a gamester from the dice, and a good student from his book, and it is wonderful.

Slen. Ah, sweet Anne Page !

Page. Save you, good sir Hugh !

Eva. 'Pleas you from his mercy sake, all of you !

Shal. What ! the sword and the word ! do you study them both, master parson ?

Page. And youthful skill, in your doublet and hose, this raw rheumatick day ?

Eva. There is reasons and causes for it.

Page. We are come to you, to do a good office, master parson.

Eva. Fery well, what is it ?

Page. Yonder is a most reverend gentleman, who be like, having received wrong by some person, is at most odds with his own gravity and patience, that ever you saw.

Shal. I have lived fourscore years, and upward ; I never heard a man of his place, gravity, and learning, so wide of his own respect.

Eva. What is he ?

Page. I think you know him ; master doctor Caius, the renowned French physician,

Eva.

Eva. Got's will, and his passion of my heart! I had as lief you would tell me of a mess of porridge.

Page. Why?

Eva. He has no more knowledge in Hibocrates and Galen,—and he is a knave besides; a cowardly knave, as you would desires to be acquainted withal.

Page. I warrant you, he's the man should fight with him.

Slen. O sweet Anne Page!

Shal. It appears so, by his weapons:—Keep them asunder;—here comes doctor Caius.

Enter Host, Caius, and Rugby.

Page. Nay, good master parson, keep in your weapon.

Shal. So do you, good master doctor.

Host. Disarm them, and let them question; let them keep their limbs whole, and hack our English.

Caius. I pray you, let-a me speak a word vit your ear: Verefore vill you not meet-a-me?

Eva. Pray you, use your patience: in good time.

Caius. Bygar, you are de coward, de Jack dog, Johnape.

Eva. Pray you, let us not be laughing stogs to other men's humours; I desire you in friendship, and I will one way or other make you amends:—I will knog your urinals about your knave's cogs-comb, for missing your meetings and appointments.

Caius. *Diable!*—Jack Rugby,—mine *Host de Jarterre*, have I not stay for him, to kill him? have I not, at de place I did appoint?

Eva. As I am a christian's soul, now, look you, this is the place appointed: I'll be judgement by mine host of the Garter.

Host. Peace, I say, Guallia and Gaul, French and Welch; soul-curer and body-curer.

Caius.

Caius. Ay, dat is very good! excellent!

Host. Peace, I say; hear mine host of the Garter. Am I politick? am I subtle? am I a Machiavel? Shall I lose my doctor? no; he gives me the potions, and the motions. Shall I lose my parson? my priest? my sir Hugh? no; he gives me the proverbs and the no-verbs.—Give me thy hand, terrestrial; so.—Give me thy hand, celestial; so.—Boys of art, I have deceived you both; I have directed you to wrong places: your hearts are mighty, your skins are whole, and let burnt sack be the issue.—Come, lay their swords to pawn:—Follow follow, follow, me, lad of peace; follow.

Shal. Trust me, a mad host:—Follow, gentlemen, follow.

Slén. O sweet Anne Page!

[*Exeunt* SHALLOW, SLENDER, PAGE, and HOST.]

Caius. Ha! do I perceive dat? have you make-a de sot of us? ha, ha!

Eva. This is well; he has made us his vlouting-flog.—I desire you, that we may be friends; and let us knog our prains together, to be revenge on this same scall, scurvy, coggng companion, the host of the Garter.

Caius. By gar, vit all my heart; he promise to bring me vere is Anne Page: by gar, he deceive me too.

Eva. Well, I will smite his noddles:—Pray you, follow.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

The street in Windsor.

Enter Mistress PAGE and ROBIN.

Mrs. Page. Nay, keep your way, little gallant; you were wont to be a follower, but now you are a leader: Whether had you rather lead mine eyes, or eye your master's heels?

Rob.

Rob. I had rather, forsooth, go before you like a man, than follow him like a dwarf.

Mrs. Page. O, you are a flattering boy; now, I see, you'll be a courtier.

Enter FORD.

Ford. Well met, mistress Page: Whither go you?

Mrs. Page. Truly, sir, to see your wife: Is she at home?

Ford. Ay; and as idle as she may hang together, for want of company: I think, if your husbands were dead, you two would marry.

Mrs. Page. Be sure of that,—two other husbands.

Ford. Where had you this pretty weather-cock?

Mrs. Page. I cannot tell what the dickens his name is my husband had him of: What do you call your knight's name, sirrah?

Rob. Sir John Falstaff.

Ford. Sir John Falstaff!

Mrs. Page. He, he; I can never hit on's name.—There is such a league between my good man and he!—Is your wife at home, indeed?

Ford. Indeed, she is.

Mrs. Page. By your leave, sir;—I am sick till I see her.

[*Exeunt Mrs. PAGE and ROBIN.*]

Ford. Has Page any brains? hath he any eyes? hath he any thinking? Sure they sleep; he hath no use of them. Why, this boy will carry a letter twenty miles, as easy as a cannon will shoot point-blank twelve score. He pieces-out his wife's inclination; he gives her folly motion and advantage: and now she's going to my wife, and Falstaff's boy with her. A man may hear this shower ring in the wind!—and Falstaff's boy with her!—Good plots!—they are laid: and our revolted wives share damnation together. Well; I will take him, then, torture my wife, pluck the borrowed veil of mo-

desty.

deity from the so seeming mistress Page, divulge Page himself for a secure and wilful Actæon; and to these violent proceedings all my neighbours shall cry aim. [*Clock strikes.*] The clock gives me my cue, and my assurance bids me search; there I shall find Falstaff: I shall be rather praised for this, than mocked; for it is as positive as the earth is firm, that Falstaff is there: I will go.

Enter PAGE, SHALLOW, SLENDER, HOST, Sir HUGH EVANS, CAIUS, and RUGBY.

Shal. Page, &c. Well met, master Ford.

Ford. Trust me, a good knot: I have good cheer at home; and, I pray you, all go with me.

Shal. I must excuse myself, master Ford.

Slen. And so must I, sir; we have appointed to dine with mistress Anne, and I would not break with her for more money than I'll speak of.

Shal. We have linger'd about a match between Anne Page and my cousin Slender, and this day we shall have our answer.

Slen. I hope, I have your good will, father Page.

Page. You have, master Slender; I stand wholly for you:—but my wife, master doctor, is for you altogether.

Caius. Ay, by gar; and de maid is love-a me; my nursh-a Quickly tell me so much.

Host. What say you to young master Fenton? he capers, he dances, he has eyes of youth, he writes verses, he speaks holiday, he smells April and May: he will carry't; he will carry't; 'tis in his buttons; he will carry't.

Page. Not by my consent, I promise you. The gentleman is of no having: he kept company with the wild prince and Poins; he is of too high a region, he knows too much. No, he shall not knit a knot in his fortunes
with

with the finger of my substance; if he take her, let him take her simply; the wealth I have waits on my consent, and my consent goes not that way.

Ford. I beseech you, heartily, some of you go home with me to dinner: besides your cheer, you shall have sport; I will show you a monster.—Master Doctor, you shall go;—so shall you, master Page;—and you, Sir Hugh.

Shal. Well, fare you well:—we shall have the freer wooing at master Page's.

[*Exeunt SHALLOW and SLENDER.*]

Caius. Go home, John Rugby; I come anon.

[*Exit RUGBY.*]

Host. Farewell, my hearts: I will to my honest knight Falstaff, and drink canary with him. [Exit HOST.]

Ford. [*Aside.*] I think, I shall drink in pipe-wine first with him; I'll make him dance. Will you go, gentles?

All. Have with you, to see this monster. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.

A Room in FORD's House.

Enter Mrs. FORD and Mrs. PAGE.

Mrs. Ford. What, John! what, Robert!

Mrs. Page. Quickly, quickly: Is the buck basket—

Mrs. Ford. I warrant: What, Robin, I say.

Enter Servants with a Basket.

Mrs. Page. Come, come, come.

Mrs. Ford. Here, set it down.

Mrs. Page. Give your men the charge; we must be brief.

Mrs. Ford.

Mrs. Ford. Marry, as I told you before, John and Robert, be ready here hard by, in the brewhouse; and when I suddenly call you, come forth; and (without any pause or staggering,) take this basket on your shoulders: that done, trudge with it in all haste, and carry it among the whitsters in Datchet mead, and there empty it in the muddy ditch, close by the Thames' side.

Mrs. Page. You will do it?

Mrs. Ford. I have told them over and over; they lack no direction: be gone, and come when you are called.

[*Exeunt Servants.*]

Mrs. Page. Here comes little Robin.

Enter ROBIN.

Mrs. Ford. How now, my eyas-musket? what news with you?

Rob. My master, sir John, is come in at your back-door, mistress Ford; and requests your company.

Mrs. Page. You little Jack-a-lent, have you been true to us?

Rob. Ay, I'll be sworn: My master knows not of your being here; and hath threaten'd to put me into everlasting liberty if I tell you of it; for, he swears, he'll turn me away.

Mrs. Page. Thou'rt a good boy; this secrecy of thine shall be a tailor to thee, and shall make thee a new doublet and hose.—I'll go hide me.

Mrs. Ford. Do so:—Go tell thy master, I am alone.
Mrs. Page, remember you your cue. [Exit ROBIN.]

Mrs. Page. I warrant thee; if I do not act it, hiss me.
[Exit Mrs. PAGE.]

Mrs. Ford. Go to then; we'll use this unwholesome humidity, this gross watry pumpion; we'll teach him to ow turtles from jays.

Enter

Enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. Have I caught thee, my heavenly jewel? Why, now let me die, for I have lived long enough; this is the period of my ambition: O this blessed hour!

Mrs. Ford. O, sweet sir John!

Fal. Mistress Ford, I cannot cog, I cannot prate, mistress Ford. Now shall I sin in my wish: I would thy husband were dead; I'll speak it before the best lord, I would make thee my lady.

Mrs. Ford. I your lady, sir John! alas, I should be a pitiful lady.

Fal. Let the court of France shew me such another; I see how thine eye would emulate the diamond: Thou hast the right arched bent of the brow, that becomes the ship-tire, the tire-valiant, or any tire of Venetian admittance.

Mrs. Ford. A plain kerchief, sir John: my brows become nothing else; nor that well neither.

Fal. Thou art a traitor to say so: thou would'st make an absolute courtier; and the firm fixture of thy foot would give an excellent motion to thy gait, in a semi-circled farthingale. I see what thou wert, if fortune thy foe were not; nature is thy friend: Come, thou canst not hide it.

Mrs. Ford. Believe me, there's no such thing in me.

Fal. What made me love thee? let that persuade thee, there's something extraordinary in thee. Come, I cannot cog, and say, thou art this and that, like a many of these lipping haw-thorn buds, that come like women in men's apparel, and smell like Buckler's-bury in simple-time; I cannot; but I love thee; none but thee; and thou deservest it.

Mrs. Ford. Do not betray me, sir; I fear you love mistress Page.

Fal.

Fal. Thou might'st as well say, I love to walk by the Counter-gate; which is as hateful to me as the reek of a lime-kiln.

Mrs. Ford. Well, heaven knows, how I love you; and you shall one day find it.

Fal. Keep in that mind; I'll deserve it.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, I must tell you, so you do; or else I could not be in that mind.

Rob. [*Within.*] Mistress Ford, mistress Ford! here's mistress Page at the door, sweating and blowing, and looking wildly, and would needs speak with you presently.

Fal. She shall not see me; I will ensconce me behind the arras.

Mrs. Ford. Pray you, do so; she's a very tattling woman.
[*FALSTAFF hides himself.*]

Enter Mistress PAGE and ROBIN.

What's the matter? how now?

Mrs. Page. O mistress Ford, what have you done? You're shamed, you are overthrown, you are undone for ever.

Mrs. Ford. What's the matter, good mistress Page?

Mrs. Page. O well-a-day, mistress Ford! having an honest man to your husband, to give him such cause of suspicion!

Mrs. Ford. What cause of suspicion?

Mrs. Page. What cause of suspicion?—Out upon you! how am I mistook in you?

Mrs. Ford. Why, alas! what's the matter?

Mrs. Page. Your husband's coming hither, woman, with all the officers in Windfor, to search for a gentleman, that, he says, is here now in the house, by your consent, to take an ill advantage of his absence: You are undone.

Mrs. Ford. Speak louder. [*aside.*] 'Tis not so, I hope.

Mrs. Page.





W. N. Gortner del. &c.

Merry Wives of Windsor

Page. 53

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Mrs. Page. Pray heaven it be not so, that you have such a man here; but 'tis most certain your husband's coming with half Windsor at his heels, to search for such a one. I come before to tell you: if you know yourself clear, why I am glad of it: but if you have a friend here, convey, convey him out. Be not amazed; call all your senses to you; defend your reputation, or bid farewell to your good life for ever.

Mrs. Ford. What shall I do?—There is a gentleman, my dear friend; and I fear not mine own shame, so much as his peril: I had rather than a thousand pound, he were out of the house.

Mrs. Page. For shame, never stand *you bad rather*, and *you bad rather*; your husband's here at hand, bethink you of some conveyance: in the house you cannot hide him.—O, how have you deceived me!—Look, here is a basket; if he be of any reasonable stature, he may creep in here; and throw foul linen upon him as if it were going to bucking: Or, it is whiting time, send him by your two men to Datchet mead.

Mrs. Ford. He's too big to go in there: What shall I do?

Re-enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. Let me see't, let me see't! O let me see't! I'll in I'll in;—follow your friend's counsel;—I'll in.

Mrs. Page. What! sir John Falstaff! Are these your letters, knight?

Fal. I love thee, and none but thee; help me away: let me creep in here; I'll never—

[*He goes into the basket, they cover him with foul linen.*]

Mrs. Page. Help to cover your master, boy: Call your men, mistress Ford:—You dissembling knight!

E

Mrs. Ford

Mrs. Ford. What, John, Robert, John! [*Exit Robin. Re-enter Servants.*] Go take up these clothes here, quickly; Where's the cowl-staff? look, how you drumble; carry them to the laundress in Datchet mead; quickly, come.

Enter FORD, PAGE, CAIUS, and Sir HUGH EVANS.

Ford. Pray you come near: if I suspect without cause, why then make sport at me, then let me be your jest; I deserve it.—How now? whither bear you this?

Serv. To the laundress, forsooth.

Mrs. Ford. Why, what have you to do whither they bear it? You were best meddle with buck-washing.

Ford. Buck! I would I could wash myself of the buck! Buck, buck, buck? Ay, buck; I warrant you, buck; and of the season too, it shall appear. [*Exeunt Servants with the basket.*] Gentlemen, I have dream'd to-night; I'll tell you my dream. Here, here, here be my keys; ascend my chambers, search, seek, find out: I'll warrant, we'll unkennel the fox:—Let me stop this way first: So now uncape.

Page. Good master Ford, be contented: you wrong yourself too much.

Ford. True, master Page.—Up, gentlemen; you shall see sport anon: follow me, gentlemen. [*Exit.*

Eva. This is fery fantastical humours, and jealousies.

Caius. By gar, 'tis no de fashion of France: it is not jealous in France.

Page. Nay, follow him, gentlemen; see the issue of this search. [*Exeunt EVANS, PAGE, and CAIUS.*

Mrs. Page. Is there not a double excellency in this?

Mrs. Ford. I know not which pleases me better, that my husband is deceived, or sir John.

Mrs. Page.

Mrs. Page. What a taking was he in, when your husband ask'd who was in the basket!

Mrs. Ford. I am half afraid he will have need of washing; so throwing him into the water will do him a benefit.

Mrs. Page. Hang him, dishonest rascal! I would, all of the same strain were in the same distrefs.

Mrs. Ford. I think, my husband hath some special suspicion of Falstaff's being here; for I never saw him so grofs in his jealousy till now.

Mrs. Page. I will lay a plot to try that: And we will yet have more tricks with Falstaff: his dissolute disease will scarce obey this medicine.

Mrs. Ford. Shall we send that foolish carrion, mistress Quickly, to him, and excuse his throwing into the water; and give him another hope, to betray him to another punishment?

Mrs. Page. We'll do it; let him be sent for to-morrow eight o'clock, to have amends.

Re-enter FORD, PAGE, CAIUS, and Sir HUGH EVANS.

Ford. I cannot find him: may be the knave bragg'd of that he could not compass.

Mrs. Page. Heard you that?

Mrs. Ford. Ay, ay, peace:—You use me well, master Ford, do you?

Ford. Ay, I do so.

Mrs. Ford. Heaven make you better than your thoughts!

Ford. Amen.

Mrs. Page. You do yourself mighty wrong, master Ford.

Ford. Ay, ay; I must bear it.

Eva. If there be any pody in the house, and in the
E 2 chamber

chambers, and in the coffers, and in the presses, heaven forgive my sins at the day of judgment!

Caius. By gar, nor I too; dere is no bodies.

Page. Fie, fie, master Ford! are you not ashamed? What spirit, what devil suggests this imagination? I would not have your distemper in this kind, for the wealth of Windfor Castle.

Ford. 'Tis my fault, master Page: I suffer for it.

Eva. You suffer for a pad conscience: your wife is as honest a'omans, as I will desires among five thousand, and five hundred too.

Caius. By gar, I see 'tis an honest woman.

Ford. Well;—I promised you a dinner:—Come, come, walk in the park: I pray you pardon me; I will hereafter make known to you why I have done this.—Come, wife; come mistress Page; I pray you pardon me; pray heartily, pardon me.

Page. Let's go in, gentlemen; but trust me, we'll mock him. I do invite you to-morrow morning to my house to breakfast; after, we'll a birding together; I have a fine hawk for the bush: Shall it be so?

Ford. Any thing.

Eva. If there is one, I shall make two in the company.

Caius. If there be one or two, I shall make-a de turd.

Eva. In your teeth: for shame.

Ford. Pray you go, master Page.

Eva. I pray you now, remembrance to-morrow on the lousy knave, mine host.

Caius. Dat is good; by gar, vit all my heart.

Eva. A lousy knave; to have his gibes and his mockeries.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

A Room in PAGE's House.

Enter FENTON and Mistress ANNE PAGE.

Fent. I see, I cannot get thy father's love;
Therefore no more turn me to him, sweet Nan.

Anne. Alas! how then?

Fent. Why, thou must be thyself.
He doth object, I am too great of birth;
And that, my state being gall'd with my expence,
I seek to heal it only by his wealth:
Besides these, other bars he lays before me,—
My riots past, my wild societies;
And tells me, 'tis a thing impossible
I should love thee, but as a property.

Anne. May be, he tells you true.

Fent. No, heaven so speed me in my time to come!
Albeit, I will confess, thy father's wealth
Was the first motive that I woo'd thee, Anne:
Yet, wooing thee, I found thee of more value
Than stamps in gold, or sums in sealed bags;
And 'tis the very riches of thyself
That now I aim at.

Anne. Gentle master Fenton,
Yet seek my father's love; still seek it, sir:
If opportunity and humblest suit
Cannot attain it, why then,—Hark you hither.

[They converse apart.]

Enter SHALLOW, SLENDER, and Mrs. QUICKLY.

Shal. Break their talk, mistress Quickly; my kinsman
shall speak for himself.

Slen. I'll make a shaft or a bolt on't: slid, 'tis but venturing.

Shal. Be not dismay'd.

Slen. No, she shall not dismay me; I care not for that, —but that I am afraid.

Quick. Hark ye; master Slender would speak a word with you.

Anne. I come to him.—This is my father's choice. O, what a world of vile ill-favour'd faults Looks handsome in three hundred pounds a year! [*Aside.*

Quick. And how does good master Fenton? Pray you a word with you.

Shal. She's coming; to her, coz. O boy, thou hadst a father!

Slen. I had a father, mistress Anne;—my uncle can tell you good jests of him:—Pray, you, uncle, tell mistress Anne the jest, how my father stole two geese out of a pen, good uncle.

Shal. Mistress Anne, my cousin loves you.

Slen. Ay, that I do; as well as I love any woman in Gloucestershire.

Shal. He will maintain you like a gentlewoman.

Slen. Ay, that I will, come cut and long-tail, under the degree of a 'squire.

Shal. He will make you a hundred and fifty pounds jointure.

Anne. Good master Shallow, let him woo for himself.

Shal. Marry, I thank you for it; thank you for that good comfort. She calls you, coz: I'll leave you.

Anne. Now, master Slender.

Slen. Now, good mistress Anne.

Anne. What is your will?

Slen. My will? Od's heartlings, that's a pretty jest indeed!

deed! I ne'er made my will yet, I thank heaven; I am not such a sickly creature, I give heaven praise.

Anne. I mean, master Slender, what would you with me?

Slen. Truly, for mine own part, I would little or nothing with you: Your father, and my uncle, have made motions: if it be my luck, so; if not, happy man be his dole! They can tell you how things go, better than I can: You may ask your father; here he comes.

Enter PAGE and Mistress PAGE.

Page. Now, master Slender:—Love him, daughter Anne.—

Why, how now! what does master Fenton here?
You wrong me, sir, thus still to haunt my house:
I told you, sir, my daughter is dispos'd of.

Fent. Nay, master Page, be not impatient.

Mrs. Page. Good master Fenton, come not to my child.

Page. She is no match for you.

Fent. Sir, will you hear me?

Page. No, good master Fenton.

Come, master Shallow; come, son Slender; in:—
Knowing my mind, you wrong me, master Fenton.

[Exeunt PAGE, SHALLOW, and SLENDER.]

Quick. Speak to mistress Page.

Fent. Good mistress Page, for that I love your daughter
In such a righteous fashion as I do,
Perforce against all checks, rebukes and manners,
I must advance the colours of my love,
And not retire: Let me have your good will.

Anne. Good mother, do not marry me to 'yon fool.

Mrs. Page. I mean it not; I seek you a better husband.

Quick. That's my master, master doctor.

Anne.

Anne. Alas, I had rather be set quick i'the earth,
And bowl'd to death with turnips.

Mrs. Page. Come, trouble not yourself: Good master
Fenton,

I will not be your friend, nor enemy:
My daughter will I question how she loves you,
And as I find her, so am I affected;
'Till then, farewell, sir:—She must needs go in;
Her father will be angry.

[*Exeunt Mrs. PAGE and ANNE.*]

Fent. Farewell, gentle mistress; farewell, Nan.

Quick. This is my doing now:—Nay, said I, will you
cast away your child on a fool, and a physician? Look on
master Fenton:— this is my doing.

Fent. I thank thee; and I pray thee, once to night
Give my sweet Nan this ring: There's for thy pains. [*Exit.*]

Quick. Now heaven send thee good fortune! A kind
heart he hath: a woman would run through fire and wa-
ter for such a kind heart. But yet, I would my master
had mistress Anne; or I would master Slender had her:
or, in sooth I would master Fenton had her; I will do
what I can for them all three; for so I have promised,
and I'll be as good as my word; but speciously for master
Fenton. Well, I must of another errand to sir John Fal-
staff from my two mistresses; What a beast am I to slack
it? [*Exit.*]

SCENE V.

A Room in the Garter Inn.

Enter FALSTAFF and BARDOLPH.

Fal. Bardolph, I say,—

Bard. Here, sir.

Fal.

Fal. Go fetch me a quart of sack; put a toast in't. [*Exit BARD.*] Have I lived to be carried in a basket, like a barrow of butcher's offal; and to be thrown into the Thames? Well, if I be served such another trick, I'll have my brains ta'en out, and butter'd, and give them to a dog for a new year's gift. The rogues slighted me into the river with as little remorse as they would have drown'd a bitch's blind puppies, fifteen i'the litter: and you may know by my size, that I have a kind of alacrity in sinking; if the bottom were as deep as hell, I should down. I had been drown'd, but that the shore was shelvy and shallow; a death that I abhor; for the water swells a man; and what a thing should I have been, when I had been swell'd! I should have been a mountain of mummy.

Re-enter BARDOLPH, with the wine.

Bard. Here's mistress Quickly, sir, to speak with you.

Fal. Come, let me pour in some sack to the Thames water; for my belly's as cold as if I had swallow'd snow-balls for pills to cool the reins. Call her in.

Bard. Come in, woman.

Enter Mrs. QUICKLY.

Quick. By your leave; I cry you mercy: Give your worship good-morrow.

Fal. Take away these chalices: Go brew me a pottle of sack finely.

Bard. With eggs, sir?

Fal. Simple of itself; I'll no pullet-sperm in my brewage. [*Exit BARD.*]—How now?

Quick. Marry, sir, I come to your worship from Mrs. Ford.

Fal.

Fal. Mistress Ford! I have had ford enough: I was thrown into the ford; I have my belly full of ford.

Quick. Alas the day! good heart, that was not her fault: she does so take on with her men; they mistook their erection.

Fal. So did I mine, to build upon a foolish woman's promise.

Quick. Well, she laments, sir, for it, that it would yearn your heart to see it. Her husband goes this morning a birding; she desires you once more to come to her between eight and nine: I must carry her word quickly: she'll make you amends I warrant you.

Fal. Well, I will visit her: Tell her so; and bid her think, what a man is: let her consider his frailty, and then judge of my merit.

Quick. I will tell her.

Fal. Do so. Between nine and ten say'st thou?

Quick. Eight and nine, sir.

Fal. Well, be gone: I will not miss her.

Quick. Peace be with you, sir! [Exit.

Fal. I marvel I hear not of master Brook; he sent me word to stay within: I like his money well. O, here he comes.

Enter FORD.

Ford. Bless you, sir!

Fal. Now, master Brook? you come to know what hath pass'd between me and Ford's wife?

Ford. That, indeed, sir John, is my business.

Fal. Master Brook, I will not lie to you; I was at her house the hour she appointed me.

Ford. And how sped you, sir?

Fal. Very ill-favour'dly, master Brook.

Ford,

Ford. How so, sir? Did she change her determination?

Fal. No, master Brook: but the peaking cornuto her husband, master Brook, dwelling in a continual 'larum of jealousy, comes me in the instant of our encounter, after we had embrac'd, kifs'd, protested, and as it were, spoke the prologue of our comedy; and at his heels a rabble of his companions, thither provoked and instigated by his distemper, and, forsooth, to search his house for his wife's love.

Ford. What, while you were there?

Fal. While I was there.

Ford. And did he search for you, and could not find you?

Fal. You shall hear. As good luck would have it, comes in one mistress Page; gives intelligence of Ford's approach; and, by her invention, and Ford's wife's distraction, they convey'd me into a buck-basket.

Ford. A buck-basket!

Fal. By the Lord, a buck-basket: ramm'd me in with foul shirts and smocks, socks, foul stockings, and greasy napkins; that, master Brook, there was the rankest compound of villainous smell, that ever offended nostril.

Ford. And how long lay you there?

Fal. Nay, you shall hear, master Brook, what I have suffer'd to bring this woman to evil for your good. Being thus cramm'd in the basket, a couple of Ford's knaves, his hinds, were call'd forth by their mistress, to carry me in the name of foul clothes, to Datchet-lane: they took me on their shoulders; met the jealous knave, their master, in the door; who ask'd them once or twice what they had in their basket: I quaked for fear, lest the lunatic knave would have search'd it; but fate, ordaining he should be a cuckold, held his hand. Well; on went he for a search, and away went I for foul clothes. But mark the sequel,
master

master Brook: I suffer'd the pangs of three several deaths: first, an intolerable fright, to be detected with a jealous rotten bell-weather; next, to be compass'd, like a good bilbo, in the circumference of a peck, hilt to point, heel to head; and then, to be stopp'd in, like a strong distillation, with stinking clothes that fretted in their own greafe: think of that,—a man of my kidney,—think of that; that am as subject to heat, as butter; a man of continual dissolution and thaw; it was a miracle to 'scape suffocation. And in the height of this bath, when I was more than half stew'd in greafe, like a Dutch dish, to be thrown into the Thames, and cool'd, glowing hot, in that surge, like a horse-shoe: think of that,—hissing hot,—think of that, master Brook.

Ford. In good sadness, sir, I am sorry that for my sake you have suffer'd all this. My suit then is desperate; you'll undertake her no more?

Fal. Master Brook, I will be thrown into *Ætna*, as I have into Thames, ere I will leave her thus. Her husband is this morning gone a birding: I have received from her another embassy of meeting; 'twixt eight and nine is the hour, master Brook.

Ford. 'Tis past eight already, sir.

Fal. Is it? I will then address me to my appointment. Come to me at your convenient leisure, and you shall know how I speed; and the conclusion shall be crown'd with your enjoying her; Adieu. You shall have her master Brook; master Brook, you shall cuckold Ford.

[*Exit.*

Ford. Hum! ha! is this a vision? is this a dream? do I sleep? Master Ford, awake; awake, master Ford; there's a hole made in your best coat, master Ford. This 'tis to be married! this 'tis to have linen and buck-baskets!

Well, I will proclaim myself what I am: I will now take

take the lecher; he is at my house; he cannot 'scape me; 'tis impossible he should; he cannot creep into a half-penny purse, nor into a pepper-box; but, lest the devil that guides him should aid him, I will search impossible places. Though what I am I cannot avoid, yet to be what I would not, shall not make me tame; if I have horns to make one mad; let the proverb go with me, I'll be horn mad.

[Exit.]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The Street.

Enter Mrs. PAGE, Mrs. QUICKLY, and WILLIAM.

Mrs. Page. Is he at master Ford's already, think'st thou?

Quick. Sure, he is by this; or will be presently: but truly, he is very courageous mad, about his throwing into the water. Mistress Ford desires you to come suddenly.

Mrs. Page. I'll be with her by and by; I'll but bring my young man here to school: Look, where his master comes; 'tis a playing-day, I see.

Enter Sir HUGH EVANS.

How now, sir Hugh? no school to-day?

Eva. No; master Slender is let the boys leave to play.

Quick. Blessing of his heart!

Mrs. Page. Sir Hugh, my husband says, my son profits nothing in the world at his book; I pray you, ask him some questions in his accidence.

Eva. Come hither, William; hold up your head; come.

Mrs. Page. Come on, sirrah; hold up your head; answer your master; be not afraid.

Eva. William, how many numbers is in nouns?

Will. Two.

Quick. Truly I thought there had been one number more; because they say, odd's nouns.

Eva. Peace your tatlings. What is fair, William?

- 1

Will.

Will. Pulcher.

Quick. Poulcats! there are fairer things than poulcats, sure.

Eva. You are a fery simplicity 'oman; I pray you, peace. What is *Lapis*, William?

Will. A stone.

Eva. And what is a stone, William?

Will. A pebble.

Eva. No, it is *Lapis*; I pray you remember in your prain.

Will. *Lapis*.

Eva. That is good, William. What is he, William, that does lend articles?

Will. Articles are borrowed of the pronoun; and be thus declined, *Singulariter, nominativo, hic, hæc, hoc.*

Eva. *Nominativo, big bag, bog*;—pray you, mark: *genitivo, hujus*: Well, what is your *accusative case*?

Will. *Accusativo, hinc.*

Eva. I pray you, have your remembrance, child; *Accusativo, hing, hang, bog.*

Quick. Hang hog is Latin for bacon, I warrant you.

Eva. Leave your prabbles, 'oman. What is the *focative case*, William?

Will. O—*vocativo, O.*

Eva. Remember, William; *focative* is, *caret.*

Quick. And that's a good root.

Eva. 'Oman, forbear.

Mrs. Page. Peace.

Eva. What is your *genitive case plural*, William?

Will. *Genitive case*?

Eva. Ay.

Will. *Genitive,—horum, harum, borum.*

Quick. 'Vengeance of Jenny's case! fie on her!—never name her, child, if she be a whore.

Eva. For shame, 'oman.

Quick.

Quick. You do ill to teach the child such words: he teaches him to hick and to hack, which they'll do fast enough of themselves: and to call horum:—fie upon you!

Eva. 'Oman, art thou lunatics? haft thou no understandings for thy cases, and the numbers of the genders? Thou art as foolish christian creatures, as I would desires.

Mrs. Page. Pr'ythee, hold thy peace.

Eva. Shew me now, William, some declensions of your pronouns.

Will. Forsooth, I have forgot.

Eva. It is *ki*, *kæ*, *cod*; if you forget your *kies*, your *kæs*, and your *cods*, you must be preeches. Go your ways, and play, go.

Mrs. Page. He is a better scholar than I thought he was.

Eva. He is a good sprag memory. Farewell, mistress Page.

Mrs. Page. Adieu, good sir Hugh. [*Exit Sir HUGH.*] Get you home, boy.—Come, we stay too long. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

A Room in FORD's House.

Enter FALSTAFF and Mrs. FORD.

Fal. Mistress Ford, your sorrow hath eaten up my sufferance: I see, you are obsequious in your love, and I profess requital to a hair's breadth; not only, mistress Ford, in the simple office of love, but in all the accoutrement, complement, and ceremony of it. But are you sure of your husband now?

Mrs. Ford. He's a birding, sweet sir John.

Mrs. Page. [*Within.*] What hoa, gossip Ford! what hoa!

Mrs.

Mrs. Ford. Step into the chamber, sir John.

[*Exit FALSTAFF.*]

Enter Mrs. PAGE.

Mrs. Page. How now, sweetheart? who's at home besides yourself?

Mrs. Ford. Why, none but mine own people.

Mrs. Page. Indeed?

Mrs. Ford. No, certainly:—Speak louder. [*Afide.*]

Mrs. Page. Truly I am so glad you have nobody here.

Mrs. Ford. Why?

Mrs. Page. Why, woman, your husband is in his old lunes again: he so takes on yonder with my husband; so rails against all married mankind; so curses all Eve's daughters, of what complexion soever; and so buffets himself on the forehead, crying, *Peer-out, peer-out!* that any madness I have ever yet beheld, seem'd but tameness, civility, and patience, to this distemper he is in now: I am glad the fat knight is not here.

Mrs. Ford. Why, does he talk of him?

Mrs. Page. Of none but him; and swears he was carried out, the last time he search'd for him, in a basket; protests to my husband he is now here; and hath drawn him and the rest of their company from their sport, to make another experiment of his suspicion: but I am glad the knight is not here; now he shall see his own foolery.

Mrs. Ford. How near is he, mistress Page?

Mrs. Page. Hard by; at street end; he will be here anon.

Mrs. Ford. I am undone!—the knight is here.

Mrs. Page. Why, then you are utterly shamed, and he's but a dead man. What a woman are you?—Away with him, away with him; better shame than murder.

Mrs. Ford. Which way should he go? how should I bestow him? Shall I put him into the basket again?

Re-enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. No, I'll come no more i' the basket: May I not go out ere he come?

Mrs. Page. Alas, three of master Ford's brothers watch the door with pistols, that none shall issue out; otherwise you might slip away ere he came. But what make you here?

Fal. What shall I do?—I'll creep up into the chimney.

Mrs. Ford. There they always use to discharge their birding-pieces: Creep into the kiln-hole.

Fal. Where is it?

Mrs. Ford. He will seek there on my word. Neither press, coffer, chest, trunk, well, vault, but he hath an abstract for the remembrance of such places, and goes to them by his note: There is no hiding you in the house.

Fal. I'll go out then.

Mrs. Page. If you go out in your own semblance, you die, sir John. Unless you go out disguis'd,—

Mrs. Ford. How might we disguise him?

Mrs. Page. Alas the day, I know not. There is no woman's gown big enough for him; otherwise, he might put on a hat, a muffler, and a kerchief, and so escape.

Fal. Good hearts, devise something; any extremity, rather than a mischief.

Mrs. Ford. My maid's aunt, the fat woman of Brentford, has a gown above.

Mrs. Page. On my word, it will serve him; she's as big as he is; and there's her thrum'd hat, and her muffler too: Run up, sir John.

Mrs. Ford. Go, go, sweet sir John: mistress Page, and I, will look some linen for your head.

Mrs.

Mrs. Page. Quick, quick; we'll come dress you straight: put on the gown the while. [*Exit FALSTAFF.*]

Mrs. Ford. I would, my husband would meet him in this shape: he cannot abide the old woman of Brentford; he swears she's a witch, forbade her my house, and hath threaten'd to beat her.

Mrs. Page. Heaven guide him to thy husband's cudgel; and the devil guide his cudgel afterwards!

Mrs. Ford. But is my husband coming?

Mrs. Page. Ay, in good sadness, is he; and talks of the-basket too, howsoever he hath had intelligence.

Mrs. Ford. We'll try that; for I'll appoint my men to carry the basket again, to meet him at the door with it, as they did last time.

Mrs. Page. Nay, but he'll be here presently; let's go dress him like the witch of Brentford.

Mrs. Ford. I'll first direct my men, what they shall do with the basket. Go up, I'll bring linen for him straight.

[*Exit.*]

Mrs. Page. Hang him, dishonest varlet! we cannot misuse him enough.

We'll leave a proof, by that which we will do,

Wives may be merry, and yet honest too:

We do not act, that often jest and laugh;

'Tis old, but true, *Still swine eat all the draff.* [*Exit.*]

Re-enter Mrs. FORD, with two Servants.

Mrs. Ford. Go, firs, take the basket again on your shoulders; your master is hard at door; if he bid you set it down, obey him: quickly, despatch. [*Exit.*]

1 *Serv.* Come, come, take it up.

2 *Serv.* Pray heaven, it be not full of the knight again.

1 *Serv.* I hope not; I had as lief bear so much lead.

Enter FORD, PAGE, SHALLOW, CAIUS, and Sir HUGH EVANS.

Ford. Ay, but if it prove true, master Page, have you any way then to unfool me again!—Set down the basket, villain:—Somebody call my wife:—You, youth in a basket, come out here!—O, you panderly rascals! there's a knot, a ging, a pack, a conspiracy, against me: Now shall the devil be shamed. What! wife, I say! come, come forth; behold what honest clothes you send forth to bleaching.

Page. Why, this passes! Master Ford, you are not to go loose any longer; you must be pinion'd.

Eva. Why, this is lunatics! this is mad as a mad dog!

Shal. Indeed, master Ford, this is not well; indeed.

Enter Mrs. FORD.

Ford. So say I too, sir:—Come hither, mistress Ford; mistress Ford, the honest woman, the modest wife, the virtuous creature, that hath the jealous fool to her husband!—I suspect without cause, mistress, do I?

Mrs. Ford. Heaven be my witness, you do, if you suspect me in any dishonesty.

Ford. Well said, brazen-face; hold it out.—Come forth, sirrah. [*Pulls the clothes out of the basket.*]

Page. This passes!

Mrs. Ford. Are you not ashamed? let the clothes alone.

Ford. I shall find you anon.

Eva. 'Tis unreasonable! Will you take up your wife's clothes? Come away.

Ford. Empty the basket, I say.

Mrs. Ford. Why, man, why,—

Ford. Master Page, as I am a man, there was one convey'd out of my house yesterday in this basket: Why may

not

not he be there again? In my house I am sure he is: my intelligence is true; my jealousy is reasonable: Pluck me out all the linen.

Mrs. Ford. If you find a man there, he shall die a flea's death.

Page. Here's no man.

Shal. By my fidelity, this is not well, master Ford: this wrongs you.

Eva. Master Ford, you must pray, and not follow the imaginations of your own heart: this is jealousies.

Ford. Well, he's not here I seek for.

Page. No, nor no where else, but in your brain.

Ford. Help to search my house this one time: if I find not what I seek, show no colour for my extremity, let me for ever be your table-sport; let them say of me, As jealous as Ford, that search'd a hollow walnut for his wife's leman. Satisfy me once more; once more search with me.

Mrs. Ford. What hoa, mistress Page! come you and the old woman down; my husband will come into the chamber.

Ford. Old woman! what old woman's that?

Mrs. Ford. Why, it is my maid's aunt of Brentford.

Ford. A witch, a quean, an old cozening quean! Have I not forbid her my house? She comes of errands, does she? We are simple men; we do not know what's brought to pass under the profession of fortune-telling. She works by charms, by spells, by the figure, and such daubery as this is; beyond our element: we know nothing.—Come down, you witch, you hag you; come down, I say.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, good, sweet husband;—good gentlemen, let him not strike the old woman.

Enter FALSTAFF in women's clothes, led by Mrs. PAGE.

Mrs. Page. Come, mother Prat, come, give me your hand.

Ford. I'll *prat* her;—Out of my door, you witch! [*beats him.*] you rag, you baggage, you polecat, you ronyon! out! out! I'll conjure you, I'll fortune-tell you.

[*Exit FALSTAFF.*]

Mrs. Page. Are you not ashamed? I think you have kill'd the poor woman.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, he will do it:—'Tis a goodly credit for you.

Ford. Hang her, witch!

Eva. By yea and no, I think, the 'oman is a witch indeed: I like not when a 'oman has a great peard; I spy a great peard under her muffler.

Ford. Will you follow, gentlemen? I beseech you, follow; see but the issue of my jealousy: if I cry out thus upon no trail, never trust me when I open again.

Page. Let's obey his humour a little further: Come, gentlemen. [*Exeunt PAGE, FORD, SHALLOW, and EVANS.*]

Mrs. Page. Trust me, he beat him most pitifully.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, by the mass, that he did not; he beat him most unpitifully, methought.

Mrs. Page. I'll have the cudgel hallow'd, and hung o'er the altar; it hath done meritorious service.

Mrs. Ford. What think you? May we, with the warrant of woman-hood, and the witness of a good conscience, pursue him with any further revenge?

Mrs. Page. The spirit of wantonness is, sure, scared out of him; if the devil have him not in fee-simple, with fine and recovery, he will never, I think, in the way of waste, attempt us again.

Mrs. Ford. Shall we tell our husbands how we have served him?

Mrs. Page. Yes, by all means; if it be but to scrape the figures out of your husband's brains. If they can find in their hearts, the poor unvirtuous fat knight shall be

be any further afflicted, we two will still be the ministers.

Mrs. Ford. I'll warrant, they'll have him publicly shamed: and, methinks, there would be no period to the jest, should he not be publicly shamed.

Mrs. Page. Come, to the forge with it then, shape it: I would not have things cool. [Exit.]

SCENE III.

A Room in the Garter Inn.

Enter HOST and BARDOLPH.

Bar. Sir, the Germans desire to have three of your horses: the duke himself will be to-morrow at court, and they are going to meet him.

Host. What duke should that be, comes so secretly? I hear not of him in the court: Let me speak with the gentlemen; they speak English?

Bar. Ay, sir; I'll call them to you.

Host. They shall have my horses; but I'll make them pay, I'll sauce them: they have had my houses a week at command; I have turn'd away my other guests: they must come off: I'll sauce them: Come. [Exit.]

SCENE IV.

A Room in FORD's House.

Enter PAGE, FORD, Mrs. PAGE, Mrs. FORD, and Sir HUGH EVANS.

Eva. 'Tis one of the peest discretions of a woman as ever I did look upon.

Page. And did he send you both these letters at an instant.

Mrs.

Mrs. Page. Within a quarter of an hour.

Ford. Pardon me, wife : Henceforth do what thou wilt ;
I rather will suspect the sun with cold,
Than thee with wantonness : now doth thy honour stand,
In him that was of late an heretick,
As firm as faith.

Page. 'Tis well, 'tis well ; no more.

Be not extreme in submission,
As in offence ;

But let our plot go forward : let our wives
Yet once again, to make us publick sport,
Appoint a meeting with this old fat fellow,
Where we may take him, and disgrace him for it.

Ford. There is no better way than that they spoke of.

Page. How ! to send him word they'll meet him in the
park at midnight ! fie, fie ! he'll never come.

Eva. You say, he has been thrown into the rivers ; and
has been grievously peaten, as an old 'oman : methinks,
there should be terrors in him, that he should not come ;
methinks, his flesh is punish'd, he shall have no desires.

Page. So think I too.

Mrs. Ford. Devise but how you'll use him when he
comes,

And let us two devise to bring him thither.

Mrs. Page. There is an old tale goes, that Herne the
hunter,

Sometime a keeper here in Windsor forest,
Doth all the winter time, at still midnight,
Walk round about an oak, with great ragg'd horns ;
And there he blasts the tree, and takes the cattle ;
And makes milch-kine yield blood, and shakes a chain
In a most hideous and dreadful manner :

You have heard of such a spirit ; and well you know,
The superstitious idle-headed eld

Receiv'd

Receiv'd, and did deliver to our age,
This tale of ~~Herne~~ the hunter for a truth.

Page. Why, yet there want not many, that do fear
In deep of night to walk by this Herne's oak :
But what of this ?

Mrs. Ford. Marry, this is our device ;
That Falstaff at that oak shall meet with us,
Disguis'd like Herne, with huge horns on his head.

Page. Well, let it not be doubted but he'll come,
And in this shape ; When you have brought him thither,
What shall be done with him ? what is your plot ?

Mrs. Page. That likewise have we thought upon, and
thus :

Nan Page my daughter, and my little son,
And three or four more of their growth, we'll dress
Like urchins, ouphes, and fairies, green and white,
With rounds of waxen tapers on their heads,
And rattles in their hands ; upon a sudden,
As Falstaff, she and I, are newly met,
Let them from forth a saw-pit rush at once
With some diffused song ; upon their sight,
We two, in great amazedness, will fly :
Then let them all encircle him about,
And, fairy-like, to pinch the unclean knight ;
And ask him, why, that hour of fairy revel,
In their so sacred paths he dares to tread,
In shape prophane.

Mrs. Ford. And till he tell the truth,
Let the supposed fairies pinch him sound,
And burn him with their tapers.

Mrs. Page. The truth being known,
We'll all present ourselves ; dis-horn the spirit,
And mock him home to Windsor.

Ford. The children must

Be practis'd well to this, or they'll ne'er do't.

Ewa. I will teach the children their behaviours; and I will be like a jack-an-apes also, to burn the knight with my taber.

Ford. That will be excellent. I'll go buy them vizards.

Mrs. Page. My Nan shall be the queen of all the fairies, finely attired in a robe of white.

Page. That silk will I go buy;—and in that time Shall master Slender steal my Nan away, [*Aside.*
And marry her at Eton.—Go, send to Falstaff straight.

Ford. Nay, I'll to him again in name of Brook: He'll tell me all his purpose: Sure, he'll come.

Mrs. Page. Fear not you that: Go, get us properties, And tricking for our fairies.

Ewa. Let us about it: It is admirable pleasures, and fery honest knaveries. [*Exeunt PAGE, FORD, and EVANS.*

Mrs. Page. Go, mistress Ford, Send Quickly to sir John, to know his mind.

[*Exit Mrs. FORD.*

I'll to the doctor; he hath my good will,
And none but he, to marry with Nan Page.
That Slender, though well landed, is an ideot;
And he my husband best of all affects:
The doctor is well money'd, and his friends
Potent at court; he, none but he, shall have her;
Though twenty thousand worthier come to crave her.

[*Exit.*

SCENE V.

A Room in the Garter Inn.

Enter Host and SIMPLE.

Host. What would'st thou have, boor? what, thick-skin? speak, breathe, discuss; brief, short, quick, snap.

Simp. Marry, sir, I come to speak with fir John Falstaff, from master Slender.

Host. There's his chamber, his house, his castle, his standing-bed, and truckle-bed; 'tis painted about with the story of the prodigal, fresh and new: Go, knock and call; he'll speak like an *Anthropophaginian* unto thee: Knock, I say.

Simp. There's an old woman, a fat woman gone up into his chamber; I'll be so bold as stay, sir, till she come down: I come to speak with her, indeed.

Host. Ha! a fat woman! the knight may be robbed; I'll call.—Bully knight! Bully fir John! speak from thy lungs military: Art thou there? it is thine host, thine Ephesian, calls.

Fal. [*above.*] How now, mine host?

Host. Here's a Bohemian Tartar tarries the coming down of thy fat woman: Let her descend, bully, let her descend; my chambers are honourable: Fie! privacy? fie!

Enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. There was, mine host, an old fat woman even now with me; but she's gone.

Simp. Pray you, sir, was't not the wife woman of Brentford?

Fal. Ay, marry was it, muscle-shell; what would you with her?

Simp. My master, sir, my master Slender, sent to her, seeing her go thorough the streets, to know, sir, whether one Nym, sir, that beguil'd him of a chain, had the chain, or no?

Fal. I spake with the old woman about it.

Simp. And what says she, I pray, sir?

Fal. Marry, she says, that the very same man, that beguiled master Slender of his chain, cozen'd him of it.

Simp.

Simp. I would, I could have spoken with the woman herself; I had other things to have spoken with her too, from him.

Fal. What are they? let us know.

Hof. Ay, come; quick.

Simp. I may not conceal them, sir.

Fal. Conceal them, or thou diest.

Simp. Why, sir, they were nothing but about mistress Anne Page; to know, if it were my master's fortune to have her, or no.

Fal. 'Tis, 'tis his fortune.

Simp. What, sir?

Fal. To have her,—or no: Go; say, the woman told me so.

Simp. May I be so bold to say so, sir?

Fal. Ay, sir Tike; who more bold?

Simp. I thank your worship: I shall make my master glad with these tidings. *[Exit SIMPLE.]*

Hof. Thou art clerkly, thou art clerkly, sir John: Was there a wise woman with thee?

Fal. Ay, that there was, mine host; one, that hath taught me more wit than ever I learn'd before in my life: and I paid nothing for it neither, but was paid for my learning.

Enter BARDOLPH.

Bard. Out, alas, sir! cozenage! meer cozenage!

Hof. Where be my horses? speak well of them, varletto.

Bard. Run away with the cozeners: for so soon as I came beyond Eton, they threw me off, from behind one of them, in a slough of mire; and set spurs, and away, like three German devils, three Doctor Faustus.

Hof. They are gone but to meet the duke, villain: do not say, they be fled; Germans are honest men.

Enter Sir HUGH EVANS.

Eva. Where is mine host?

Host. What is the matter, sir?

Eva. Have a care of your entertainments: there is a friend of mine come to town, tells me, there is three cozening-fingermans, that has cozen'd all the hosts of Reading, of Maidenhead, of Colebrook, of horses and money. I tell you for good-will, look you: you are wise, and full of gibes and vlouting-flogs; and 'tis not convenient you should be cozen'd: Fare you well. [Exit.]

Enter CAIUS.

Caius. Vere is mine *Host de Jarterre*?

Host. Here, master doctor, in perplexity, and doubtful dilemma.

Caius. I cannot tell vat is dat: But it is tell-a me, dat you make grand preparation for a duke *de Jarmany*: by my trot, dere is no duke, dat the court is know to come: I tell you for good vill: adieu. [Exit.]

Host. Hue and cry, villain, go:—assist me, knight; I am undone:—fly, run, hue and cry, villain! I am undone!
[Exeunt HOST and BARDOLPH.]

Fal. I would, all the world might be cozen'd; for I have been cozen'd, and beaten too. If it should come to the ear of the court, how I have been transform'd, and how my transformation hath been wash'd and cudgel'd, they would melt me out of my fat, drop by drop, and liquor fishermen's boots with me; I warrant, they would whip me with their fine wits, till I were as crest fallen as a dried pear. I never prosper'd, since I forswore myself at *Primero*. Well, if my wind were but long enough to say my prayers, I would repent.—

Enter

Enter Mrs. QUICKLY.

Now! whence come you?

Quick. From the two parties, forsooth.

Fal. The devil take one party, and his dam the other, and so they shall be both bestow'd! I have suffer'd more for their sakes, more than the villainous inconstancy of man's disposition is able to bear.

Quick. And have not they suffer'd? Yes, I warrant; speciously one of them; mistress Ford, good heart, is beaten black and blue, that you cannot see a white spot about her.

Fal. What tell'st thou me of black and blue? I was beaten myself into all the colours of the rainbow; and I was like to be apprehended for the witch of Brentford; but that my admirable dexterity of wit, my counterfeiting the action of an old woman, deliver'd me, the knave constable had set me i' the stocks, i' the common stocks, for a witch.

Quick. Sir, let me speak with you in your chamber: you shall hear how things go; and, I warrant, to your content. Here is a letter will say somewhat. Good hearts, what ado here is to bring you together! Sure, one of you does not serve heaven well, that you are so cross'd.

Fal. Come up into my chamber.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.

Another Room in the Garter Inn.

Enter FENTON and HOST.

Host. Master Fenton, talk not to me; my mind is heavy, I will give over all.

Fent.

Fent. Yet hear me speak : Assist me in my purpose,
And, as I am a gentleman, I'll give thee
A hundred pound in gold more than your loss.

Host. I will hear you, master Fenton ; and I will, at
the least, keep your counsel.

Fent. From time to time I have acquainted you
With the dear love I bear to fair Anne Page ;
Who, mutually, hath answer'd my affection
(So far forth as herself might be her chooser,)
Even to my wish : I have a letter from her
Of such contents as you will wonder at ;
The mirth whereof so larded with my matter,
That neither, singly, can be manifested,
Without the show of both ;—wherein fat Falstaff
Hath a great scene : the image of the jest

[*Showing the letter,*

I'll show you here at large. Hark, good mine host :
To-night at Herne's oak, just 'twixt twelve and one,
Must my sweet Nan present the fairy queen ;
The purpose why, is here ; in which disguise,
While other jests are something rank on foot,
Her father hath commanded her to slip
Away with Slender, and with him at Eton
Immediately to marry : she hath consented :
Now, sir,

Her mother, even strong against that match,
And firm for Doctor Caius, hath appointed
That he shall likewise shuffle her away,
While other sports art tasking of their minds,
And at the deanery, where a priest attends,
Straight marry her : to this, her mother's plot,
She, seemingly obedient, likewise hath
Made promise to the doctor.—Now, thus it rests :
Her father means she shall be all in white ;

And

And in that habit, when Slender sees his time
To take her by the hand, and bid her go,
She shall go with him :—Her mother hath intended,
The better to denote her to the doctor,
(For they must all be mask'd and vizarded,)
That, quaint in green, she shall be loose enrob'd,
With ribbands pendant, flaring 'bout her head ;
And when the doctor spies his vantage ripe,
To pinch her by the hand, and, on that token,
The maid hath given consent to go with him.

Hof. Which means she to deceive ? father or mother ?

Fent. Both, my good host, to go along with me :
And here it rests,—that you'll procure the vicar
To stay for me at church, 'twixt twelve and one,
And, in the lawful name of marrying,
To give our hearts united ceremony.

Hof. Well, husband your device ; I'll to the vicar :
Bring you the maid, you shall not lack a priest.

Fent. So shall I evermore be bound to thee ;
Besides, I'll make a present recompence. [Exeunt.

ACT V. SCENE I.

A Room in the Garter Inn.

Enter FALSTAFF and Mistress QUICKLY.

Fal. Pr'ythee, no more prattling;—go.—I'll hold: This is the third time; I hope, good luck lies in odd numbers. Away, go; they say, there is divinity in odd numbers, either in nativity, chance, or death.—Away.

* *Quick.* I'll provide you a chain; and I'll do what I can to get you a pair of horns.

Fal. Away, I say; time wears: hold up your head, and mince. *[Exit Mrs. QUICKLY.]*

Enter FORD.

How now, master Brook? Master Brook, the matter will be known to-night, or never. Be you in the Park about midnight, at Herne's oak, and you shall see wonders.

Ford. Went you not to her yesterday, sir, as you told me you had appointed?

Fal. I went to her, master Brook, as you see, like a poor old man: but I came from her, master Brook, like a poor old woman. That same knave, Ford her husband, hath the finest mad devil of jealousy in him, master Brook, that ever govern'd frenzy. I will tell you.—He beat me grievously, in the shape of a woman; for in the shape of a man, master Brook, I fear not Goliath with a weaver's beam; because I know also, life is a shuttle. I am in haste; go along with me; I'll tell you all master Brook. Since I plucked geese, played truant, and whipped top,

G

I knew

I knew not what it was to be beaten, till lately. Follow me: I'll tell you strange things of this knave Ford; on whom to-night I will be revenged, and I will deliver his wife into your hand.—Follow: Strange things in hand, master Brook! follow. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

Windfor Park.

Enter PAGE SHALLOW, and SLENDER.

Page. Come, come; we'll couch i'the castle-ditch, till we see the light of our fairies.—Remember, son Slender, my daughter.

Slen. Ay, forsooth; I have spoke with her, and we have a nay-word, how to know one another. I come to her in white, and cry *mum*; she cries *budget*; and by that we know one another.

Shal. That's good too: but what needs either your *mum*, or her *budget*? the white will decypher her well enough.—It hath struck ten o'clock.

Page. The night is dark; light and spirits will become it well. Heaven prosper our sport! No man means evil but the devil, and we shall know him by his horns. Let's away; follow me. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.

The Street in Windfor.

Enter Mrs PAGE, Mrs. FORD, and Dr. CAIUS.

Mrs. Page. Master doctor, my daughter is in green: when you see your time, take her by the hand, away with her

her to the deanery, and despatch it quickly: Go before, into the park; we two must go together.

Caius. I know vat I have to do: Adieu.

Mrs. Page. Fare you well, sir. [*Exit CAIUS.*] My husband will not rejoice so much at the abuse of Falstaff, as he will chafe at the doctor's marrying my daughter: but 'tis no matter; better a little chiding, than a great deal of heart-break.

Mrs. Ford. Where is Nan now, and her troop of fairies? and the Welch devil, Hugh?

Mrs. Page. They are all couched in a pit hard by Herne's oak, with obscured lights; which, at the very instant of Falstaff's and our meeting, they will at once display to the night.

Mrs. Ford. That cannot choose but amaze him.

Mrs. Page. If he be not amazed, he will be mock'd; if he be amazed, he will every way be mock'd.

Mrs. Ford. We'll betray him finely.

Mrs. Page. Against such lewdsters, and their lechery, Those that betray them do no treachery.

Mrs. Ford. The hour draws on; To the oak, to the oak!
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

Windfor Park.

Enter Sir HUGH EVANS and Fairies.

Eva. Trib, trib, fairies; come; and remember your parts: be pold, I pray you; follow me into the pit; and when I give the watch-ords, do as I pid you; Come, come; trib, trib.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

Another part of the Park.

Enter FALSTAFF disguised, with a buck's head on.

Fal. The Windfor bell hath struck twelve: the minute draws on: Now, the hot-blooded gods assist me!—Remember, Jove, thou wast a bull for thy Europa; love set on thy horns.—O, powerful love! that, in some respects, makes a beast a man; in some other, a man a beast.—We were also, Jupiter, a swan, for the love of Leda;—O, omnipotent love! how near the god drew to the complexion of a goose?—A fault done first in the form of a beast;—O Jove, a beastly fault! and then another fault in the semblance of a fowl; think on't Jove, a foul fault.—When gods have hot backs, what shall poor men do? For me, I am here a Windfor stag; and the fattest, I think, i'the forest: Send me a cool rut-time, Jove, or who can blame me to piss my tallow? Who comes here? my doe?

Enter Mrs. FORD and Mrs. PAGE.

Mrs. Ford. Sir John? art thou there, my deer? my male deer?

Fal. My doe with the black scut;—Let the sky rain potatoes; let it thunder to the tune of *Green Sleeves*; hail kissing comfits, and snow eringoes; let there come a tempest of provocation, I will shelter me here.

[Embracing her.]

Mrs. Ford. Mistrefs Page is come with me, sweetheart.

Fal. Divide me like a bribe-buck, each a haunch: I will keep my sides to myself, my shoulders for the fellow of this walk, and my horns I bequeath your husbands. Am I a woodman? ha! Speak I like Herne the hunter?—Why, now is Cupid a child of conscience; he makes restitution. As I am a true spirit, welcome! *[Noise within.]*

Mrs. Page. Alas! what noise?

Mrs. Ford.



Gardiner del. et sc.

Merry Wives of Windsor

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Mrs. Ford. Heaven forgive our sins!

Fal. What should this be?

Mrs. Ford. } Away, away.

Mrs. Page. } [*They run off.*]

Fal. I think, the devil will not have me damn'd, lest the oil that is in me should set hell on fire: he would never else cross me thus.

Enter Sir HUGH EVANS, like a satyr; Mrs. QUICKLY, and PISTOL; ANNE PAGE, as the Fairy Queen, attended by her brother and others, dressed like fairies, with waxen tapers on their heads.

Quick. Fairies, black, grey, green, and white,
Ye moon-shine revellers, and shades of night,
You orphan-heirs of fixed destiny,
Attend your office and your quality.—
Crier Hobgoblin, make the fairy o-yes.

Pist. Elves, list your names; silence, you airy toys.
Cricket, to Windsor chimneys shalt thou leap:
Where fires thou find'st unrak'd, and hearths unswept,
There pinch the maids as blue as bilberry:
Our radiant queen hates fluts, and sluttery.

Fal. They are fairies; he that speaks to them shall die:
I'll wink and couch: No man their works must eye.

[*Lies down upon his face.*]

Eva. Where's *Bede*?—Go you, and where you find a maid,

That, ere she sleep has thrice her prayers said,
Raise up the organs of her fantasy,
Sleep she as sound as careless infancy;
But those as sleep, and think not on their sins,
Pinch them, arms, legs, backs, shoulders, sides, and shins.

Quick. About, about;
Search Windsor castle, elves, within and out:

Strew

Strew good luck, ouphes, on every sacred room;
 That it may stand till the perpetual doom,
 In state as wholesome, as in state 'tis fit;
 Worthy the owner, and the owner it.
 The several chairs of ordre look you scour
 With juice of balm, and every precious flower:
 Each fair instalment, coat, and several crest,
 With loyal blazon, evermore be blest!
 And nightly, meadow-fairies, look, you sing,
 Like to the Garter's compass, in a ring:
 The expressure that it bears, green let it be,
 More fertile-fresh than all the field to see;
 And, *Hony Sait Qui Mal y Pense*, write,
 In emerald tufts, flowers purple, blue, and white;
 Like saphire, pearl, and rich embroidery,
 Buckled below fair knighthood's bending knee: }
 Fairies use flowers for their chaarctery.
 Away; disperse: But till 'tis one o'clock,
 Our dance of custom, round about the oak
 Of Herne the hunter, let us not forget.

Eva. Pray you, lock hand in hand; yourselves in order set:

And twenty glow-worms shall our lanterns be,
 To guide our measure round about the tree.
 But, stay; I smell a man of middle earth.

Fal. Heavens defend me from that Welch fairy! lest he transform me to a piece of cheese!

Pist. Vile worm, thou wast o'er-look'd even in thy birth.

Quick. With trial-fire touch me his finger-end:

If he be chaste, the flame will back descend,
 And turn him to no pain; but if he start,
 't is the flesh of a corrupted heart.

Pist. A trial, come.—

Eva. Come, will this wood take fire?

[*They burn him with their tapers.*

Fal.

Fal. Oh, oh, oh!

Quick. Corrupt, corrupt, and tainted in desire!
About him, fairies; sing a scornful rhyme:
And, as you trip, still pinch him to your time.

Eva. It is right; indeed he is full of lecheries and iniquity.

SONG. *Fie on sinful fantasy!*
Fie on lust and luxury!
Lust is but a bloody fire,
Kindled with unchaste desire,
Fed in heart, whose flames aspire,
As thoughts do blow them, bigger and bigger.
Pinch him fairies, mutually;
Pinch him for his villainy;

Pinch him, and burn him, and turn him about,
'Till candles and star-light, and moon-shine be out.

During this song, the fairies pinch Falstaff. Doctor Caius comes one way, and steals away a fairy in green; Slender another way, and takes off a fairy in white; and Fenton comes, and steals away Mrs. Anne Page. A noise of hunting is made within. All the fairies run away. Falstaff pulls off his buck's head, and rises.

Enter PAGE, FORD, Mrs. PAGE and Mrs. FORD. They lay bold on him.

Page. Nay, do not fly: I think, we have watch'd you now;

Will none but Herne the hunter, serve your turn?

Mrs. Page. I pray you, come; hold up the jest no higher:

Now, good sir John, how like you Windsor wives?
See you these, husband? do not these fair yokes
Become the forest better than the town?

Ford.

Ford. Now, sir, who's a cuckold now?—Master Brook, Falstaff's a knave, a cuckoldy knave; here are his horns, master Brook: And, master Brook, he hath enjoy'd nothing of Ford's but his buck-basket, his cudgel, and twenty pounds of money; which must be paid to master Brook; his horses are arrested for it, master Brook.

Mrs. Ford. Sir John, we have had ill luck; we could never meet. I will never take you for my love again, but I will always count you my deer.

Fal. I do begin to perceive, that I am made an afs.

Ford. Ay, and an ox too; both the proofs are extant.

Fal. And these are not fairies? I was three or four times in the thought, they were not fairies: and yet the guiltiness of my mind, the sudden surprize of my powers, drove the grossness of the foppery into a receiv'd belief, in despite of the teeth of all rhyme and reason, that they were fairies. See now, how wit may be made a Jack-a-lent, when 'tis upon ill employment!

Eva. Sir John Falstaff, serve Got, and leave your desires, and fairies will not pinse you.

Ford. Well said, fairy Hugh.

Eva. And leave you your jealousies too, I pray you.

Ford. I will never mistrust my wife again, till thou art able to woo her in good English.

Fal. Have I lay'd my brain in the sun, and dried it, that it wants matter to prevent so gross o'er reaching as this? Am I ridden with a Welch goat too? Shall I have a coxcomb of frize? 'tis time I were choaked with a piece of roasted cheese.

Eva. Seese is not good to give putter; your pelly is all putter.

Fal. Seese and putter! have I lived to stand at the taunt of one that makes fritters of English? This is enough
to

to be the decay of lust and late-walking, through the realm.

Mrs. Page. Why, fir John, do you think, though we would have thrust virtue out of our hearts by the head and shoulders, and have given ourselves without scruple to hell, that ever the devil could have made you our delight?

Ford. What, a hodge-pudding? a bag of flax?

Mrs. Page. A puff'd man?

Page. Old, cold, withered, and of intolerable entrails?

Ford. And one that is as slanderous as Satan?

Page. And as poor as Job?

Ford. And as wicked as his wife?

Eva. And given to fornications, and to taverns, and sack, and wine, and metheglins, and to drinkings, and swearings, and starings, pribbles and prabbles?

Fal. Well, I am your theme; you have the start of me; I am dejected; I am not able to answer the Welch flannel; ignorance itself is a plummet o'er me: use me as you will.

Ford. Marry, fir, we'll bring you to Windsor, to one master Brook, that you have cozened of money, to whom you should have been a pandar: over and above that you have suffered, I think, to repay that money will be a biting affliction.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, husband, let that go to make amends: Forgive that sum, and so we'll all be friends.

Ford. Well, here's my hand; all's forgiven at last.

Page. Yet be cheerful, knight: thou shalt eat a posset to-night at my house; where I will desire thee to laugh at my wife, that now laughs at thee: Tell her, master Slen-der hath married her daughter.

Mrs. Page. Doctors doubt that: If Anne Page be my daughter, she is, by this, Doctor Caius' wife. [*Afide.*

H

Enter

Enter SLENDER.

Slen. Whoo, ho! ho! father Page!

Page. Son! how now? how now, son? have you despatch'd?

Slen. Despatch'd!—I'll make the best in Gloucestershire know on't; would I were hanged, la, else.

Page. Of what, son?

Slen. I came yonder at Eton to marry mistress Anne Page, and she's a great lubberly boy: If it had not been i'the church, I would have swung him, or he should have swung me. If I did not think it had been Anne Page, would I might never stir, and 'tis a post-master's boy.

Page. Upon my life then you took the wrong.

Slen. What need you tell me that? I think so, when I took a boy for a girl: If I had been married to him, for all he was in woman's apparel, I would not have had him.

Page. Why, this is your own folly. Did not I tell you, how you should know my daughter by her garments?

Slen. I went to her in white, and cry'd *mum*, and she cry'd *budget*, as Anne and I had appointed; and yet it was not Anne, but a post-master's boy.

Eva. Jeshu! master Slender, cannot you see but marry boys?

Page. O, I am vex'd at heart: what shall I do?

Mrs. Page. Good George, be not angry; I knew of your purpose; turned my daughter into green; and indeed, she is now with the doctor at the deanery, and there married.

Enter CAIUS.

Caius. Vere is mistress Page? By gar, I am cozened; I ha' married *un garçon*, a boy; *un paisan*, by gar, a boy; it is not Anne Page: by gar, I am cozened. *Mrs.*

Mrs. Page. Why, did you take her in green?

Caius. Ay, be gar, and 'tis a boy: be gar, I'll raise all Windsor. [Exit. CAIUS.]

Ford. This is strange: Who hath got the right Anne?

Page. My heart misgives me: Here comes master Fenton.

Enter FENTON and ANNE PAGE.

How now, master Fenton?

Anne. Pardon, good father! good my mother, pardon!

Page. Now mistress? How chance you went not with master Slender?

Mrs. Page. Why went you not with master doctor, maid?

Fent. You do amaze her; Hear the truth of it.
You would have married her most shamefully,
Where there was no proportion held in love.
The truth is, she and I, long since contracted,
Are now so sure, that nothing can dissolve us.
The offence is holy, that she hath committed:
And this deceit loses the name of craft,
Of disobedience, or unduteous title;
Since therein she doth evitate and shun
A thousand irreligious curfed hours,
Which forced marriage would have brought upon her.

Ford. Stand not amaz'd: here is no remedy:—
In love, the heavens themselves do guide the state;
Money buys lands, and wives are sold by fate.

Fal. I am glad, though you have ta'en a special stand
to strike at me, that your arrow hath glanced.

Page. Well, what remedy? Fenton, heaven give thee joy!

What cannot be eschew'd, must be embrac'd.

Fal. When night-dogs run, all sorts of deer are chas'd.

Eva. I will dance and eat plums at your wedding.

Mrs. Page. Well, I will muse no further:—Master
Fenton,

Heaven give you many, many merry days!—

Good husband, let us every one go home,

And laugh this sport o'er by a country fire;

Sir John and all.

Ford. Let it be so:—Sir John,

To master Brook you yet shall hold your word;

For he, to-night, shall lie with mistress Ford. [*Exeunt.*

THE END.

1



Thurston del.

Chapman sc.

Twelfth Night

Act 1st Sc. 9th

Published by Verner and Hood, Fenchurch-Mag. 1. 1799

Harding's Edition.

TWELFTH-NIGHT;

OR,

WHAT YOU WILL.

A

COMEDY,

BY

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

ACCURATELY PRINTED

FROM THE TEXT OF

Mr. STEEVENS'S LAST EDITION.

Ornamented with Plates.

London:

PUBLISHED BY E. HARDING, NO. 98, PALL-MALL;
J. WRIGHT, PICCADILLY; G. SHEL, STRAND;
AND VERNOR AND HOOD, POULTRY.

1799.

OBSERVATIONS.

THERE is great reason to believe, that the serious part of this Comedy is founded on some old translation of the seventh history in the fourth volume of *Belleforest's Histoires Tragiques*. Belleforest took the story, as usual, from Bandello. The comic scenes appear to have been entirely the production of Shakspeare. It is not impossible, however, that the circumstances of the Duke sending his Page to plead his cause with the Lady, and of the Lady's falling in love with the Page, &c. might be borrowed from the Fifth Eglog of Barnaby Googe, published with his other original Poems in 1563.

“ A worthy *Knyght* dyd love her longe,

“ And for her sake dyd feale

“ The panges of love, that happen styl

“ By frowning fortune's weale.

“ He had a *Page*, Valerius named,

“ Whom so much he dyd truste,

“ That all the secrets of his hart

“ To hym declare he muste.

“ And made hym all the onely meanes

“ To sue for his redresse,

“ And to entreate for grace to her

“ That caused his distresse.

“ *She* urban as first *she* saw his page

“ Was straight with hym in love,

“ That nothyng coude Valerius face

“ From *Claudia's* mynde remove.

“ By hym was *Faustus* often harde,

“ By hym his sutes toke place,

“ By hym he often dyd aspyre

“ To se his Ladyes face.

“ This

" This passed well, tyll at the length

" Valerius fore did sewe,

" With many teares beseechynge her

" His mayster's gryefe to rewe.

" And tolde her that yf she wolde not

" Release his mayster's payne,

" He never wolde attempte her more

" Nor se her ones agayne," &c.

Thus also concludes the first scene of the third act of the Play before us:

" And so adieu, good madam; never more

" Will I my master's tears to you deplore," &c.

I offer no apology for the length of the foregoing extract, the book from which it is taken, being so uncommon, that only one copy, except that in my own possession, has hitherto occurred. Even Dr. Farmer, the late Rev. T. Warton, Mr. Reed, and Mr. Malone, were unacquainted with this Collection of Googe's Poetry.

August 6, 1607, a Comedy called *What you Will* (which is the second title of this play), was entered at Stationers' Hall by Thorpe. I believe, however, it was Marston's play with that name. Ben Jonson, who takes every opportunity to find fault with Shakspeare, seems to ridicule the conduct of *Twelfth-Night* in his *Every Man out of his Humour*, at the end of Act III. sc. vi. where he makes Mitis say, "That the argument of his comedy might have been of some other nature, as of a duke to be in love with a countess, and that countess to be in love with the duke's son, and the son in love with the lady's waiting maid: *some such crasse wooing, with a clown to their serving man*, better than be thus near and familiarly allied to the time." STEVENS.

I suppose this comedy to have been written in 1614. If however the foregoing passage was levelled at *Twelfth-Night*, my speculation falls to the ground. MALONE.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

ORSINO, *duke of Illyria.*

SEBASTIAN, *a young gentleman, brother to Viola.*

ANTONIO, *a sea-captain, friend to Sebastian.*

A sea-captain, friend to Viola.

VALENTINE, } *Gentlemen attending on the Duke.*

CURIO,

Sir TOBY BELCH, *uncle to Olivia.*

Sir ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK.

MALVOLIO, *steward to Olivia.*

FABIAN, } *servants to Olivia.*

Clown,

OLIVIA, *a rich countess.*

VIOLA, *in love with the duke.*

MARIA, *Olivia's woman.*

*Lords, Priests, Sailors, Officers, Musicians, and other
Attendants.*

SCENE, *a city in Illyria; and the sea coast near it.*

TWELFTH-NIGHT.

ACT I. SCENE I.

An Apartment in the Duke's Palace.

Enter DUKE, CURIO, Lords; Musicians attending.

Duke.

IF musick be the food of love, play on,
Give me excess of it; that, surfeiting,
The appetite may sicken, and so die.—
That strain again;—it had a dying fall:
O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet south,
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing, and giving odour.—Enough; no more;
'Tis not so sweet now, as it was before.
O spirit of love, how quick and fresh art thou!
That notwithstanding thy capacity
Receiveth as the sea, nought enters there,
Of what validity and pitch soever,
But falls into abatement and low price,
Even in a minute! so full of shapes is fancy,
That it alone is high-fantastical.

Cur. Will you go hunt, my lord?

Duke.

What, Curio?

Cur.

The hart.

Duke. Why, so I do, the noblest that I have;

O, when mine eyes did see Olivia first,
Methought, she purg'd the air of pestilence;

B

That

That instant was I turn'd into a hart ;
 And my desires, like fell and cruel hounds,
 E'er since pursue me.—How now ? what news from her

Enter VALENTINE.

Val. So please my lord, I might not be admitted,
 But from her hand-maid do return this answer :
 The element itself, till seven years heat,
 Shall not behold her face at ample view ;
 But, like a cloistress, she will veiled walk,
 And water once a day her chamber round
 With eye-offending brine : all this, to season
 A brother's dead love, which she would keep fresh,
 And lasting, in her sad remembrance.

Duke. O, she, that hath a heart of that fine frame,
 To pay this debt of love but to a brother,
 How will she love, when the rich golden shaft,
 Hath kill'd the flock of all affections else
 That live in her ! when liver, brain, and heart,
 These sovereign thrones, are all supply'd, and fill'd,
 (Her sweet perfections,) with one self king !—
 Away before me to sweet beds of flowers ;
 Love-thoughts lie rich ; when canopy'd with bowers.

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE II.

The Sea-coast.

Enter VIOLA, Captain, and Sailors.

Vio. What country, friends, is this ?

Cap. Illyria, lady.

Vio. And what should I do in Illyria ?

My brother he is in Elysium.

Perchance, he is not drown'd ;—What think you, sailor

C

Cap. It is perchance, that you yourself were sav'd.

Vio. O my poor brother! and so, perchance, may he be.

Cap. True, madam: and, to comfort you with chance,
Assure yourself, after our ship did split,
When you, and that poor number sav'd with you,
Hung on our driving boat, I saw your brother,
Most provident in peril, bind himself
(Courage and hope both teaching him the practice)
To a strong mast, that liv'd upon the sea;
Where, like Arion on the dolphin's back,
I saw him hold acquaintance with the waves,
So long as I could see.

Vio. For saying so, there's gold:

Mine own escape unfoldeth to my hope,
Whereto thy speech serves for authority,
The like of him. Know'st thou this country?

Cap. Ay, madam, well; for I was bred and born;
Not three hours travel from this very place.

Vio. Who governs here?

Cap. A noble duke in nature, as in name.

Vio. What is his name?

Cap. Orsino.

Vio. Orsino! I have heard my father name him:
He was a bachelor then.

Cap. And so is now,

Or was so very late: for but a month

ago I went from hence; and then 'twas fresh

in murmur, (as, you know, what great ones do,

the less will prattle of,) that he did seek

the love of fair Olivia.

Vio. What's she?

Cap. A virtuous maid, the daughter of a count
That dy'd some twelve-month since; then leaving her
In the protection of his son, her brother,
Who shortly also dy'd: for whose dear love,

They say, she hath abjur'd the company
And fight of men.

Vio. O, that I serv'd that lady ;
And might not be deliver'd to the world,
Till I had made mine own occasion mellow,
What my estate is !

Cap. That were hard to compass ;
Because she will admit no kind of suit,
No, not the duke's.

Vio. There is a fair behaviour in thee, captain ;
And though that nature with a beauteous wall
Doth oft close in pollution, yet of thee
I will believe, thou hast a mind that suits
With this thy fair and outward character.
I pray thee, and I'll pay thee bounteously,
Conceal me what I am ; and be my aid
For such disguise as, haply, shall become
The form of my intent. I'll serve this duke ;
Thou shalt present me as an eunuch to him,
It may be worth thy pains ; for I can sing,
And speak to him in many sorts of musick,
That will allow me very worth his service.
What else may hap, to time I will commit ;
Only shape thou thy silence to my wit.

Cap. Be you his eunuch, and your mute I'll be :
When my tongue blabs, then let mine eyes not see !

Vio. I thank thee : Lead me on. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

A Room in Olivia's house.

Enter SIR TOBY BELCH, and MARIA.

Sir To. What a plague means my niece, to take the
death

death of her brother thus ? I am sure, care's an enemy to life.

Mar. By my troth, Sir Toby, you must come in earlier o' nights ; your cousin, my lady, takes great exceptions to your ill hours.

Sir To. Why, let her except before excepted.

Mar. Ay, but you must confine yourself within the modest limits of order.

Sir To. Confine ? I'll confine myself no finer than I am : these clothes are good enough to drink in, and so be these boots too ; an they be not, let them hang themselves in their own straps.

Mar. That quaffing and drinking will undo you : I heard my lady talk of it yesterday ; and of a foolish knight, that you brought in one night here, to be her wooer.

Sir To. Who ? Sir Andrew Ague-cheek ?

Mar. Ay, he.

Sir To. He's as tall a man as any's in Illyria.

Mar. What's that to the purpose ?

Sir To. Why, he has three thousand ducats a year.

Mar. Ay, but he'll have but a year in all these ducats ; he's a very fool, and a prodigal.

Sir To. Fie, that you'll say so ! he plays o'the viol-de-gambo, and speaks three or four languages word for word without book, and hath all the good gifts of nature.

Mar. He hath, indeed,—almost natural : for, besides that he's a fool, he's a great quarreller ; and, but that he hath the gift of a coward to allay the gust he hath in quarrelling, 'tis thought among the prudent, he would quickly have the gift of a grave.

Sir To. By this hand they are scoundrels, and substractors, that say so of him. Who are they ?

Mar. They that add moreover, he's drunk nightly in your company.

Sir To. With drinking healths to my niece; I'll drink to her, as long as there's a passage in my throat and drink in Illyria: He's a coward, and a coystril, that will not drink to my niece, till his brains turn o'the toe like a parish-top. What, wench? Castiliano vulgo; for here comes Sir Andrew Ague-face.

Enter SIR ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK.

Sir And. Sir Toby Belch! how now, Sir Toby Belch?

Sir To. Sweet fir Andrew!

Sir And. Blefs you, fair shrew.

Mar. And you too, fir.

Sir To. Accost, fir Andrew, accost.

Sir And. What's that?

Sir To. My niece's chamber-maid.

Sir And. Good mistress Accost, I desire better acquaintance.

Mar. My name is Mary, fir.

Sir And. Good Mistress Mary Accost,——

Sir To. You mistake, knight: accost, is, front her, board her, woo her, assail her.

Sir And. By my troth, I would not undertake her in this company. Is that the meaning of accost?

Mar. Fare you well, gentlemen.

Sir To. An thou let part so, fir Andrew, 'would thou might'st never draw sword again.

Sir And. An you part so, mistress, I would I might never draw sword again. Fair lady, do you think you have fools in hand?

Mar. Sir, I have not you by the hand.

Sir And. Marry, but you shall have; and here's my hand.

Mar. Now, fir, thought is free: I pray you, bring your hand to the buttery-bar, and let it drink.

Sir And.

Sir And. Wherefore, sweet heart? what's your metaphor?

Mar. It's dry, sir.

Sir And. Why, I think so; I am not such an ass, but I can keep my hand dry. But what's your jest?

Mar. A dry jest, sir.

Sir And. Are you full of them?

Mar. Ay, sir; I have them at my fingers' ends: marry, now I let go your hand, I am barren. [Exit MARIA.]

Sir To. O knight, thou lack'st a cup of canary: When did I see thee so put down?

Sir And. Never in your life, I think; unless you see canary put me down: Methinks, sometimes I have no more wit than a Christian, or an ordinary man has: but I am a great eater of beef, and, I believe, that does harm to my wit.

Sir To. No question.

Sir And. An I thought that, I'd forswear it. I'll ride home to-morrow, sir Toby.

Sir To. *Pourquoy*, my dear knight?

Sir And. What is *pourquoy*? do, or not do? I would I had bestowed that time in the tongues, that I have in fencing, dancing, and bear-baiting: O, had I but follow'd the arts!

Sir To. Then hadst thou an excellent head of hair.

Sir And. Why, would that have mended my hair?

Sir To. Past question; for thou see'st, it will not curl by nature.

Sir And. But it becomes me well enough, does't not?

Sir To. Excellent; it hangs like flax on a distaff; and I hope to see a housewife take thee between her legs, and spin it off.

Sir And. 'Faith, I'll home to-morrow, Sir Toby: your niece will not be seen; or, if she be, it's four to one she'll

none of me: the count himself, here hard by, wooes her.

Sir To. She'll none o'the count; she'll not match above her degree, neither, in estate, years, nor wit; I have heard her swear it. Tut, there's life in't, man.

Sir And. I'll stay a month longer. I am a fellow o'the strangest mind i'the world; I delight in masques and revels, sometimes altogether.

Sir To. Art thou good at these kick-shaws, knight?

Sir And. As any man in Illyria, whatsoever he be, under the degree of my betters; and yet I will not compare with an old man.

Sir To. What is thy excellence in a galliard, knight?

Sir And. 'Faith, I can cut a caper.

Sir To. And I can cut the mutton to't.

Sir And. And, I think, I have the back-trick, simply as strong as any man in Illyria.

Sir To. Wherefore are these things hid? wherefore have these gifts a curtain before them? are they like to take dust, like mistress Mall's picture? why dost thou not go to church in a galliard, and come home in a coranto? My very walk should be a jig; I would not so much as make water, but in a sink-a-pace. What dost thou mean? is it a world to hide virtues in? I did think, by the excellent constitution of thy leg, it was form'd under the star of a galliard.

Sir And. Ay, 'tis strong, and it does indifferent well in a flame-colour'd stock. Shall we set about some revels?

Sir To. What shall we do else? were we not born under Taurus?

Sir And. Taurus? that's sides and heart.

Sir To. No, sir; it is legs and thighs. Let me see thee caper: ha! higher: ha, ha!—excellent! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

SCENE IV.

A Room in the Duke's Palace.

Enter VALENTINE, and VIOLA in man's attire.

Val. If the duke continue these favours towards you, Cesario, you are like to be much advanced; he hath known you but three days, and already you are no stranger.

Vio. You either fear his humour, or my negligence, that you call in question the continuance of his love: Is he inconstant, sir, in his favours?

Val. No, believe me.

Enter DUKE, CURIO, and Attendants.

Vio. I thank you. Here comes the count.

Duke. Who saw Cesario, ho?

Vio. On your attendance, my lord; here.

Duke. Stand you awhile aloof.—Cesario, Thou know'st no less but all; I have unclasp'd To thee the book even of my secret soul: Therefore, good youth, address thy gait unto her; Be not deny'd access, stand at her doors, And tell them, there thy fixed foot shall grow, Till thou have audience.

Vio. Sure, my noble lord, If she be so abandon'd to her sorrow As it is spoke, she never will admit me.

Duke. Be clamorous, and leap all civil bounds, Rather than make unprofitable return.

Vio. Say, I do speak with her, my lord; What then?

Duke. O, then unfold the passion of my love, Surprise her with discourse of my dear faith:

It shall become thee well to act my woes ;
 She will attend it better in thy youth,
 Than in a nuncio of more grave aspect.

Vio. I think not so, my lord.

Duke. Dear lad, believe it ;
 For they shall yet belie thy happy years,
 That say, thou art a man : Diana's lip
 Is not more smooth, and rubious ; thy small pipe
 Is as the maiden's organ, shrill, and sound,
 And all is semblative a woman's part.
 I know, thy constellation is right apt
 For this affair :—Some four, or five, attend him ;
 All, if you will ; for I myself am best,
 When least in company :—Prosper well in this,
 And thou shalt live as freely as thy lord,
 To call his fortunes thine.

Vio. I'll do my best,
 To woo your lady : yet, [*Aside.*] a barrful strife !
 Whoe'er I woo, myself would be his wife. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

A room in Olivia's house.

Enter MARIA, and CLOWN.

Mar. Nay, either tell me where thou hast been, or I
 will not open my lips, so wide as a bristle may enter, in
 way of thy excuse : my lady will hang thee for thy ab-
 sence.

Clo. Let her hang me : he, that is well hang'd in this
 world, needs to fear no colours.

Mar. Make that good.

He shall see none to fear.

Mar.

Mar. A good lenten answer: I can tell thee where that saying was born, of, I fear no colours.

Clo. Where, good mistress Mary?

Mar. In the wars; and that may you be bold to say in your foolery.

Clo. Well, God give them wisdom, that have it; and those that are fools, let them use their talents.

Mar. Yet you will be hang'd, for being so long absent; or, to be turn'd away; is not that as good as a hanging to you?

Clo. Many a good hanging prevents a bad marriage; and, for turning away, let summer bear it out.

Mar. You are resolute then?

Clo. Not so neither; but I am resolv'd on two points.

Mar. That if one break, the other will hold; or, if both break, your gaskins fall.

Clo. Apt, in good faith; very apt! Well, go thy way; if Sir Toby would leave drinking, thou wert as witty a piece of Eve's flesh as any in Illyria.

Mar. Peace, you rogue, no more o'that; here comes my lady: make your excuse wisely, you were best. [*Exit.*]

Enter OLIVIA, and MALVOLIO.

Clo. Wit, and't be thy will, put me into good fooling! Those wits, that think they have thee, do very oft prove fools; and I, that am sure I lack thee, may pass for a wise man: For what says Quinapalus? Better a witty fool, than a foolish wit.—God bless thee, lady!

Oli. Take the fool away.

Clo. Do you not hear, fellows? Take away the lady.

Oli. Go to, you're a dry fool; I'll no more of you: besides, you grow dishonest.

Clo. Two faults, Madonna, that drink and good —

fel will amend: for give the dry fool drink, then is the fool not dry; bid the dishonest man mend himself; if he mend, he is no longer dishonest; if he cannot, let the botcher mend him: Any thing, that's mended, is but patch'd: virtue, that transgresses, is but patch'd with sin; and sin, that amends, is but patch'd with virtue: If that this simple syllogism will serve, so; if it will not, What remedy? As there is no true cuckold but calamity, so beauty's a flower:—the lady bade take away the fool; therefore, I say again, take her away.

Oli. Sir, I bade them take away you.

Clo. Misprision in the highest degree!—Lady, *Cucullus non facit monachum*; that's as much as to say, I wear not motley in my brain. Good Madonna, give me leave to prove you a fool.

Oli. Can you do it?

Clo. Dexteriously, good Madonna.

Oli. Make your proof.

Clo. I must catechize you for it, Madonna; Good my mouse of virtue, answer me.

Oli. Well, sir, for want of other idleness, I'll bide your proof.

Clo. Good Madonna, why mourn'st thou?

Oli. Good fool, for my brother's death.

Clo. I think, his soul is in hell, Madonna.

Oli. I know his soul is in heaven, fool.

Clo. The more fool you, Madonna, to mourn for your brother's soul being in heaven.—Take away the fool, gentlemen?

Oli. What think you of this fool, Malvolio? doth he not mend?

Mal. Yes; and shall do, till the pangs of death shake him: Infirmary, that decays the wise, doth ever make the better fool.

Clo.

Clo. God send you, sir, a speedy infirmity, for the better encreasing your folly! Sir Toby will be sworn, that I am no fox; but he will not pass his word for two-pence that you are no fool.

Oli. How say you to that, Malvolio?

Mal. I marvel your ladyship takes delight in such a barren rascal; I saw him put down the other day with an ordinary fool, that has no more brain than a stone: Look you now, he's out of his guard already; unless you laugh and minister occasion to him, he is gagged. I protest, I take these wise men, that crow so at these set kind of fools, no better than the fools' zanies.

Oli. O, you are sick of self-love, Malvolio, and taste with a distemper'd appetite. To be generous, guiltless, and of free disposition, is to take those things for bird-bolts, that you deem cannon-bullets: There is no slander in an allow'd fool, though he do nothing but rail; nor no railing in a known discreet man, though he do nothing but reprove.

Clo. Now Mercury induce thee with leasing, for thou speak'st well of fools!

Re-enter MARIA.

Mar. Madam, there is at the gate a young gentleman, much desires to speak with you.

Oli. From the count Orsino, is it?

Mar. I know not, madam; 'tis a fair young man, and well attended.

Oli. Who of my people hold him in delay?

Mar. Sir Toby, madam, your kinsman.

Oli. Fetch him off, I pray you; he speaks nothing but madman: Fie on him! [*Exit MARIA.*] Go you, Malvolio: if it be a suit from the count, I am sick, or not at home;

home; what you will, to dismiss it. [*Exit MALVOLIO.*]
Now you see, sir, how your fooling grows old, and people dislike it.

Clo. Thou hast spoke for us, Madonna, as if thy eldest son should be a fool: whose scull Jove cram with brains, for here he comes, one of thy kin, has a most weak *pia mater*.

Enter SIR TOBY BELCH.

Oli. By mine honour, half drunk.—What is he at the gate, cousin?

Sir To. A gentleman.

Oli. A gentleman? What gentleman?

Sir To. 'Tis a gentleman here—A plague o'these pickle-herrings!—How now, sot?

Clo. Good Sir Toby,——

Oli. Cousin, cousin, how have you come so early by this lethargy?

Sir To. Lechery! I defy lechery: There's one at the gate.

Oli. Ay, marry; what is he?

Sir To. Let him be the devil, an he will, I care not: give me faith, say I. Well, it's all one. [*Exit.*

Oli. What's a drunken man like, fool?

Clo. Like a drown'd man, a fool, and a madman: one draught above heat makes him a fool; the second mads him; and a third drowns him.

Oli. Go thou and seek the coroner, and let him sit o' my coz; for he's in the third degree of drink, he's drown'd: go, look after him.

Clo. He is but mad yet, Madonna; and the fool shall look to the madman. [*Exit CLOWN.*

Re-enter

Re-enter MALVOLIO.

Mal. Madam, yond young fellow swears he will speak with you. I told him you were sick; he takes on him to understand so much, and therefore comes to speak with you: I told him you were asleep; he seems to have a foreknowledge of that too, and therefore comes to speak with you. What is to be said to him, lady? he's fortified against any denial.

Oli. Tell him, he shall not speak with me.

Mal. He has been told so; and he says, he'll stand at your door like a sheriff's post, and be the supporter to a bench, but he'll speak with you.

Oli. What kind of man is he?

Mal. Why, of man kind.

Oli. What manner of man?

Mal. Of very ill manner; he'll speak with you, will you, or no.

Oli. Of what personage, and years, is he?

Mal. Not yet old enough for a man, nor young enough for a boy; as a squash is before 'tis a peascod, or a codling when 'tis almost an apple: 'tis with him e'en standing water, between boy and man. He is very well-favour'd, and he speaks very shrewishly; one would think, his mother's milk were scarce out of him.

Oli. Let him approach: Call in my gentlewoman.

Mal. Gentlewoman, my lady calls. [Exit.

Re-enter MARIA.

Oli. Give me my veil: come, throw it o'er my face;
We'll once more heat Orsino's embassy.

Enter

Enter VIOLA.

Vio. The honourable lady of the house, which is she ?

Oli. Speak to me, I shall answer for her ; Your will ?

Vio. Most radiant, exquisite, and unmatchable beauty,—
I pray you, tell me, if this be the lady of the house, for
I never saw her : I would be loth to cast away my speech ;
for, besides that it is excellently well penn'd, I have taken
great pains to con it. Good beauties, let me sustain no
scorn ; I am very comptible, even to the least sinister
usage.

Oli. Whence came you, sir ?

Vio. I can say little more than I have studied, and that
question's out of my part. Good gentle one, give me
modest assurance, if you be the lady of the house, that I
may proceed in my speech.

Oli. Are you a comedian ?

Vio. No, my profound heart : and yet, by the very
fangs of malice, I swear, I am not that I play. Are you
the lady of the house ?

Oli. If I do not usurp myself, I am.

Viol. Most certain, if you are she, you do usurp your-
self ; for what is yours to bestow, is not yours to reserve.
But this is from my commission : I will on with my speech
in your praise, and then shew you the heart of my mes-
sage.

Oli. Come to what is important in't : I forgive you the
praise.

Vio. Alas, I took great pains to study it, and 'tis poe-
tical.

Oli. It is the more like to be feign'd ; I pray you, keep
it in. I heard, you were saucy at my gates ; and allow'd
your approach, rather to wonder at you than to hear you.
If you be not mad, be gone ; if you have reason, be brief :

'tis

'tis not that time of moon with me, to make one in so skipping a dialogue.

Mar. Will you hoist sail, fir? here lies your way.

Vio. No, good swabber; I am to hull here a little longer.—Some mollification for your giant, sweet lady.

Oli. Tell me your mind.

Vio. I am a messenger.

Oli. Sure, you have some hideous matter to deliver, when the courtesy of it is so fearful. Speak your office.

Vio. It alone concerns your ear. I bring no overture of war, no taxation of homage; I hold the olive in my hand; my words are as full of peace as matter.

Oli. Yet you began rudely. What are you? what would you?

Vio. The rudeness, that hath appear'd in me, have I learn'd from my entertainment. What I am, and what I would, are as secret as maidenhead: to your ears; divinity; to any other's, profanation.

Oli. Give us the place alone: we will hear this divinity.

[Exit MARIA.] Now, fir, what is your text?

Vio. Most sweet lady,—

Oli. A comfortable doctrine, and much may be said of it. Where lies your text?

Vio. In Orsino's bosom.

Oli. In his bosom? In what chapter of his bosom?

Vio. To answer by the method, in the first of his heart.

Oli. O, I have read it; it is heresy. Have you no more to say?

Vio. Good madam, let me see your face.

Oli. Have you any commission from your lord to negotiate with my face? you are now out of your text: but we will draw the curtain, and shew you the picture. Look you, fir, such a one I was this present: Is't not well done?

[Unveiling.

Vio.

Vio. Excellently done, if God did all.

Oli. 'Tis in grain, fir; 'twill endure wind and weather.

Vio. 'Tis beauty truly blent, whose red and white
Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on :
Lady, you are the cruel'st she alive,
If you will lead these graces to the grave,
And leave the world no copy.

Oli. O, fir, I will not be so hard-hearted ; I will give
out divers schedules of my beauty : It shall be inventori-
ed ; and every particle, and utensil, label'd to my will : as,
item, two lips indifferent red ; item, two grey eyes, with
lids to them ; item, one neck, one chin, and so forth.
Were you sent hither to 'praise me ?

Vio. I see you what you are : you are too proud ;
But, if you were the devil, you are fair.
My lord and master loves you ; O, such love
Could be but recompens'd, though you were crown'd
The non-pàriel of beauty !

Oli. How does he love me ?

Vio. With adorations, with fertile tears,
With groans that thunder love, with sighs of fire.

Oli. Your lord does know my mind, I cannot love
him :

Yet I suppose him virtuous, know him noble,
Of great estate, of fresh and stainless youth ;
In voices well divulg'd, free, learn'd, and valiant,
And, in dimension, and the shape of nature,
A gracious person : but yet I cannot love him ;
He might have took his answer long ago.

Vio. If I did love you in my master's flame,
With such a suffering, such a deadly life,
In your denial I would find no sense,
I would not understand it.

Oli. Why what would you ?

Vio.

Vio. Make me a willow cabin at your gate,
And call upon my soul within the house;
Write loyal cantons of contemned love,
And sing them loud even in the dead of night;
Holla your name to the reverberate hills,
And make the babbling gossip of the air
Cry out, Olivia! O, you should not rest
Between the elements of air and earth,
But you should pity me.

Oli. You might do much: What is your parentage?

Vio. Above my fortunes, yet my state is well:
I am a gentleman.

Oli. Get you to your lord;
I cannot love him: let him send no more;
Unless, perchance, you come to me again,
To tell me how he takes it. Fare you well:
I thank you for your pains: spend this for me.

Vio. I am no fee'd post, lady; keep your purse;
My master, not myself, lacks recompense.
Love make his heart of flint, that you shall love;
And let your fervour, like my master's, be
Plac'd in contempt! Farewel, fair cruelty. [Exit.

Oli. What is your parentage?

Above my fortunes, yet my state is well:

I am a gentleman.—I'll be sworn thou art;
Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbs, actions, and spirit,
Do give thee five-fold blazon:—Not too fast:—soft! soft!
Unless the master were the man.—How now?
Even so quickly may one catch the plague?
Methinks, I feel this youth's perfections,
With an invisible and subtle stealth,
To creep in at mine eyes. Well, let it be.—
What, ho, Malvolio!—

Re-enter MALVOLIO.

Mal. Here, madam, at your service.

Oli. Run after that same peevish messenger,
The county's man : he left this ring behind him,
Would I, or not ; tell him, I'll none of it.
Desire him not to flatter with his lord,
Nor hold him up with hopes ; I am not for him :
If that the youth will come this way to-morrow,
I'll give him reasons for't. Hie thee, Malvolio.

Mal. Madam, I will.

[*Exit.*

Oli. I do I know not what ; and fear to find
Mine eye too great a flatterer for my mind.
Fate, shew thy force : Our selves we do not owe ;
What is decreed, must be ; and be this so !

[*Exit.*

ACT

ACT II. SCENE I.

The Sea-coast.

Enter ANTONIO and SEBASTIAN.

Ant. Will you stay no longer? nor will you not, that I go with you?

Seb. By your patience, no: my stars shine darkly over me; the malignancy of my fate might, perhaps, distemper yours; therefore I shall crave of you your leave, that I may bear my evils alone: It were a bad recompense for your love, to lay any of them on you.

Ant. Let me yet know of you, whither you are bound.

Seb. No, 'sooth, sir; my determinate voyage is mere Extravagancy. But I perceive in you so excellent a touch of modesty, that you will not extort from me what I am willing to keep in; therefore it charges me in manners the rather to express myself. You must know of me then, Antonio, my name is Sebastian, which I call'd Roderigo; my father was that Sebastian of Messaline, whom, I know, you have heard of: he left behind him, myself, and a sister, both born in an hour: If the heavens had been pleas'd, 'would we had so ended! but, you, sir, alter'd that; for, some hour before you took me from the breach of the sea, was my sister drown'd.

Ant. Alas, the day!

Seb. A lady, sir, though it was said she much resembled me, was yet of many accounted beautiful: but, though I could not, with such estimable wonder, over-far believe that, yet thus far I will boldly publish her, she bore a

mind that envy could not but call fair: she is drown'd already, sir, with salt water, though I seem to drown her remembrance again with more.

Ant. Pardon me, sir, your bad entertainment.

Seb. O, good Antonio, forgive me your trouble.

Ant. If you will not murder me for my love, let me be your servant.

Seb. If you will not undo what you have done, that is, kill him whom you have recover'd, desire it not. Fare ye well at once: my bosom is full of kindness; and I am yet so near the manners of my mother, that upon the least occasion more, mine eyes will tell tales of me. I am bound to the count Orsino's court: farewell. [Exit.

Ant. The gentleness of all the gods go with thee! I have many enemies in Orsino's court, Else would I very shortly see thee there: But, come what may, I do adore thee so, That danger shall seem sport, and I will go. [Exit.

SCENE II.

A Street.

Enter VIOLA; MALVOLIO following.

Mal. Were not you even now with the countess Olivia?

Vio. Even now, sir; on a moderate pace I have since arrived but hither.

Mal. She returns this ring to you, sir; you might have saved me my pains, to have taken it away yourself. She adds moreover, that you should put your lord into a desperate assurance she will none of him: And one thing more; that you be never so hardy to come again in his
6
affairs,

affairs, unless it be to report your lord's taking of this.
Receive it so.

Vio. She took the ring of me; I'll none of it.

Mal. Come, sir, you peevishly threw it to her; and her will is, it should be so return'd: if it be worth stooping for, there it lies in your eye; if not, be it his that finds it. [Exit.]

Vio. I left no ring with her: What means this lady?
Fortune forbid, my outside have not charm'd her!
She made good view of me; indeed, so much,
That, sure, methought, her eyes had lost her tongue,
For she did speak in starts distractedly.
She loves me, sure; the cunning of her passion
Invites me in this churlish messenger.
None of my lord's ring! why, he sent her none.
I am the man;—If it be so, (as 'tis)
Poor lady, she were better love a dream.
Disguise, I see, thou art a wickedness,
Wherein the pregnant enemy does much.
How easy is it, for the proper-false
In women's waxen hearts to set their forms!
Alas, our frailty is the cause, not we;
For, such as we are made of, such we be.
How will this fadge? My master loves her dearly;
And I, poor monster, fond as much on him;
And she, mistaken, seems to dote on me:
What will become of this? As I am man,
My state is desperate for my master's love;
As I am woman, now alas the day!
What thriftless sighs shall poor Olivia breathe?
O time, thou must untangle this, not I;
It is too hard a knot for me to untie. [Exit.]

SCENE III.

A Room in Olivia's House.

Enter SIR TOBY BELCH, and SIR ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK.

Sir To. Approach, fir Andrew: not to be a-bed after midnight, is to be up betimes; and *diluculo surgere*, thou know'st,——

Sir And. Nay, by my troth, I know not: but I know, to be up late, is to be up late.

Sir To. A false conclusion; I hate it as an unfill'd can: To be up after midnight, and to go to bed then, is early; so that, to go to bed after midnight, is to go to bed betimes. Do not our lives consist of the four elements?

Sir And. 'Faith, so they say; but, I think, it rather consists of eating and drinking.

Sir To. Thou art a scholar; let us therefore eat and drink.—Marian, I say!——a stoop of wine!

Enter Clown.

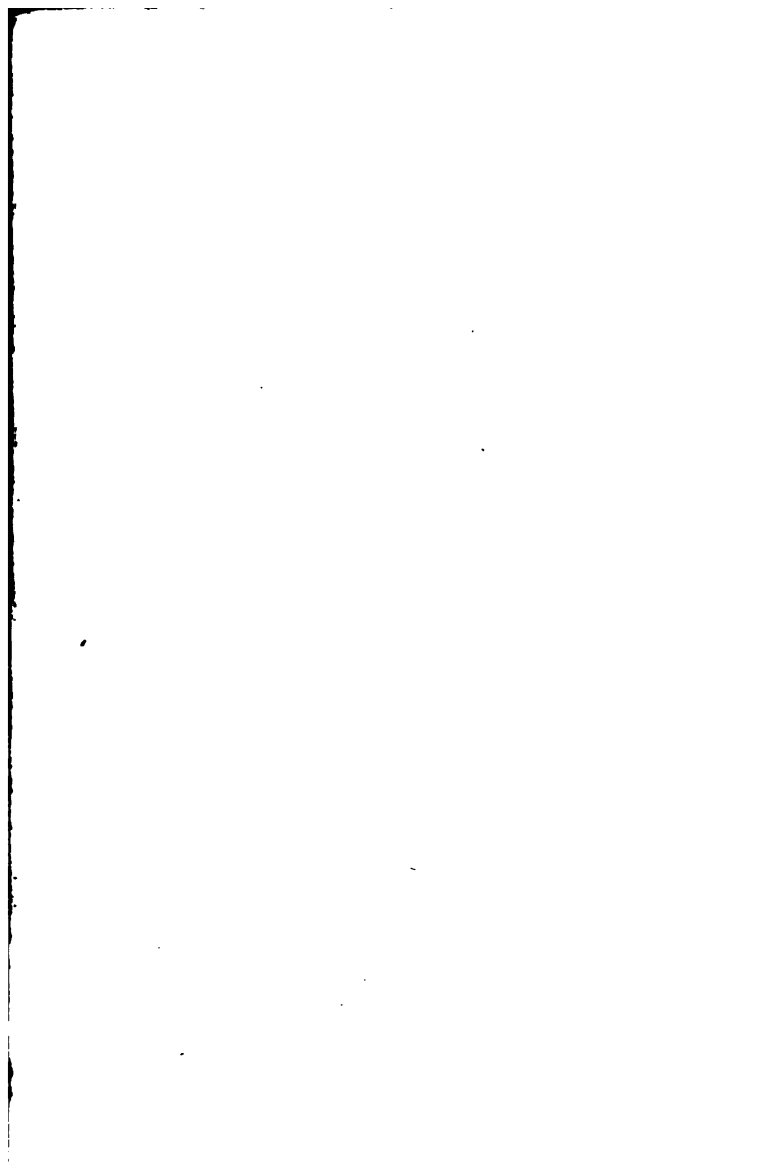
Sir And. Here comes the fool, i'faith.

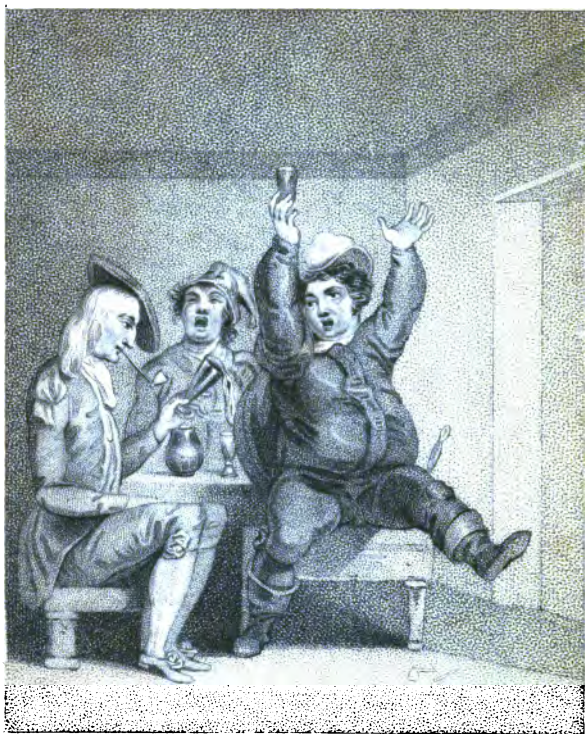
Clo. How now, my hearts? Did you never see the picture of we three?

Sir To. Welcome, ass. Now let's have a catch.

Sir And. By my troth, the fool has an excellent breast. I had rather than forty shillings I had such a leg; and so sweet a breath to sing, as the fool has. In sooth, thou wast in very gracious fooling last night, when thou spokest of Pigrogromitus, of the Vapians passing the equinoctial of Queubus; 'twas very good, i'faith. I sent thee sixpence for thy leman; Hadst it?

Clo.





Thurston del.

Ridley sculp

Twelfth Night.

Published by Vernor & Hood 31 Poultry, Septem. 1st 1799.

Clo. I did impetico thy gratillity; for Malvolio's nose is no whiptock: My lady has a white hand, and the Myr-
ridons are no bottle-ale houses.

Sir And. Excellent! Why, this is the best fooling, when
is done. Now, a song.

Sir To. Come on; there is six-pence for you: let's have
a song.

Sir And. There's a testril of me too: if one knight give
—

Clo. Would you have a love-song, or a song of good
life?

Sir To. A love-song, a love-song.

Sir And. Ay, ay; I care not for good life.

S O N G.

Clo. O mistress mine, where are you roaming?
O, stay and hear; your true love's coming,
That can sing both high and low:
Trip no further, pretty sweeting;
Journeys end in lovers' meeting,
Every wise man's son doth know.

Sir And. Excellent good, i'faith!

Sir To. Good, good.

Clo. What is love? 'tis not hereafter;
Present mirth hath present laughter;
What's to come, is still unsure:
In delay there lies no plenty;
Then come kiss me, sweet and twenty,
Youth's a stuff will not endure.

Sir And. A mellifluous voice, as I am true knight.

Sir To.

Sir To. A contagious breath.

Sir And. Very sweet and contagious, i'faith.

Sir To. To hear by the nose, it is dulcet in contagion. But shall we make the welkin dance indeed? Shall we rouse the night-owl in a catch, that will draw three souls out of one weaver? shall we do that?

Sir And. An you love me, let's do't: I am dog at a catch.

Clo. By'r lady, fir, and some dogs will catch well.

Sir And. Most certain: let our catch be, *Thou knave.*

Clo. *Hold thy peace, thou knave,* knight? I shall be constrain'd in't to call thee knave, knight.

Sir And. 'Tis not the first time I have constrain'd one to call me knave. Begin, fool; it begins, *Hold thy peace.*

Clo. I shall never begin, if I hold my peace.

Sir And. Good, i'faith! Come, begin.

[*They sing a Catch.*]

Enter MARIA.

Mar. What a catterwauling do you keep here! If my lady have not call'd up her steward, Malvolio, and bid him turn you out of doors, never trust me.

Sir To. My lady's a Cataian, we are politicians; Malvolio's a Peg-a-Ramsey, and *Three merry men be we.* Am not I consanguineous? am I not of her blood? Tilly-valley lady! *There dwelt a man in Babylon, lady, lady!*

[*Singing.*]

Clo. Beshrew me, the knight's in admirable fooling.

Sir And. Ay, he does well enough, if he be dispos'd, and so do I too; he does it with a better grace, but I do it more natural.

Sir To. O, the twelfth day of December,— [*Singing.*]

Mar. For the love o'God, peace.

Enter

Enter MALVOLIO.

Mal. My masters, are you mad? or what are you? Have you no wit, manners, nor honesty, but to gabble like tinkers at this time of night? Do ye make an ale-house of my lady's house, that ye squeak out your coziers' catches without any mitigation or remorse of voice? Is there no respect of place, persons, nor time, in you?

Sir To. We did keep time, sir, in our catches. Sneck up!

Mal. Sir Toby, I must be round with you. My lady bade me tell you, that, though she harbours you as her kinsman, she's nothing allied to your disorders. If you can separate yourself and your misdemeanors, you are welcome to the house; if not, an it would please you to take leave of her, she is very willing to bid you farewell.

Sir To. Farewel, dear heart, since I must needs be gone.

Mal. Nay, good sir Toby.

Clo. His eyes do shew his days are almost done.

Mal. Is't even so.

Sir To. But I will never die.

Clo. Sir Toby, there you lie.

Mal. This is much credit to you.

Sir To. Shall I bid him go?

[Singing.]

Clo. What an if you do?

Sir To. Shall I bid him go, and spare not?

Clo. O no, no, no, no, you dare not.

Sir To. Out o'time? sir, ye lie.—Art any more than a steward? Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?

Clo. Yes, by Saint Anne; and ginger shall be hot i'the mouth too.

Sir To. Thou'rt i'the right.—Go, sir, rub your chain with crums:—A sloop of wine, Maria!

Mal.

Mal. Mistress Mary, if you priz'd my lady's favour at any thing more than contempt, you would not give means for this uncivil rule ; she shall know of it, by this hand.

[*Exit.*

Mar. Go shake your ears.

Sir And. 'Twere as good a deed, as to drink when a man's a hungry, to challenge him to the field ; and then to break promise with him, and make a fool of him.

Sir To. Do't, knight ; I'll write thee a challenge ; or I'll deliver thy indignation to him by word of mouth.

Mar. Sweet sir Toby, be patient for to-night ; since the youth of the count's was to-day with my lady, she is much out of quiet. For monsieur Malvolio, let me alone with him : if I do not gull him into a nayword, and make him a common recreation, do not think I have wit enough to lie straight in my bed : I know, I can do it.

Sir To. Possess us, possess us ; tell us something of him.

Mar. Marry, sir, sometimes he is a kind of Puritan.

Sir And. O, if I thought that, I'd beat him like a dog.

Sir To. What, for being a Puritan ? thy exquisite reason, dear knight ?

Sir And. I have no exquisite reason for't, but I have reason good enough.

Mar. The devil a Puritan that he is, or any thing constantly but a time-pleaser ; an affection'd ass, that cons state without book, and utters it by great swarths : the best persuaded of himself, so cramm'd, as he thinks, with excellencies, that it is his ground of faith, that all, that look on him, love him ; and on that vice in him will my revenge find notable cause to work.

Sir To. What wilt thou do ?

Mar. I will drop in his way some obscure epistles of love ; wherein, by the colour of his beard, the shape of his leg, the manner of his gait, the expressure of his eye, forehead,

forehead, and complexion, he shall find himself most feelingly personated: I can write very like my lady, your niece; on a forgotten matter we can hardly make distinction of our hands.

Sir To. Excellent! I smell a device.

Sir And. I have't in my nose too.

Sir To. He shall think, by the letters that thou wilt drop, that they come from my niece, and that she is in love with him.

Mar. My purpose is, indeed, a horse of that colour.

Sir And. And your horse now would make him an ass.

Mar. Ass, I doubt not.

Sir And. O, 'twill be admirable.

Mar. Sport royal, I warrant you: I know, my physick will work with him. I will plant you two, and let the fool make a third, where he shall find the letter; observe his construction of it. For this night, to bed, and dream on the event. Farewel. [Exit.

Sir To. Good night, Penthesilea.

Sir And. Before me, she's a good wench.

Sir To. She's a beagle, true-bred, and one that adores me; What o'that?

Sir And. I was adored once too.

Sir To. Let's to bed, knight.—Thou hadst need send for more money.

Sir And. If I cannot recover your niece, I am a foul way out.

Sir To. Send for money, knight; if thou hast her not i'the end, call me Cut.

Sir And. If I do not, never trust me, take it how you will.

Sir To. Come, come; I'll go burn some sack, 'tis too late to go to bed now: come, knight; come, knight.

[Exeunt.

SCENE

SCENE IV.

A room in the Duke's palace.

Enter DUKE, VIOLA, CURIO, and Others.

Duke. Give me some musick:—Now, good morrow,
friends:—

Now, good Cefario, but that piece of song,
That old and antique song we heard last night;
Methought, it did relieve my passion much;
More than light airs, and recollected terms,
Of these most brisk and giddy-paced times:—
Come, but one verse.

Cur. He is not here, so please your lordship, that should
sing it.

Duke. Who was it?

Cur. Feste, the jester, my lord; a fool, that the lady
Olivia's father took much delight in: he is about the
house.

Duke. Seek him out, and play the tune the while.

[*Exit CURIO.—Music.*]

Come hither, boy; If ever thou shalt love,
In the sweet pangs of it, remember me:
For, such as I am, all true lovers are;
Unstaid and skittish in all motions else,
Save, in the constant image of the creature
That is belov'd.—How dost thou like this tune?

Vio. It gives a very echo to the feat
Where Love is thron'd.

Duke. Thou dost speak masterly:
My life upon't, young though thou art, thine eye
Hath stay'd upon some favour that it loves;
Hath it not, boy?

Vio.

Vio. A little, by your favour.

Duke. What kind of woman is't?

Vio. Of your complexion.

Duke. She is not worth thee then. What years, i'faith?

Vio. About your years, my lord.

Duke. Too old, by heaven; Let still the woman take
An elder than herself; so wears she to him,
So sways she level in her husband's heart.
For, boy, however we do praise ourselves,
Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm,
More longing, wavering, sooner lost and worn,
Than women's are.

Vio. I think it well, my lord.

Duke. Then let thy love be younger than thyself,
Or thy affection cannot hold the bent:

For women are as roses; whose fair flower,
Being once display'd, doth fall that very hour.

Vio. And so they are: alas, that they are so;
To die, even when they to perfection grow!

Re-enter CURIO, and CLOWN.

Duke. O fellow, come, the song we had last night:—
Mark it, Cesario; it is old, and plain:
The spinsters and the knitters in the sun,
And the free maids, that weave their thread with bones,
Do use to chaunt it; it is silly sooth,
And dallies with the innocence of love,
Like the old age.

Clo. Are you ready, sir?

Duke. Ay; pr'ythee, sing.

[*Musick.*]

SONG.

S O N G.

Clo. *Come away, come away, death,
 And in sad cypress let me be laid;
 Fly away, fly away, breath;
 I am slain by a fair cruel maid.
 My browd of white, stuck all with yew,
 O, prepare it;
 My part of death no one so true
 Did share it.*

*Not a flower, not a flower sweet,
 On my black coffin let there be strown;
 Not a friend, not a friend greet
 My poor corpse, where my bones shall be thrown:
 A thousand thousand sighs to save,
 Lay me, O, where
 Sad true lovers ne'er find my grave,
 To weep there.*

Duke. There's for thy pains.

Clo. No pains, sir; I take pleasure in singing, sir.

Duke. I'll pay thy pleasure then.

Clo. Truly, sir, and pleasure will be paid, one time or another.

Duke. Give me now leave to leave thee.

Clo. Now, the melancholy god protect thee; and the tailor make thy doublet of changeable taffata, for thy mind is a very opal!—I would have men of such constancy put to sea, that their business might be every thing, and their intent every where; for that's it, that always makes a good voyage of nothing.—Farewel.

[Exit Clown.

• Duke.

Duke. Let all the rest give place.—

[*Exeunt CURIO and Attendants.*

Once more, Cefario,

Get thee to yon' same sovereign cruelty:
Tell her, my love, more noble than the world,
Prizes not quantity of dirty lands;
The parts that fortune hath bestow'd upon her,
Tell her, I hold as giddily as fortune;
But 'tis that miracle, and queen of gems,
That nature pranks her in, attracts my soul.

Vio. But, if she cannot love you, sir?

Duke. I cannot be so answer'd.

Vio. 'Sooth, but you must.

Say, that some lady, as, perhaps, there is,
Hath for your love as great a pang of heart
As you have for Olivia: you cannot love her;
You tell her so; Must she not then be answer'd?

Duke. There is no woman's fides
Can bide the beating of so strong a passion
As love doth give my heart: no woman's heart
So big, to hold so much; they lack retention.
Alas, their love may be call'd appetite,—
No motion of the liver, but the palate,—
That suffer surfeit, cloyment, and revolt;
But mine is all as hungry as the sea,
And can digest as much: make no compare
Between that love a woman can bear me,
And that I owe Olivia.

Vio. Ay, but I know,—

Duke. What dost thou know?

Vio. Too well what love women to men may owe:
In faith, they are as true of heart as we.
My father had a daughter lov'd a man,

As it might be, perhaps, were I a woman,
I should your lordship.

Duke. And what's her history?

Vio. A blank, my lord: She never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm i'the bud,
Feed on her damask cheek: she pin'd in thought;
And, with a green and yellow melancholy,
She sat like patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief. Was not this love, indeed?
We men may say more, swear more: but, indeed,
Our shows are more than will; for still we prove
Much in our vows, but little in our love.

Duke. But dy'd thy sister of her love, my boy?

Vio. I am all the daughters of my father's house,
And all the brothers too;—and yet I know not:—
Sir, shall I to this lady?

Duke. Ay, that's the theme.
To her in haste; give her this jewel; say,
My love can give no place, bide no denay. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

Olivia's Garden.

*Enter SIR TOBY BELCH, SIR ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK,
and FABIAN.*

Sir To. Come thy ways, signior Fabian.

Fab. Nay, I'll come; if I lose a scruple of this sport,
let me be boil'd to death with melancholy.

Sir To. Would'st thou not be glad to have the niggardly
rascally sheep-biter come by some notable shame?

Fab. I would exult, man: you know, he brought me
out of favour with my lady, about a bear-baiting here.

Sir To.

Sir To. To anger him, we'll have the bear again ; and we will fool him black and blue :—Shall we not, fir Andrew ?

Sir And. An we do not, it is pity of our lives.

Enter MARIA.

Sir To. Here comes the little villain :—How now, my nettle of India ?

Mar. Get ye all three into the box-tree : Malvolio's coming down this walk ; he has been yonder i'the sun, practising behaviour to his own shadow, this half hour : observe him, for the love of mockery ; for, I know, this letter will make a contemplative idiot of him. Close, in the name of jesting ! [*The men hide themselves.*] Lie thou there ; [*throws down a letter.*] for here comes the trout that must be caught with tickling. [*Exit MARIA.*]

Enter MALVOLIO.

Mar. 'Tis but fortune ; all is fortune. Maria once told me, she did affect me : and I have heard herself come thus near, that, should she fancy, it should be one of my complexion. Besides, she uses me with a more exalted respect, than any one else that follows her. What should I think on't ?

Sir To. Here's an over-weening rogue !

Fab. O, peace ! Contemplation makes a rare turkey-cock of him ; how he jets under his advanced plumes !

Sir And. 'Slight, I could so beat the rogue :—

Sir To. Peace, I say.

Mal. To be count Malvolio ;—

Sir To. Ah, rogue !

Sir And. Pistol him, pistol him.

D 2

Sir To.

Fab. A fustian riddle!

Sir To. Excellent wench, say I.

Mal. *M, O, A, I, doth sway my life.*—Nay, but first, let me see,—let me see,—let me see.

Fab. What a dish of poison has she dress'd him!

Sir To. And with what wing the stannyl checks at it!

Mal. *I may command where I adore.* Why, she may command me; I serve her, she is my lady. Why, this is evident to any formal capacity. There is no obstruction in this;—And the end;—What should that alphabetical position portend? if I could make that resemble something in me,—Softly;—*M, O, A, I.*—

Sir To. O, ay! make up that:—he is now at a cold scent.

Fab. Sowter will cry upon't, for all this, though it be as rank as a fox.

Mal. *M*,—Malvolio:—*M*,—why, that begins my name.

Fab. Did not I say, he would work it out? the cur is excellent at faults.

Mal. *M*,—But then there is no consonancy in the sequel; that suffers under probation: *A* should follow, but *O* does.

Fab. And *O* shall end, I hope.

Sir To. Ay, or I'll cudgel him, and make him cry, *O*.

Mal. And then *I* comes behind,

Fab. Ay, an you had any eye behind you, you might see more detraction at your heels, than fortunes before you.

Mal. *M, O, A, I*;—This simulation is not as the former:—and yet, to crush this a little, it would bow to me, for every one of these letters are in my name. Soft; here follows prose.—*If this fall into thy hand, revolve. In my stars I am above thee; but be not afraid of greatness: Some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have great-*
ness;

ness thrust upon them. Thy fates open their hands; let thy blood and spirit embrace them. And, to inure thyself to what thou art like to be, cast thy humble slough, and appear fresh. Be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants: let thy tongue tang arguments of state; put thyself into the trick of singularity: She thus advises thee, that sighs for thee. Remember who commended thy yellow stockings; and wish'd to see thee ever cross-garter'd: I say, remember. Go to; thou art made, if thou desirest to be so; if not, let me see thee a steward still, the fellow of servants, and not worthy to touch fortune's fingers. Farewel. She, that would alter services with thee,

The fortunate-unhappy.

Day-light and champion discovers not more: this is open. I will be proud, I will read politic authors, I will baffle Sir Toby, I will wash off gross acquaintance, I will be point-de-vice, the very man. I do not now fool myself, to let imagination jade me; for every reason excites to this, that my lady loves me. She did commend my yellow stockings of late, she did praise my leg being cross-garter'd; and in this she manifests herself to my love, and, with a kind of injunction, drives me to these habits of her liking. I thank my stars, I am happy. I will be strange, stout, in yellow stockings, and cross-garter'd, even with the swiftness of putting on. Jove, and my stars be praised!—Here is yet a postscript. *Thou canst not choose but know who I am. If thou entertainest my love, let it appear in thy smiling; thy smiles become thee well: therefore in my presence still smile, dear my sweet, I pry thee.*—Jove, I thank thee.—I will smile; I will do every thing that thou wilt have me. [Exit.

Fab. I will not give my part of this sport for a pension of thousands to be paid from the Sophy.

Sir To. I could marry this wench for this device:

Sir And. So could I too.

Sir To. And ask no other dowry with her, but such another jest.

Enter MARIA.

Sir And. Nor I neither.

Fab. Here comes my noble gull-catcher.

Sir To. Wilt thou set thy foot o'my neck?

Sir And. Or o'mine either?

Sir To. Shall I play my freedom at tray-trip, and become thy bond-slave?

Sir And. I'faith, or I either?

Sir To. Why, thou hast put him in such a dream, that, when the image of it leaves him, he must run mad.

Mar. Nay, but say true; does it work upon him?

Sir To. Like aqua-vitæ with a midwife.

Mar. If you will then see the fruits of the sport, mark his first approach before my lady: he will come to her in yellow stockings, and 'tis a colour she abhors; and cross-garter'd, a fashion she detests; and he will smile upon her, which will now be so unfuitable to her disposition, being addicted to a melancholy as she is, that it cannot but turn him into a notable contempt: if you will see it, follow me.

Sir To. To the gates of Tartar, thou most excellent devil of wit!

Sir And. I'll make one too.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT

ACT III. SCENE I.

Olivia's Garden.

Enter VIOLA, and Clown, with a tabor.

Vio. Save thee, friend, and thy musick : Dost thou live by thy tabor ?

Clo. No, sir, I live by the church.

Vio. Art thou a churchman ?

Clo. No such matter, sir ; I do live by the church : for I do live at my house, and my house doth stand by the church.

Vio. So thou may'st say, the king lies by a beggar, if a beggar dwell near him : or, the church stands by thy tabor, if thy tabor stand by the church.

Clo. You have said, sir.—To see this age !—A sentence is but a cheveril glove to a good wit ; How quickly the wrong side may be turned outward !

Vio. Nay, that's certain ; they, that dally nicely with words, may quickly make them wanton.

Clo. I would therefore, my sister had had no name, sir.

Vio. Why, man ?

Clo. Why, sir, her name's a word : and to dally with that word, might make my sister wanton : But, indeed, words are very rascals, since bonds disgraced them.

Vio. Thy reason, man ?

Clo. Troth, sir, I can yield you none without words ; and words are grown so false, I am loth to prove reason with them.

Vio. I warrant, thou are a merry fellow, and carest for nothing.

Clo. Not so, fir, I do care for something : but in my conscience, fir, I do not care for you ; if that be to care for nothing, fir, I would it would make you invisible.

Vio. Art thou not the lady Olivia's fool ?

Clo. No, indeed, fir ; the lady Olivia has no folly : she will keep no fool, fir, till she be married ; and fools are as like husbands, as pilchards are to herrings, the husband's the bigger : I am, indeed, not her fool, but her corrupter of words.

Vio. I saw thee late at the count Orsino's.

Clo. Foolery, fir, does walk about the orb, like the sun ; it shines every where. I would be sorry, fir, but the fool should be as oft with your master, as with my mistress : I think, I saw your wisdom there.

Vio. Nay, an thou pass upon me, I'll no more with thee. Hold, there's expences for thee.

Clo. Now Jove, in his next commodity of hair, send thee a beard !

Vio. By my troth, I'll tell thee ; I am almost sick for one ; though I would not have it grow on my chin. Is thy lady within ?

Clo. Would not a pair of these have bred, fir ?

Vio. Yes, being kept together, and put to use.

Clo. I would play lord Pandarus of Phrygia, fir, to bring a Cressida to this Troilus.

Vio. I understand you, fir ; 'tis well begg'd.

Clo. The matter, I hope, is not great, fir, begging but a beggar ; Cressida was a beggar. My lady is within, fir. I will construe to them whence you come ; who you are, and what you would, are out of my welkin : I might say, element ; but the word is over-worn. [Exit.]

Vio. This fellow's wife enough to play the fool ;
And, to do that well, craves a kind of wit :
He must observe their mood on whom he jests,

The

The quality of persons, and the time ;
And, like the haggard, check at every feather
That comes before his eye. This is a practice,
As full of labour as a wise man's art :
For folly, that he wisely shows, is fit ;
But wise men, folly-fallen, quite taint their wit.

*Enter SIR TOBY BELCH, and SIR ANDREW AGUE-
CHEEK.*

Sir To. Save you, gentleman.

Vio. And you, sir.

Sir And. *Dieu vous garde, monsieur.*

Vio. *Et vous aussi ; votre serviteur.*

Sir And. I hope, sir, you are ; and I am yours.

Sir To. Will you encounter the house ? my niece is desirous you should enter, if your trade be to her.

Vio. I am bound to your niece, sir : I mean, she is the list of my voyage.

Sir To. Taste your legs, sir, put them to motion.

Vio. My legs do better understand me, sir, than I understand what you mean by bidding me taste my legs.

Sir To. I mean, to go, sir, to enter.

Vio. I will answer you with gait and entrance : But we are prevented.

Enter OLIVIA and MARIA.

Most excellent accomplish'd lady, the heavens rain odours on you !

Sir And. That youth's a rare courtier ! Rain odours ! well.

Vio. My matter hath no voice, lady, but to your own most pregnant and vouchsafed ear.

Sir And.

Sir And. *Odours, pregnant, and vouchsafed*:—I'll get 'em all three ready.

Oli. Let the garden door be shut, and leave me to my hearing. [*Exeunt SIR TOBY, SIR ANDREW, and MARIA.*]
Give me your hand, sir.

Vio. My duty, madam, and most humble service.

Oli. What is your name?

Vio. Cesario is your servant's name, fair princess.

Oli. My servant, sir! 'Twas never merry world,
Since lowly feigning was call'd compliment:
You are servant to the count Orsino, youth.

Vio. And he is yours, and his must needs be yours;
Your servant's servant is your servant, madam.

Oli. For him, I think not on him: for his thoughts,
'Would they were blanks, rather than fill'd with me!

Vio. Madam, I come to whet your gentle thoughts
On his behalf:—

Oli. O, by your leave, I pray you;
I bade you never speak again of him:
But, would you undertake another suit,
I had rather hear you to solicit that,
Than musick from the spheres.

Vio. Dear lady,—

Oli. Give me leave, I beseech you: I did send,
After the last enchantment you did here,
A ring in chase of you; so did I abuse
Myself, my servant, and, I fear me, you:
Under your hard construction must I sit,
To force that on you, in a shameful cunning,
Which you knew none of yours: What might you think?
Have you not set mine honour at the stake,
And baited it with all the unmuzzled thoughts
That tyrannous heart can think? To one of your receiv-
ing

Enough

Enough is shewn ; a cyprus, not a bosom,
Hides my poor heart : So let me hear you speak.

Vio. I pity you.

Oli. That's a degree to love.

Vio. No, not a grise ; for 'tis a vulgar proof,
That very oft we pity enemies.

Oli. Why, then, methinks, 'tis time to smile again :
O world, how apt the poor are to be proud !
If one should be a prey, how much the better
To fall before the lion, than the wolf ? [Clock strikes.
The clock upbraids me with the waste of time.—
Be not afraid, good youth, I will not have you ;
And yet, when wit and youth is come to harvest,
Your wife is like to reap a proper man :
There lies your way, due west.

Vio. Then westward-hoe :
Grace, and good disposition 'tend your ladyship !
You'll nothing, madam, to my lord by me ?

Oli. Stay :

I pr'ythee, tell me, what thou think'st of me.

Vio. That you do think, you are not what you are.

Oli. If I think so, I think the same of you.

Vio. Then think you right ; I am not what I am.

Oli. I would, you were as I would have you be !

Vio. Would it be better, madam, than I am,
I wish it might ; for now I am your fool.

Oli. O, what a deal of scorn looks beautiful
In the contempt and anger of his lip !
A murd'rous guilt shows not itself more soon
Than love that would seem hid : love's night is noon.
Cesario, by the roses of the spring,
By maidhood, honour, truth, and every thing,
I love thee so, that, maugre all thy pride,
Nor wit, nor reason, can my passion hide.

Do not extort thy reasons from this clause,
 For, that I woo, thou therefore hast no cause;
 But, rather, reason thus with reason fetter:
 Love sought is good, but given unsought, is better.

Vio. By innocence I swear, and by my youth,
 I have one heart, one bosom, and one truth,
 And that no woman has; nor never none
 Shall mistress be of it, save I alone.
 And so adieu, good madam; never more
 Will I my master's tears to you deplore.

Oli. Yet come again: for thou, perhaps, may'st move
 That heart, which now abhors, to like his love. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

A room in Olivia's house.

Enter SIR TOBY BELCH, SIR ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK,
 and FABIAN.

Sir And. No, faith, I'll not stay a jot longer.

Sir To. Thy reason, dear venom, give thy reason.

Fab. You must needs yield your reason, sir Andrew.

Sir And. Marry, I saw your niece do more favours to
 the count's serving man, than ever she bestowed upon me;
 I saw't i' the orchard.

Sir To. Did she see thee the while, old boy? tell me that.

Sir And. As plain as I see you now.

Fab. This was a great argument of love in her toward
 you.

Sir And. 'Slight! will you make an ass o' me?

Fab. I will prove it legitimate, sir, upon the oaths of
 judgement and reason.

Sir To. And they have been grand jury-men, since be-
 fore Noah was a sailor.

Fab.

Fab. She did show favour to the youth in your sight, only to exasperate you; to awake your dormouse valour, to put fire in your heart, and brimstone in your liver: You should then have accosted her; and with some excellent jests, fire-new from the mint, you should have bang'd the youth into dumbness. This was look'd for at your hand, and this was baulk'd: the double gilt of this opportunity you let time wash off, and you are now sailed into the north of my lady's opinion; where you will hang like an icicle on a Dutchman's beard, unless you do redeem it by some laudable attempt, either of valour, or policy.

Sir And. And't be any way, it must be with valour; for policy I hate: I had as lief be a Brownist, as a politician.

Sir To. Why then, build me thy fortunes upon the basis of valour. Challenge me the count's youth to fight with him; hurt him in eleven places; my niece shall take note of it: and assure thyself, there is no love-broker in the world can more prevail in man's commendation with woman, than report of valour.

Fab. There is no way but this, sir Andrew.

Sir And. Will either of you bear me a challenge to him?

Sir To. Go, write it in a martial hand; be curst and brief; it is no matter how witty, so it be eloquent, and full of invention: taunt him with the licence of ink: if thou *thou'st* him some thrice, it shall not be amiss; and as many lies as will lie in thy sheet of paper, although the sheet were big enough for the bed of Ware in England, see 'em down; go, about it. Let there be gall enough in thy ink; though thou write with a goose-pen, no matter: About it.

Sir And. Where shall I find you?

Sir To. We'll call thee at the *cubiculo*: Go.

[Exit SIR ANDREW.]

Fab.

Fab. This is a dear manakin to you, fir Toby.

Sir To. I have been dear to him, lad; some two thousand strong, or so.

Fab. We shall have a rare letter from him: but you'll not deliver it.

Sir To. Never trust me then; and by all means stir on the youth to an answer. I think, oxen and wainropes cannot hale them together. For Andrew, if he were open'd, and you find so much blood in his liver as will clog the foot of a flea, I'll eat the rest of the anatomy.

Fab. And his opposite, the youth, bears in his visage no great presage of cruelty.

Enter MARIA.

Sir To. Look, where the youngest wren of nine comes.

Mar. If you desire the spleen, and will laugh yourselves into stitches, follow me: yon' gull Malvolio is turned heathen, a very renegado; for there is no Christian, that means to be sav'd by believing rightly, can ever believe such impossible passages of grossness. He's in yellow stockings.

Sir To. And cross-garter'd?

Mar. Most villainously; like a pedant that keeps a school i'the church.—I have dogg'd him, like his murderer: He does obey every point of the letter that I dropp'd to betray him. He does smile his face into more lines, than are in the new map, with the augmentation of the Indies. you have not seen such a thing as 'tis; I can hardly forbear hurling things at him. I know, my lady will strike him; if she do, he'll smile, and take't for a great favour.

Sir To. Come, bring us, bring us where he is. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

SCENE III.

A Street.

Enter ANTONIO and SEBASTIAN.

Seb. I would not, by my will, have troubled you ;
But, since you make your pleasure of your pains,
I will no further chide you.

Ant. I could not stay behind you ; my desire,
More sharp than filed steel, did spur me forth ;
And not all love to see you, (though so much,
As might have drawn one to a longer voyage,)
But jealousy what might befall your travel,
Being skilless in these parts ; which to a stranger,
Unguided, and unfriended, often prove
Rough and unhospitable : My willing love,
The rather by these arguments of fear,
Set forth in your pursuit.

Seb. My kind Antonio,
I can no other answer make, but, thanks,
And thanks, and ever thanks : Often good turns
Are shuffled off with such uncurrent pay :
But, were my worth, as is my conscience, firm,
You should find better dealing. What's to do ?
Shall we go see the reliques of this town ?

Ant. To-morrow, sir ; best, first, go see your lodging.

Seb. I am not weary, and 'tis long to night ;
I pray you, let us satisfy our eyes
With the memorials, and the things of fame,
That do renown this city.

Ant. 'Would, you'd pardon me ;
I do not without danger walk these streets :

E

Once,

Once, in a sea-fight, 'gainst the Count his gallies,
I did some service ; of such note, indeed,
That, were I ta'en here, it would scarce be answer'd.

Seb. Belike, you slew great number of his people.

Ant. The offence is not of such a bloody nature ;
Albeit the quality of the time, and quarrel,
Might well have given us bloody argument.
It might have since been answer'd in repaying
What we took from them ; which, for traffick's sake,
Most of our city did : only myself stood out :
For which, if I be lapsed in this place,
I shall pay dear.

Seb. Do not then walk too open.

Ant. It doth not fit me. Hold, sir, here's my purse :
In the south suburbs, at the Elephant,
Is best to lodge : I will bespeak our diet,
Whiles you beguile the time, and feed your knowledge
With viewing of the town ; there shall you have me.

Seb. Why I your purse ?

Ant. Haply, your eye shall light upon some toy
You have desire to purchase ; and your store,
I think, is not for idle markets, sir.

Seb. I'll be your purse-bearer, and leave you for
An hour.

Ant. To the Elephant.—

Seb. I do remember. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

SCENE IV.

Olivia's Garden.

Enter OLIVIA, and MARIA.

Oli. I have sent after him : He says, he'll come ;
How shall I feast him ; what bestow on him ?
For youth is bought more oft, than begg'd, or borrow'd.
I speak too loud.—

Where is Malvolio ?—he is sad, and civil,
And suits well for a servant with my fortunes ;—
Where is Malvolio ?

Mar. He's coming, madam ;
But in strange manner. He is sure possess'd.

Oli. Why, what's the matter ? does he rave ?

Mar. No, madam,
He does nothing but smile : your ladyship
Were best have guard about you, if he come ;
For, sure, the man is tainted in his wits.

Oli. Go call him hither.—I'm as mad as he,
If sad and merry madness equal be.—

Enter MALVOLIO.

How now, Malvolio ?

Mal. Sweet lady, ho, ho. *[Smiles fantastically.]*

Oli. Smil'st thou ?

I sent for thee upon a sad occasion.

Mal. Sad, lady ? I could be sad : This does make some
obstruction in the blood, this cross-gartering ; But what
of that ? if it please the eye of one, it is with me as the
very true sonnet is : *Please one, and please all.*

Oli. Why, how dost thou, man? what is the matter with thee?

Mal. Not black in my mind, though yellow in my legs: It did come to his hands, and commands shall be executed. I think, we do know the sweet Roman hand.

Oli. Wilt thou go to bed, Malvolio?

Mal. To bed? ay, sweet-heart; and I'll come to thee.

Oli. God comfort thee! Why dost thou smile so, and kifs thy hand so oft?

Mar. How do you, Malvolio?

Mal. At your request? Yes; Nightingales answer daws.

Mar. Why appear you with this ridiculous boldness before my lady?

Mal. *Be not afraid of greatness:—'Twas well writ.*

Oli. What meanest thou by that, Malvolio?

Mal. *Some are born great,—*

Oli. Ha?

Mal. *Some atchieve greatness,—*

Oli. What say'st thou?

Mal. *And some have greatness thrust upon them.*

Oli. Heaven restore thee!

Mal. *Remember, who commended thy yellow stockings;—*

Oli. Thy yellow stockings?

Mal. *And wish'd to see thee cross-garter'd.*

Oli. Cross-garter'd?

Mal. *Go to: thou art made, if thou desirest to be so;—*

Oli. Am I made?

Mal. *If not, let me see thee a servant still.*

Oli. Why, this is very midsummer madness.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Madam, the young gentleman of the count Orsino's



Harold, del.

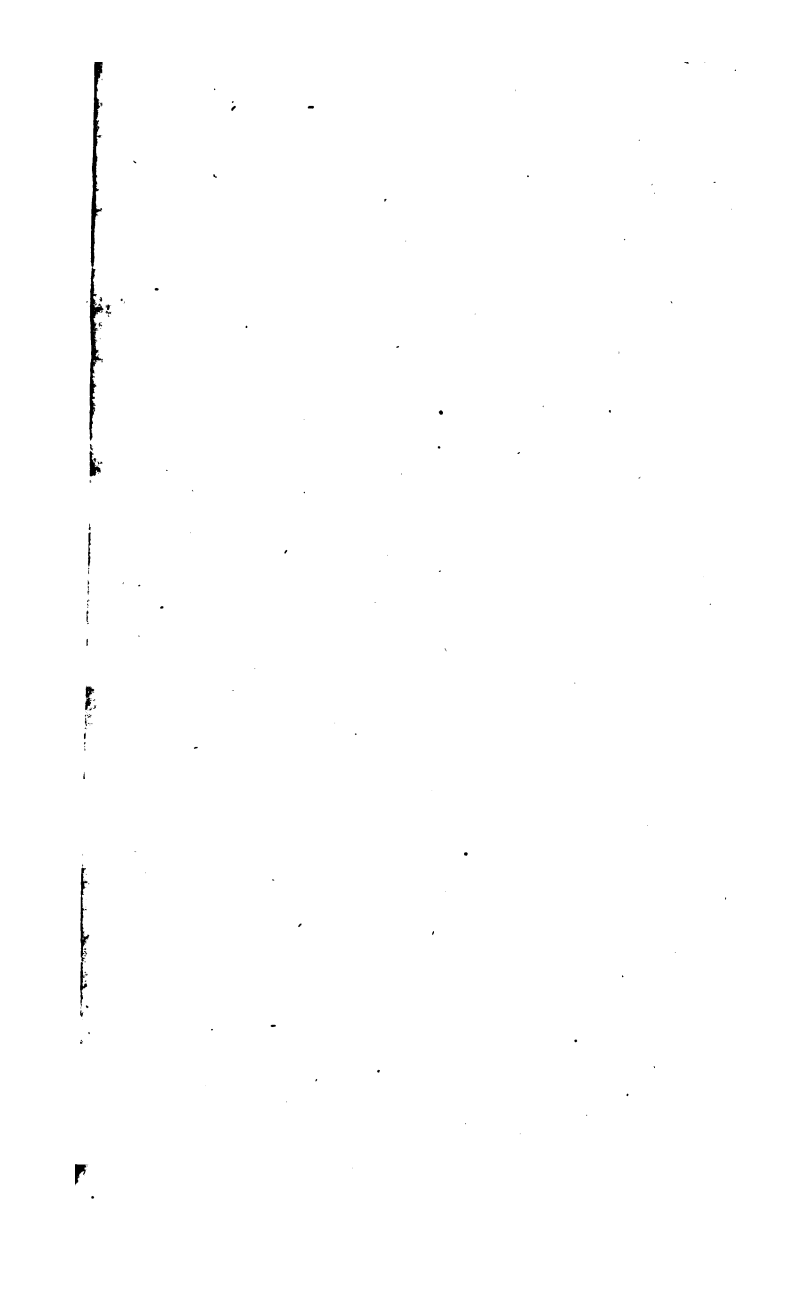
Granger, sc.

Twelfth Night?

Act 3.^d Sc. 4.th

Oli. Why, this is very midsummer's Madneſs.

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no's is return'd ; I could hardly entreat him back : he attends your ladyship's pleasure.

Oli. I'll come to him. [*Exit Servant.*] Good Maria, let this fellow be look'd to. Where's my cousin Toby ? Let some of my people have a special care of him ; I would not have him miscarry for the half of my dowry.

[*Exeunt OLIVIA and MARIA.*]

Mal. Oh, ho ! do you come near me now ? no worse man than sir Toby to look to me ? This concurs directly with the letter : she sends him on purpose, that I may appear stubborn to him ; for she incites me to that in the letter. *Cast thy humble slough,* says she ;—*be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants,—let thy tongue tang with arguments of state,—put thyself into the trick of singularity ;—*and, consequently, sets down the manner how ; as, a sad face, a reverend carriage, a slow tongue, in the habit of some sir of note, and so forth. I have limed her ; but it is Jove's doing, and Jove make me thankful ! And, when she went away now, *Let this fellow be look'd to ;* Fellow ! not Malvolio, nor after my degree, but fellow. Why, every thing adheres together ; that no dram of a scruple, no scruple of a scruple, no obstacle, no incredulous or unsafe circumstance,—What can be said ? Nothing, that can be, can come between me and the full prospect of my hopes. Well, Jove, not I, is the doer of this, and he is to be thanked.

Re-enter MARIA, with SIR TOBY BELCH, and FABIAN.

Sir To. Which way is he, in the name of sanctity ? If all the devils in hell be drawn in little, and Legion himself possessed him, yet I'll speak to him.

Fab. Here he is, here he is :—How is't with you, sir ? how is't with you, man ?

Mal. Go off; I discard you; let me enjoy my private; go off.

Mar. Lo, how hollow the fiend speaks within him! did not I tell you?—Sir Toby, my lady prays you to have a care of him.

Mal. Ah, ha! does she so?

Sir To. Go to, go to; peace, peace, we must deal gently with him; let me alone. How do you, Malvolio? how is't with you? What, man! defy the devil: consider, he's an enemy to mankind.

Mal. Do you know what you say?

Mar. La you, an you speak ill of the devil, how he takes it at heart! Pray God, he be not bewitch'd!

Fab. Carry his water to the wise woman.

Mar. Marry, and it shall be done to-morrow morning, if I live. My lady would not lose him for more than I'll say.

Mal. How now, mistress?

Mar. O lord!

Sir To. Pr'ythee, hold thy peace; this is not the way: Do you not see, you move him? let me alone with him.

Fab. No way but gentleness; gently, gently: the fiend is rough, and will not be roughly used.

Sir To. Why, how now, my bawcock? how dost thou, chuck?

Mal. Sir?

Sir To. Ay, Biddy, come with me. What, man! 'tis not for gravity to play at cherry-pit with Satan: Hang him, foul collier!

Mar. Get him to say his prayers; good sir Toby, get him to pray.

Mal. My prayers, minx?

Mar. No, I warrant you, he will not hear of godliness.

Mal. Go, hang yourselves all! you are idle shallow things:

things : I am not of your element ; you shall know more hereafter. [Exit.

Sir To. Is't possible ?

Fab. If this were play'd upon a stage now, I could condemn it as an improbable fiction.

Sir To. His very genius hath taken the infection of the device, man.

Mar. Nay, pursue him now ; lest the device take air, and taint.

Fab. Why, we shall make him mad, indeed.

Mar. The house will be the quieter.

Sir To. Come, we'll have him in a dark room, and bound. My niece is already in the belief that he is mad ; we may carry it thus, for our pleasure, and his penance, till our very pastime ; tired out of breath, prompt us to have mercy on him : at which time, we will bring the device to the bar, and crown thee for a finder of madmen. But see, but see.

Enter SIR ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK.

Fab. More matter for a May morning.

Sir And. Here's the challenge, read it ; I warrant, there's vinegar and pepper in't.

Fab. Is't so sawcy ?

Sir And. Ay, is it, I warrant him : do but read.

Sir To. Give me. [*reads.*] *Youth, whatsoever thou art, thou art but a scurvy fellow.*

Fab. Good, and valiant.

Sir To. *Wonder not, nor admire not in thy mind, why I do call thee so, for I will show thee no reason for't.*

Fab. A good note : that keeps you from the blow of the law.

Sir To. *Thou comest to the lady Olivia, and in my fight.*

uses thee kindly: but thou liest in thy throat, that is not the matter I challenge thee for.

Fab. Very brief, and exceeding good sense-les.

Sir To. I will way-lay thee going home; where if it be thy chance to kill me,—

Fab. Good.

Sir To. Thou kill'st me like a rogue and a villain.

Fab. Still you keep o'the windy side of the law: Good.

Sir To. Fare thee well; And God have mercy upon one of our souls! He may have mercy upon mine; but my hope is better, and so look to thyself. Thy friend, as thou usest him, and thy sworn enemy, ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK.

Sir To. If this letter move him not, his legs cannot; I'll give't him.

Mar. You may have very fit occasion for't; he is now in some commerce with my lady, and will by and by depart.

Sir To. Go, sir Andrew; scout me for him at the corner of the orchard, like a bum-bailiff; so soon as ever thou see'st him, draw; and, as thou draw'st, swear horrible: for it comes to pass oft, that a terrible oath, with a swaggering accent sharply twang'd off, gives manhood more approbation than ever proof itself would have earn'd him. Away.

Sir And. Nay, let me alone for swearing. [Exit.

Sir To. Now will not I deliver his letter: for the behaviour of the young gentleman gives him out to be of good capacity and breeding; his employment between his lord and my niece confirms no less; therefore this letter, being so excellently ignorant, will breed no terror in the youth, he will find it comes from a clodpole. But, sir, I will deliver his challenge by word of mouth; set upon Ague-cheek a notable report of valour; and drive the gentleman, (as, I know, his youth will aptly receive it,)

into a most hideous opinion of his rage, skill, fury, and impetuosity. This will so fright them both, that they will kill one another by the look, like cockatrices.

Enter OLIVIA and VIOLA.

Fab. Here he comes with your niece: give them way, till he take leave, and presently after him.

Sir To. I will meditate the while upon some horrid message for a challenge.

[Exeunt SIR TOBY, FABIAN, and MARIA.]

Oli. I have said too much unto a heart of stone,
And laid mine honour too unchary out:
There's something in me, that reproves my fault;
But such a headstrong potent fault it is,
That it but mocks reproof.

Vio. With the same 'haviour that your passion bears,
Go on my master's griefs.

Oli. Here, wear this jewel for me, 'tis my picture;
Refuse it not, it hath no tongue to vex you:
And, I beseech you, come again to-morrow.
What shall you ask of me, that I'll deny;
That honour, fav'd, may upon asking give?

Vio. Nothing but this, your true love for my master.

Oli. How with mine honour may I give him that
Which I have given to you?

Vio. I will acquit you.

Oli. Well, come again to-morrow: Fare thee well;
A fiend, like thee, might bear my soul to hell. *[Exit.]*

Re-enter SIR TOBY BELCH, and FABIAN.

Sir To. Gentleman, God save thee.

Vio. And you, sir.

Sir

Sir To. That defence thou hast, betake thee to't: of what nature the wrongs are thou hast done him, I know not; but thy interceptor, full of despight, bloody as the hunter, attends thee at the orchard end: dismount thy tuck, be yare in thy preparation, for thy assailant is quick, skilful, and deadly.

Vio. You mistake, sir; I am sure, no man hath any quarrel to me; my remembrance is very free and clear from any image of offence done to any man.

Sir To. You'll find it otherwise, I assure you: therefore, if you hold your life at any price, betake you to your guard; for your opposite hath in him what youth, strength, skill, and wrath, can furnish man withal.

Vio. I pray you, sir, what is he?

Sir To. He is knight, dubb'd with unback'd rapier, and on carpet consideration; but he is a devil in private brawl: souls and bodies hath he divorced three; and his incensement at this moment is so implacable, that satisfaction can be none but by pangs of death and sepulchre: hob, nob, is his word; give't, or take't.

Vio. I will return again into the house, and desire some conduct of the lady. I am no fighter. I have heard of some kind of men, that put quarrels purposely on others, to taste their valour: belike this is a man of that quirk.

Sir To. Sir, no; his indignation derives itself out of a very competent injury; therefore, get you on, and give him his desire. Back you shall not to the house, unless you undertake that with me, which with as much safety you might answer him: therefore, on, or strip your sword stark naked; for meddle you must, that's certain, or forswear to wear iron about you.

Vio. This is as uncivil, as strange. I beseech you, do me this courteous office, as to know of the knight what
my

my offence to him is ; it is something of my negligence, nothing of my purpose.

Sir To. I will do so. Signior Fabian, stay you by this gentleman till my return. [Exit SIR TOBY.

Vio. Pray you, sir, do you know of this matter ?

Fab. I know, the knight is incensed against you, even to a mortal arbitrement ; but nothing of the circumstance more.

Vio. I beseech you, what manner of man is he ?

Fab. Nothing of that wonderful promise, to read him by his form, as you are like to find him in the proof of his valour. He is, indeed, sir, the most skilful, bloody, and fatal opposite that you could possibly have found in any part of Illyria : Will you walk towards him ? I will make your peace with him, if I can.

Vio. I shall be much bound to you for't : I am one, that had rather go with sir priest, than sir knight : I care not who knows so much of my mettle. [Exeunt.

Re-enter SIR TOBY, with SIR ANDREW.

Sir To. Why, man, he's a very devil ; I have not seen such a virago. I had a pass with him, rapier, scabbard, and all, and he gives me the stuck-in, with such a mortal motion, that it is inevitable ; and on the answer, he pays you as surely as your feet hit the ground they step on : They say, he has been fencer to the Sophy.

Sir And. Pox on't, I'll not meddle with him.

Sir To. Ay, but he will not now be pacified : Fabian can scarce hold him yonder.

Sir And. Plague on't ; an I thought he had been valiant, and so cunning in fence, I'd have seen him damn'd ere I'd have challeng'd him. Let him let the matter slip, and I'll give him my horse, grey Capilet.

Sir To.

Sir To. I'll make the motion : Stand here, make a good show on't ; this shall end without the perdition of souls : Marry, I'll ride your horse as well as I ride you.

[*Aside.*

Re-enter FABIAN and VIOLA.

I have his horse [*To FAB.*] to take up the quarrel ; I have persuaded him, the youth's a devil.

Fab. He is as horribly conceited of him ; and pants, and looks pale, as if a bear were at his heels.

Sir To. There's no remedy, sir ; he will fight with you for his oath sake : marry, he hath better bethought him of his quarrel, and he finds that now scarce to be worth talking of : therefore draw, for the supportance of his vow ; he protests, he will not hurt you.

Vio. Pray God defend me ! A little thing would make me tell them how much I lack of a man. [*Aside.*

Fab. Give ground, if you see him furious.

Sir To. Come, sir Andrew, there's no remedy ; the gentleman will, for his honour's sake, have one bout with you : he cannot by the duello avoid it : but he has promis'd me, as he is a gentleman and a soldier, he will not hurt you. Come on ; to't.

Sir And. Pray God, he keep his oath ! [*draws.*

Enter ANTONIO.

Vio. I do assure you, 'tis against my will. [*draws.*

Ant. Put up your sword ;—If this young gentleman Have done offence, I take the fault on me ; If you offend him, I for him defy you. [*drawing.*

Sir To. You, sir ? why, what are you ?

Ant.

Ant. One, fir, that for his love dares yet do more
Than you have heard him brag to you he will.

Sir To. Nay, if you be an undertaker, I am for you.
[draws.]

Enter two Officers.

Fab. O good fir Toby, hold ; here come the officers.

Sir To. I'll be with you anon. [To ANTONIO.]

Vio. Pray, fir, put up your sword, if you please.
[To SIR ANDREW.]

Sir And. Marry, will I, fir ;—and, for that I promis'd
you, I'll be as good as my word : He will bear you easily,
and reins well.

1 *Off.* This is the man ; do thy office.

2 *Off.* Antonio, I arrest thee at the suit
Of count Orsino.

Ant. You do mistake me, fir.

1 *Off.* No, fir, no jot ; I know your favour well,
Though now you have no sea-cap on your head.—
Take him away ; he knows, I know him well.

Ant. I must obey.—This comes with seeking you ;
But there's no remedy ; I shall answer it.
What will you do ? Now my necessity
Makes me to ask you for my purse : It grieves me
Much more, for what I cannot do for you,
Than what befalls myself. You stand amaz'd ;
But be of comfort.

2 *Off.* Come, fir, away.

Ant. I must entreat of you some of that money.

Vio. What money, fir ?

For the fair kindness you have show'd me here,
And, part, being prompted by your present trouble,
Out of my lean and low ability

I'll lend you something : my having is not much ;
 I'll make division of my present with you :
 Hold, there is half my coffer.

Ant. Will you deny me now ?

Is't possible, that my deserts to you
 Can lack persuasion ? Do not tempt my misery,
 Lest that it make me so unsound a man,
 As to upbraid you with those kindnesses
 That I have done for you.

Vio. I know of none ;
 Nor know I you by voice, or any feature :
 I hate ingratitude more in a man,
 Than lying, vainness, babbling, drunkenness,
 Or any taint of vice, whose strong corruption
 Inhabits our frail blood.

Ant. O heavens themselves !

2 Off. Come, sir, I pray you, go.

Ant. Let me speak a little. This youth that you see here,
 I snatch'd one half out of the jaws of death ;
 Reliev'd him with such sanctity of love,——
 And to his image, which, methought, did promise
 Most venerable worth, did I devotion.

1 Off. What's that to us ? The time goes by ; away.

Ant. But, O, how vile an idol proves this god !——
 Thou hast, Sebastian, done good feature shame.—
 In nature there's no blemish, but the mind ;
 None can be call'd deform'd, but the unkind ;
 Virtue is beauty ; but the beauteous-evil
 Are empty trunks, o'erflourish'd by the devil.

1 Off. The man grows mad ; away with him.
 Come, come, sir.

Ant. Lead me on. [*Exeunt Officers, with ANTONIO.*]

Vio. Methinks, his words do from such passion fly,
 That he believes himself ; so do not I.

Prove true, imagination, O, prove true,
That I, dear brother, be now ta'en for you!

Sir To. Come hither, knight; come hither, Fabian;
we'll whisper o'er a couplet or two of most sage saws.

Vio. He nam'd Sebastian; I my brother know
Yet living in my glass; even such, and so,
In favour was my brother; and he went
Still in this fashion, colour, ornament,
For him I imitate: O, if it prove,
Tempests are kind, and salt waves fresh in love! [*Exit.*

Sir To. A very dishonest paltry boy, and more a coward
than a hare: his dishonesty appears, in leaving his friend
here in necessity, and denying him; and for his coward-
ship, ask Fabian.

Fab. A coward, a most devout coward, religious in it.

Sir And. 'Slid, I'll after him again, and beat him.

Sir To. Do, cuff him soundly, but never draw thy
sword.

Sir And. An I do not,— [*Exit.*

Fab. Come, let's see the event.

Sir To. I dare lay any money, 'twill be nothing yet.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The Street before Olivia's House.

Enter SEBASTIAN and Clown.

Clo. Will you make me believe, that I am not sent for you?

Seb. Go to, go to, thou art a foolish fellow;
Let me be clear of thee.

Clo. Well held out, i'faith! No, I do not know you; nor I am not sent to you by my lady, to bid you come speak with her; nor your name is not master Cesario; nor this is not my nose neither.—Nothing, that is so, is so.

Seb. I pr'ythee, vent thy folly somewhere else;
Thou know'st not me.

Clo. Vent my folly! He has heard that word of some great man, and now applies it to a fool. Vent my folly! I am afraid this great lubber the world will prove a cockney.—I pr'ythee now, ungird thy strangeness, and tell me what I shall vent to my lady; Shall I vent to her, that thou art coming?

Seb. I pr'ythee, foolish Greek, depart from me;
There's money for thee; if you tarry longer,
I shall give worse payment.

Clo. By my troth, thou hast an open hand:—These wise men, that give fools money, get themselves a good report after fourteen years' purchase.

Enter

Enter SIR TOBY, SIR ANDREW, and FABIAN.

Sir And. Now, fir, have I met you again? there's for you. [*Striking* SEBASTIAN.]

Seb. Why, there's for thee, and there, and there:
Are all the people mad? [*Beating* SIR ANDREW.]

Sir To. Hold, fir, or I'll throw your dagger o'er the house.

Clo. This will I tell my lady straight: I would not be in some of your coats for two-pence. [*Exit* Clown.]

Sir To. Come on, fir; hold. [*Holding* SEBASTIAN.]

Sir And. Nay, let him alone, I'll go another way to work with him; I'll have an action of battery against him, if there be any law in Illyria: though I struck him first, yet it's no matter for that.

Seb. Let go thy hand.

Sir To. Come, fir, I will not let you go. Come, my young foldier, put up your iron: you are well flesh'd; come on.

Seb. I will be free from thee. What wouldst thou now? If thou dar'st tempt me further, draw thy sword. [*draws*.]

Sir To. What, what? Nay, then I must have an ounce or two of this malapert blood from you. [*draws*.]

Enter OLIVIA.

Oli. Hold, Toby; on thy life, I charge thee, hold.

Sir To. Madam?

Oli. Will it be ever thus? Ungracious wretch,
Fit for the mountains, and the barbarous caves,
Where manners ne'er were preach'd! out of my sight!

F

Be

Be not offended, dear Cefario :—

Rudeſby, be gone !—I pr'ythee, gentle friend,

[*Exeunt* SIR TOBY, SIR ANDREW, and FABIAN.]

Let thy fair wiſdom, not thy paſſion, ſway

In this uncivil and unjuſt extent

Againſt thy peace. Go with me to my houſe ;

And hear thou there how many fruitleſs pranks

This ruſſian hath botch'd up, that thou thereby

May'ſt ſmile at this : thou ſhalt not chooſe but go ;

Do not deny : Beſhrew his ſoul for me,

He ſtarted one poor heart of mine in thee.

Seb. What reliſh is in this ? how runs the ſtream ?

Or I am mad, or elſe this is a dream :—

Let fancy ſtill my ſenſe in Lethe ſteep ;

If it be thus to dream, ſtill let me ſleep !

Oli. Nay, come, I pr'ythee : 'Would, thou'dſt be rul'd
by me !

Seb. Madam, I will.

Oli. O, ſay ſo, and ſo be ! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

A room in Olivia's houſe.

Enter MARIA and Clown.

Mar. Nay, I pr'ythee, put on this gown, and this beard ; make him believe, thou art ſir Topas the curate ; do it quickly : I'll call ſir Toby the whileſt.

[*Exit MARIA.*]

Clo. Well, I'll put it on, and I will diſſemble myſelf in't ; and I would I were the firſt that ever diſſembled in ſuch a gown. I am not tall enough to become the func-
tion

tion well ; nor lean enough to be thought a good student : but to be said, an honest man, and a good housekeeper, goes as fairly, as to say, a careful man, and a great scholar. The competitors enter.

Enter SIR TOBY BELCH, and MARIA.

Sir To. Jove blefs thee, master parson.

Clo. *Bonus dies*, fir Toby : for as the old hermit of Prague, that never saw pen and ink, very wittily said to a niece of king Gorboduc, *That, that is, is* : so I, being master parson, am master parson ; For what is that, but that ; and is, but is ?

Sir To. To him, fir Topas.

Clo. What, hoa, I say,—Peace in this prison !

Sir To. The knave counterfeits well ; a good knave.

Mal. [*in an inner chamber.*] Who calls there ?

Clo. Sir Topas, the curate, who comes to visit Malvolio the lunatick.

Mal. Sir Topas, fir Topas, good fir Topas, go to my lady.

Clo. Out, hyperbolical fiend ! how vexest thou this man ? talkest thou nothing but of ladies ?

Sir To. Well said, master parson.

Mal. Sir Topas, never was man thus wrong'd : good fir Topas, do not think I am mad ; they have laid me here in hideous darkness.

Clo. Fye, thou dishonest Sathan ! I call thee by the most modest terms ; for I am one of those gentle ones, that will use the devil himself with courtesy ; Say'st thou, that house is dark ?

Mal. As hell, fir Topas.

Clo. Why, it hath bay windows transparent as barricadoes, and the clear stones towards the south-north are as

lustrous as ebony; and yet complaineſt thou of obſtruction?

Mal. I am not mad, ſir Topas; I ſay to you, this houſe is dark.

Clo. Madman, thou erreſt: I ſay, there is no darkneſs, but ignorance; in which thou art more puzzled, than the Egyptians in their fog.

Mal. I ſay, this houſe is as dark as ignorance, though ignorance were as dark as hell; and I ſay, there was never man thus abuſed: I am no more mad than you are; make the trial of it in any conſtant queſtion.

Clo. What is the opinion of Pythagoras, concerning wild-fowl?

Mal. That the ſoul of our grandam might haply inhabit a bird.

Clo. What think'ſt thou of his opinion?

Mal. I think nobly of the ſoul, and no way approve his opinion.

Clo. Fare thee well: Remain thou ſtill in darkneſs: thou ſhalt hold the opinion of Pythagoras, ere I will allow of thy wits; and fear to kill a woodcock, leſt thou diſpoſſeſs the ſoul of thy grandam. Fare thee well.

Mal. Sir Topas, ſir Topas,—

Sir To. My moſt exquisite ſir Topas!

Clo. Nay, I am for all waters.

Mar. Thou might'ſt have done this without thy beard, and gown; he ſees thee not.

Sir To. To him in thine own voice, and bring me word how thou find'ſt him: I would, we were well rid of this knavery. If he may be conveniently deliver'd, I would he were; for I am now ſo far in offence with my niece, that I cannot purſue with any ſafety this ſport to the upſhot. Come by and by to my chamber.

[*Exeunt* SIR TOBY and MARIA.

Clo.

Clo. *Hey Robin, jolly Robin,
Tell me how thy lady does.*

[Singing.]

Mal. Fool,—

Clo. *My lady is unkind, perdy.*

Mal. Fool,—

Clo. *Alas, why is she so?*

Mal. Fool, I say;—

Clo. *She loves another*—Who calls, ha?

Mal. Good fool, as ever thou wilt deserve well at my hand, help me to a candle, and pen, ink, and paper; as I am a gentleman, I will live to be thankful to thee for't.

Clo. Master Malvolio!

Mal. Ay, good fool.

Clo. Alas, sir, how fell you besides your five wits?

Mal. Fool, there was never man so notoriously abused: I am as well in my wits, fool, as thou art.

Clo. But as well? then you are mad, indeed, if you be no better in your wits than a fool.

Mal. They have here property'd me; keep me in darkness, send ministers to me, asses, and do all they can to face me out of my wits.

Clo. Advise you what you say; the minister is here.—Malvolio, Malvolio, thy wits the heavens restore! endeavour thyself to sleep, and leave thy vain bibble babble.

Mal. Sir Topas,—

Clo. Maintain no words with him, good fellow.—Who, I, sir? not I, sir. God b'w'you, good sir Topas.—Marry, amen.—I will, sir, I will.

Mal. Fool, fool, fool, I say,—

Clo. Alas, sir, be patient. What say you, sir? I am shent for speaking to you.

Mal. Good fool, help me to some light, and some paper; I tell thee, I am as well in my wits, as any man in Illyria.

Clo. Well-a-day,—that you were, fir!

Mal. By this hand, I am: Good fool, some ink, paper, and light, and convey what I will set down to my lady; it shall advantage thee more than ever the bearing of letter did.

Clo. I will help you to't. But tell me true, are you not mad indeed? or do you but counterfeit?

Mal. Believe me, I am not; I tell thee true.

Clo. Nay, I'll ne'er believe a madman, till I see his brains. I will fetch you light, and paper, and ink.

Mal. Fool, I'll requite it in the highest degree: I pr'y-thee, be gone.

Clo. *I am gone, fir,
 And anon, fir,
 I'll be with you again,
 In a trice,
 Like to the old vice,
 Your need to sustain;
 Who with dagger of lath,
 In his rage and his wrath,
 Cries, ah, ha! to the devil:
 Like a mad lad,
 Pare thy nails, dad,
 Adieu, Goodman drivel.*

[Exit.]

SCENE III.

Olivia's Garden.

Enter SEBASTIAN.

Seb. This is the air; that is the glorious sun;
This pearl she gave me, I do feel't, and see't;

And

And though 'tis wonder that enwraps me thus,
 Yet 'tis not madness. Where's Antonio then?
 I could not find him at the Elephant:
 Yet there he was; and there I found this credit,
 That he did range the town to seek me out.
 His counsel now might do me golden service:
 For though my soul disputes well with my sense,
 That this may be some error, but no madness,
 Yet doth this accident and flood of fortune
 So far exceed all instance, all discourse,
 That I am ready to distrust mine eyes,
 And wrangle with my reason, that persuades me
 To any other trust, but that I am mad,
 Or else the lady's mad; yet, if 'twere so,
 She could not sway her house, command her followers,
 Take, and give back, affairs, and their dispatch,
 With such a smooth, discreet, and stable bearing,
 As, I perceive, she does: there's something in't,
 That is deceivable. But here comes the lady.

Enter OLIVIA, and a Priest.

Oli. Blame not this haste of mine: If you mean well,
 Now go with me, and with this holy man,
 Into the chantry by: there, before him,
 And underneath that consecrated roof,
 Plight me the full assurance of your faith;
 That my most jealous and too doubtful soul
 May live at peace: He shall conceal it,
 Whiles you are willing it shall come to note;
 What time we will our celebration keep
 According to my birth.—What do you say?

F 4

Seb.

Seb. I'll follow this good man, and go with you ;
And, having sworn truth, ever will be true.

Oli. Then lead the way, good father ;—And heavens
so shine,

That they may fairly note this act of mine ! [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

The Street before Olivia's House.

Enter Clown, and FABIAN.

Fab. Now, as thou lovest me, let me see his letter.

Clo. Good master Fabian, grant me another request.

Fab. Any thing.

Clo. Do not desire to see this letter.

Fab. That is, to give a dog, and, in recompence, desire my dog again.

Enter DUKE, VIOLA, and Attendants.

Duke. Belong you to the lady Olivia, friends?

Clo. Ay, sir; we are some of her trappings.

Duke. I know thee well; How dost thou, my good fellow?

Clo. Truly, sir, the better for my foes, and the worse for my friends.

Duke. Just the contrary; the better for thy friends.

Clo. No, sir, the worse.

Duke. How can that be?

Clo. Marry, sir, they praise me, and make an ass of me; now my foes tell me plainly, I am an ass: so that by my foes, sir, I profit in the knowledge of myself; and by my friends I am abused: so that, conclusions to be as kisses, if your four negatives make your two affirmatives, why, then the worse for my friends, and the better for my foes.

Duke. Why, this is excellent.

Clo.

Clo. By my troth, fir, no; though it please you to be one of my friends.

Duke. Thou shalt not be the worse for me; there's gold.

Clo. But that it would be double-dealing, fir, I would you could make it another.

Duke. O, you give me ill counsel.

Clo. Put your grace in your pocket, fir, for this once, and let your flesh and blood obey it.

Duke. Well, I will be so much a finner to be a double dealer; there's another.

Clo. *Primo, secundo, tertio*, is a good play; and the old saying is, the third pays for all: the *triplex*, fir, is a good tripping measure; or the bells of St. Bennet, fir, may put you in mind; One, two, three.

Duke. You can fool no more money out of me at this throw: if you will let your lady know, I am here to speak with her, and bring her along with you, it may awake my bounty further.

Clo. Marry, fir, lullaby to your bounty, till I come again. I go, fir; but I would not have you to think, that my desire of having is the sin of covetousness: but, as you say, fir, let your bounty take a nap, I will awake it anon.

[Exit Clown.]

Enter ANTONIO, and Officers.

Vio Here comes the man, fir, that did rescue me.

Duke: That face of his I do remember well;
Yet, when I saw it last, it was besmear'd
As black as Vulcan, in the smoke of war:
A bawbling vessel was he captain of,
For shallow draught, and bulk, unprizable;
With which such scathful grapple did he make
With the most noble bottom of our fleet,

That

That very envy, and the tongue of loss,
Cry'd fame and honour on him.—What's the matter?

1 Off. Orsino, this is that Antonio,
That took the Phoenix, and her freight, from Candy;
And this is he, that did the Tiger board,
When your young nephew Titus lost his leg:
Here in the streets, desperate of shame, and state,
In private brabble did we apprehend him.

Vio. He did me kindness, sir; drew on my side;
But, in conclusion, put strange speech upon me,
I know not what 'twas, but distraction.

Duke. Notable pirate! thou salt-water chief!
What foolish boldness brought thee to their mercies,
Whom thou, in terms so bloody, and so dear,
Hast made thine enemies?

Ant. Orsino, noble sir,
Be pleas'd that I shake off these names you give me;
Antonio never yet was thief, or pirate,
Though, I confess, on base and ground enough,
Orsino's enemy. A witchcraft drew me hither:
That most ingrateful boy there, by your side,
From the rude sea's enrag'd and foamy mouth
Did I redeem; a wreck past hope he was:
His life I gave him, and did thereto add
My love, without retention, or restraint,
All his in dedication: for his sake,
Did I expose myself, pure for his love,
Into the danger of this adverse town;
Drew to defend him, when he was beset:
Where being apprehended, his false cunning,
(Not meaning to partake with me in danger,)
Taught him to face me out of his acquaintance,
And grew a twenty-years-removed thing,
While one would wink; deny'd me mine own purse,
Which

Which I had recommended to his use
Not half an hour betwixt.

Vio. How can this be?

Duke. When came he to this town?

Ant. To-day, my lord; and for three months before,
(No interim, not a minute's vacancy,)
Both day and night did we keep company.

Enter OLIVIA and Attendants.

Duke. Here comes the countess; now heaven walks on
earth.——

But for thee, fellow, fellow, thy words are madness:
Three months this youth hath tended upon me;
But more of that anon.——Take him aside.

Oli. What would my lord, but that he may not have,
Wherein Olivia may seem serviceable?—
Cesario, you do not keep promise with me.

Vio. Madam?

Duke. Gracious Olivia,—

Oli. What do you say, Cesario?—Good my lord,—

Vio. My lord would speak, my duty hushes me.

Oli. If it be aught to the old tune, my lord,
It is as fat and fulsome to mine ear,
As howling after music.

Duke. Still so cruel?

Oli. Still so constant, lord.

Duke. What! to perverseness? you uncivil lady,
To whose ingrate and un auspicious altars
My soul the faithfullest offerings hath breath'd out,
That e'er devotion tender'd! What shall I do?

Oli. Even what it please my lord, that shall become him.

Duke. Why should I not, had I the heart to do it,
Like to the Egyptian thief, at point of death,

Kill

Kill what I love ; a savage jealousy,
 That sometime favours nobly ?—But hear me this :
 Since you to non-regardance cast my faith,
 And that I partly know the instrument
 That screws me from my true place in your favour,
 Live you, the marble-breasted tyrant, still ;
 But this, your minion, whom, I know, you love,
 And whom, by heaven I swear, I tender dearly,
 Him will I tear out of that cruel eye,
 Where he sits crowned in his master's spite.—
 Come boy, with me ; my thoughts are ripe in mischief :
 I'll sacrifice the lamb that I do love,
 To spite a raven's heart within a dove. [Going.]

Vio. And I, most jocund, apt, and willingly,
 To do you rest, a thousand deaths would die. [Following.]

Oli. Where goes Cefario ?

Vio. After him I love,
 More than I love these eyes, more than my life,
 More, by all mores, than e'er I shall love wife :
 If I do feign, you witnesses above,
 Punish my life, for tainting of my love !

Oli. Ah me, detested ! how am I beguil'd !

Vio. Who does beguile you ? who does do you wrong ?

Oli. Hast thou forgot thyself ? Is it so long ?—

Call forth the holy father. [Exit an Attendant.]

Duke. Come, away. [To VIOLA.]

Oli. Whither, my lord ?—Cefario, husband, stay.

Duke. Husband ?

Oli. Ay, husband ; Can he that deny ?

Duke. Her husband, firrah ?

Vio. No, my lord, not I.

Oli. Alas, it is the baseness of thy fear,
 That makes thee strangle thy propriety :
 Fear not, Cefario, take thy fortunes up ;

Be that thou know'st thou art, and then thou art
As great as that thou fear'st—O, welcome, father !

Re-enter Attendant, and Priest.

Father, I charge thee, by thy reverence,
Here to unfold (though lately we intended
To keep in darkness, what occasion now
Reveals before 'tis ripe,) what thou dost know,
Hath newly past between this youth and me.

Priest. A contract of eternal bond of love,
Confirm'd by mutual joinder of your hands,
Attested by the holy clove of lips,
Strengthen'd by interchangement of your rings;
And all the ceremony of this compact
Seal'd in my function, by my testimony :
Since when, my watch hath told me, toward my grave,
I have travell'd but two hours.

Duke. O, thou dissembling cub ! what wilt thou be,
When time hath sow'd a grizzle on thy case ?
Or will not else thy craft so quickly grow,
That thine own trip shall be thine overthrow ?
Farewell, and take her ; but direct thy feet,
Where thou and I henceforth may never meet.

Vio. My lord, I do protest,—

Oli. O, do not swear ;
Hold little faith, though thou hast too much fear.

Enter SIR ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK, with his head broke.

Sir And. For the love of God, a surgeon ; send one presently to Sir Toby.

Oli. What's the matter ?

Sir And. He has broke my head across, and has given
fir

fir Toby a bloody coxcomb too : for the love of God, your help : I had rather than forty pound, I were at home.

Oli. Who has done this, fir Andrew ?

Sir And. The count's gentleman, one Cefario : we took him for a coward, but he's the very devil incardinate.

Duke. My gentleman, Cefario ?

Sir And. Od's lifelings, here he is :—You broke my head for nothing ; and that that I did, I was fet on to do't by fir Toby.

Vio. Why do you speak to me ? I never hurt you : You drew your sword upon me, without caufe ; But I befpoke you fair, and hurt you not.

Sir And. If a bloody coxcomb be a hurt, you have hurt me ; I think, you fet nothing by a bloody coxcomb.

Enter SIR TOBY BELCH, drunk, led by the Clown.

Here comes fir Toby halting, you fhall hear more : but if he had not been in drink, he would have tickled you othergates than he did.

Duke. How now, gentleman ? how is't with you ?

Sir To. That's all one ; he has hurt me, and there's the end on't—Sot, did't fee Dick furgeon, sot ?

Clo. O he's drunk, fir Toby, an hour ago ; his eyes were fet at eight i'the morning.

Sir To. Then he's a rogue. After a paffy-measure, or a pavin, I hate a drunken rogue.

Oli. Away with him : Who hath made this havock with them ?

Sir And. I'll help you, fir Toby, becaufe we'll be drefsed together.

Sir To. Will you help an afs-head, and a coxcomb, and a knave ? a thin-faced knave, a gull ?

Oli. Get him to bed, and let his hurt be look'd to.

[*Exeunt Clown, Sir TOBY, and Sir ANDREW.*]

Enter SEBASTIAN.

Seb. I am sorry, madam, I have hurt your kinsman ;
But, had it been the brother of my blood,
I must have done no less, with wit, and safety.
You throw a strange regard upon me, and
By that I do perceive it hath offended you ;
Pardon me, sweet one, even for the vows
We made each other but so late ago.

Duke. One face, one voice, one habit, and two persons ;
A natural perspective, that is, and is not.

Seb. Antonio, O my dear Antonio !
How have the hours rack'd and tortur'd me,
Since I have lost thee ?

Ant. Sebastian are you ?

Seb. Fear'st thou that, Antonio ?

Ant. How have you made division of yourself ?—
An apple, cleft in two, is not more twin
Than these two creatures. Which is Sebastian ?

Oli. Most wonderful !

Seb. Do I stand there ? I never had a brother :
Nor can there be that deity in my nature,
Of here and every where. I had a sister,
Whom the blind waves and surges have devour'd :—
Of charity, what kin are you to me ? [To *VIOLA*.]
What countryman ? what name ? what parentage ?

Vio. Of Messaline : Sebastian was my father ;
Such a Sebastian was my brother too,
So went he suited to his watery tomb :
If spirits can assume both form and suit
You come to fright us.

Seb. A spirit I am, indeed ;
But am in that dimension grossly clad,
Which from the womb I did participate.
Were you a woman, as the rest goes even,
I should my tears let fall upon your cheek,
And say—Thrice welcome, drowned Viola !

Vio. My father had a mole upon his brow.

Seb. And so had mine.

Vio. And died that day when Viola from her birth
Had number'd thirteen years.

Seb. O, that record is lively in my soul !
He finished, indeed, his mortal act,
That day that made my sister thirteen years.

Vio. If nothing lets to make us happy both,
But this my masculine usurp'd attire,
Do not embrace me, till each circumstance
Of place, time, fortune, do cohere, and jump,
That I am Viola : which to confirm,
I'll bring you to a captain in this town,
Where lie my maiden weeds ; by whose gentle help
I was preserv'd, to serve this noble count :
All the occurrence of my fortune since
Hath been between this lady, and this lord.

Seb. So comes it, lady, you have been mistook :

[To OLIVIA.]

But nature to her bias drew in that.
You would have been contracted to a maid ;
Nor are you therein, by my life, deceiv'd,
You are betroth'd both to a maid and man.

Duke. Be not amaz'd ; right noble is his blood.—
If this be so, as yet the glass seems true,
I shall have share in this most happy wreck :
Boy, thou hast said to me a thousand times, [To VIOLA.]
Thou never should'st love woman like to me.

Vio. And all those sayings will I over-swear;
And all those swearings keep as true in soul,
As doth that orb'd continent the fire
That severs day from night.

Duke. Give me thy hand;
And let me see thee in thy woman's weeds.

Vio. The captain, that did bring me first on shore,
Hath my maid's garments: he, upon some action,
Is now in durance; at Malvolio's suit,
A gentleman, and follower of my lady's.

Oli. He shall enlarge him:—Fetch Malvolio hither:—
And yet, alas, now I remember me,
They say, poor gentleman, he's much distract.

Re-enter Clown, with a letter.

A most extracting frenzy of mine own
From my remembrance clearly banish'd his.—
How does he, firrah?

Clo. Truly, madam, he holds Belzebub at the stave's
end, as well as a man in his case may do: he has here
writ a letter to you, I should have given it you to-day
morning; but as a madman's epistles are no gospels, so it
skills not much, when they are delivered.

Oli. Open it, and read it.

Clo. Look then to be well edified, when the fool deli-
vers the madman.—*By the Lord, madam,*—

Oli. How now! art thou mad?

Clo. No, madam, I do but read madness: an your la-
dyship will have it as it ought to be, you must allow *wax*.

Oli. Pr'ythee, read i'thy right wits.

Clo. So I do, madonna; but to read his right wits, is
to read thus: therefore perpend, my princefs, and give
ear.

Oli.

Oli. Read it you, sirrah.

[To FABIAN.

Fab. [reads.] *By the Lord, madam, you wrong me, and the world shall know it: though you have put me into darkness, and given your drunken cousin rule over me, yet have I the benefit of my senses as well as your ladyship. I have your own letter that induced me to the semblance I put on; with the which I doubt not but to do myself much right, or you much shame. Think of me as you please. I leave my duty a little untought of, and speak out of my injury. The madly-used MALVOLIO.*

Oli. Did he write this?

Clo. Ay, madam.

Duke. This favours not much of distraction.

Oli. See him deliver'd, Fabian; bring him hither.

[Exit FABIAN.

My lord, so please you, these things further thought on,
To think me as well a sister as a wife,
One day shall crown the alliance on't, so please you,
Here at my house, and at my proper cost.

Duke. Madam, I am most apt to embrace your offer.—
Your master quits you; [*To VIOLA.*] and, for your service done him,

So much against the mettle of your sex,
So far beneath your soft and tender breeding,
And since you call'd me master for so long,
Here is my hand; you shall from this time be
Your master's mistress.

Oli.

A sister?—you are she.

Re-enter FABIAN, with MALVOLIO.

Duke. Is this the madman?

Oli.

Ay, my lord, this same:

How now, Malvolio?

G 2

Mal.

Mal. Madam, you have done me wrong,
Notorious wrong.

Oli. Have I, Malvolio? no.

Mal. Lady, you have. Pray you, peruse that letter :
You must not now deny it is your hand,
Write from it, if you can, in hand, or phrase ;
Or say, 'tis not your seal, nor your invention :
You can say none of this : Well, grant it then,
And tell me, in the modesty of honour,
Why you have given me such clear lights of favour ;
Bade me come smiling, and cross-garter'd to you,
To put on yellow stockings, and to frown
Upon sir Toby, and the lighter people :
And, acting this in an obedient hope,
Why have you suffer'd me to be imprison'd,
Kept in a dark house, visited by the priest,
And made the most notorious geck, and gull,
That e'er invention play'd on? tell me why.

Oli. Alas, Malvolio, this is not my writing,
Though, I confess, much like the character :
But, out of question, 'tis Maria's hand.
And now I do bethink me, it was she
First told me, thou wast mad ; then cam'st in smiling,
And in such forms which here were presuppos'd
Upon thee in the letter. Pr'ythee, be content :
This practice hath most shrewdly pass'd upon thee ;
But, when we know the grounds and authors of it,
Thou shalt be both the plaintiff and the judge
Of thine own cause.

Fab. Good madam, hear me speak ;
And let no quarrel, nor no brawl to come,
Taint the condition of this present hour,
Which I have wonder'd at. In hope it shall not,
Most freely I confess, myself, and Toby,

Set this device against Malvolio here,
Upon some stubborn and uncourteous parts
We had conceiv'd against him : Maria writ
The letter, at sir Toby's great importance ;
In recompence whereof, he hath married her.
How with a sportful malice it was follow'd,
May rather pluck on laughter than revenge;
If that the injuries be justly weigh'd,
That have on both sides past.

Oli. Alas, poor fool ! how have they baffled thee ?

Clo. Why, *some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrown upon them.* I was one, sir, in this interlude ; one sir Topas, sir ; but that's all one : — *By the Lord, fool, I am not mad ;* — But do you remember ? *Madam, why laugh you at such a barren rascal ? an you smile not, he's gagg'd :* And thus the whirligig of time brings in his revenges.

Mal. I'll be revenged on the whole pack of you. [*Exit.*]

Oli. He hath been most notoriously abus'd.

Duke. Pursue him, and entreat him to a peace : —

He hath not told us of the captain yet ;
When that is known, and golden time convents,
A solemn combination shall be made
Of our dear souls — Mean time, sweet sister,
We will not part from hence. — *Cesario, come ;*
For so you shall be, while you are a man ;
But, when in other habits you are seen,
Orsino's mistress, and his fancy's queen.

[*Exeunt.*]

SONG.

S O N G.

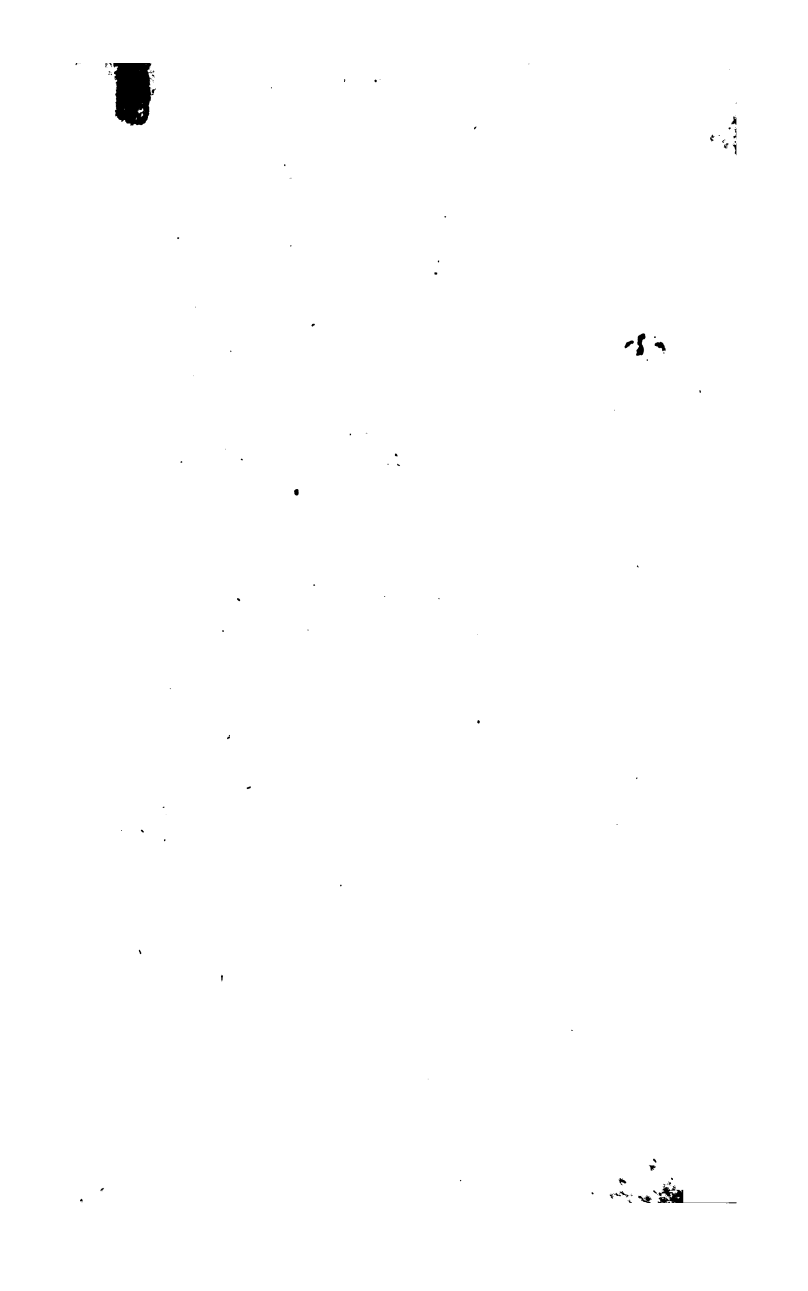
Clo. *When that I was and a little tiny boy,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
A foolish thing was but a toy,
For the rain it raineth every day.*

*But when I came to man's estate,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
'Gainst knave and thief men shut their gate,
For the rain it raineth every day.*

*But when I came, alas! to wive,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
By swaggering could I never thrive,
For the rain it raineth every day.*

*But when I came unto my bed,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
With toss-pots still had drunken head,
For the rain it raineth every day.*

*A great while ago the world begun,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
But that's all one, our play is done,
And we'll strive to please you every day.* [Exit.]





Singelen dot

J.J. Van den Brughje julp. 1800.

Measure for Measure

Act 5 Scene 2.

Pub. Apr. 20. 1800. by Verner & Hood Poultry

Harding's Edition.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE,

A

COMEDY.

BY

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

ACCURATELY PRINTED

FROM THE TEXT OF

Mr. STEEVENS's LAST EDITION.

Ornamented with Plates.

London:

PUBLISHED BY E. HARDING, NO. 98, PALL-MALL;
J. WRIGHT, PICCADILLY; G. SABL, STRAND;
AND VERNOR AND HOOD, POULTRY.

1799.

OBSERVATIONS.

THE story is taken from *Cinthio's Novels*, Decad. 8, Novel 5. POPE.

We are sent to Cinthio for the plot of *Measure for Measure*, and Shakspeare's judgment hath been attacked for some deviations from him in the conduct of it, when probably all he knew of the matter was from *Madam Isabella*, in *The Heptameron of Whetstone*, Lond. 4to, 1582.—She reports, in the fourth dayes Exercise, the rare *Historie of Promos and Cassandra*. A marginal note informs us, that *Whetstone* was the author of the *Comedie* on that subject; which likewise had probably fallen into the hands of Shakspeare. FARMER.

There is perhaps not one of Shakspeare's plays more darkened than this by the peculiarities of its author, and the unskilfulness of its editors, by distortions of phrase, or negligence of transcription. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson's remark is so just respecting the corruptions of this play, that I shall not attempt much reformation in its metre, which is too often rough, redundant, and irregular.

Shakspeare took the fable of this play from the *Promos and Cassandra* of George Whetstone, published in 1578.

A hint, like a seed, is more or less prolific, according to the qualities of the soil on which it is thrown. This story, which in the hands of Whetstone produced little more than barren insipidity, under the culture of Shakspeare became fertile of entertainment. The curious reader will find that the old play of *Promos and Cassandra* exhibits an almost complete embryo of *Measure for Measure*; yet the hints on which it is formed are so slight, that it is nearly as impossible to detect them, as it is to point out in the acorn the future ramifications of the oak.

Whetstone opens his play thus :

Act I. Scene i.

"Promos, Mayor, Shirife, Sworde bearer: one with a bunche of keyes: Phallax, *Promos Man*.

"You officers which now in *Julio* staye,

"Know you your leadge, the King of *Hungarie*,

"Sent

" Sent me to *Promos*, to joyne with you in sway :

" That styll we may to *Justice* have an eye.

" And now to shew my rule and power at lardge,

" Attentivelie his letters patents heare :

" *Phallax*, reade out my Soveraines chardge.

Phal. " A you commaunde I wyll : give heedeful eare.

*Phallax readeth the Kinges Letters Pattents, which
must be sayre written in parchment, with some
great counterfeat zeale.*

Pro. " Loc, here you see what is our Soveraignes wyl,

" Loc, heare his with, that right, not might, beare swaye :

" Loc, heare his care, to weede from good the yll,

" To scourge the wights, good lawes that disobay.

" Such zeale he beares, unto the common weale,

" (How so he byds, the ignoraunt to save)

" As he commaundes, the lewde doo rigor feele, &c. &c. &c.

Prov. " Both swoorde and keies, unto my princes use,

" I do receyve, and gladlie take my chardge.

" It resteth now, for to reforme abuse,

" We poynt a tyme of counsell more at lardge,

" To treate of which, a whyle we wyll depart.

Al. speak. " To worke your wyll, we yeelede a willing hart.

Exeunt."

See the piece itself among *Six old plays on which Shakspeare founded*,
&c. published by S. Leacroft, Charing-crofs. STEEVENS.

Measure for Measure was, I believe, written in 1603. MALONE.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

VINCENTIO, *duke of Vienna.*

ANGELO, *lord deputy in the duke's absence.*

ESCALUS, *an ancient lord, joined with Angelo in the deputation.*

CLAUDIO, *a young gentleman.*

LUCIO, *a fantastick.*

Two other like gentlemen.

VARRIUS, *a gentleman, servant to the duke.*
Provost.

THOMAS, }
PETER, } *two friars.*

A justice.

ELBOW, *a simple constable.*

FROTH, *a foolish gentleman.*

Clown, servant to Mrs. Over-done.

ABHORSON, *an executioner.*

BARNARDINE, *a dissolute prisoner.*

ISABELLA, *sister to Claudio.*

MARIANA, *betrothed to Angelo.*

JULIET, *beloved by Claudio.*

FRANCISCA, *a nun.*

Mistress OVER-DONE, a bawd.

Lords, Gentlemen, Guards, Officers, and other Attendants.

SCENE, Vienna.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

An Apartment in the DUKE's palace.

Enter Duke, ESCALUS, Lords, and Attendants.

Duke.

ESCALUS,—
Escal. My lord.

Duke. Of government the properties to unfold,
Would seem in me to affect speech and discourse;
Since I am put to know, that your own science,
Exceeds, in that, the lists of all advice
My strength can give you: Then no more remains,
But that to your sufficiency, as your worth is able,
And let them work. The nature of our people,
Our city's institutions, and the terms
For common justice, you are as pregnant in,
As art and practice hath enriched any
That we remember: There is our commission,
From which we would not have you warp.—Call hither,
I say, bid come before us Angelo.— [*Exit an Attendant.*]
What figure of us think you he will bear?
For you must know, we have with special soul
Elected him our absence to supply;
Lent him our terror, dressed him with our love;

B

And

And given his deputation all the organs
Of our own power : What think you of it ?

Escal. If any in Vienna be of worth
To undergo such ample grace and honour,
It is lord Angelo.

Enter ANGELO.

Duke. Look, where he comes.

Ang. Always obedient to your grace's will,
I come to know your pleasure.

Duke. Angelo,
There is a kind of character in thy life,
That, to the observer, doth thy history
Fully unfold : Thyself and thy belongings
Are not thine own so proper, as to waste
Thyself upon thy virtues, them on thee.
Heaven doth with us, as we with torches do ;
Not light them for themselves : for if our virtues
Did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike
As if we had them not. Spirits are not finely touch'd,
But to fine issues : nor nature never lends
The smallest scruple of her excellence,
But, like a thrifty goddess, she determines
Herself the glory of a creditor,
Both thanks and use. But I do bend my speech
To one that can my part in him advertise ;
Hold therefore, Angelo ;
In our remove, be thou at full ourself ;
Mortality and mercy in Vienna
Live in thy tongue and heart : Old Escalus,
Though first in question, is thy secondary :
Take thy commission.

Ang. Now, good my lord,

Let there be some more test made of my metal,
Before so noble and so great a figure
Be stamp'd upon it.

Duke. No more evasion :
We have with a leaven'd and prepared choice
Proceeded to you ; therefore take your honours.
Our haste from hence is of so quick condition,
That it prefers itself, and leaves unquestion'd
Matters of needful value. We shall write to you,
As time and our concernings shall impórtune,
How it goes with us ; and do look to know
What doth befall you here. So, fare you well :
To the hopeful execution do I leave you
Of your commissions.

Ang. Yet, give leave, my lord,
That we may bring you something on the way.

Duke. My haste may not admit it ;
Nor need you, on mine honour, have to do
With any scruple : your scope is as mine own ;
So to enforce, or qualify the laws,
As to your soul seems good. Give me your hand ;
I'll privily away : I love the people,
But do not like to stage me to their eyes :
Though it do well, I do not relish well
Their loud applause, and *aves* vehement ;
Nor do I think the man of safe discretion,
That does affect it. Once more, fare you well.

Ang. The heavens give safety to your purposes !

Escal. Lead forth, and bring you back in happiness !

Duke. I thank you : Fare you well. [Exit.

Escal. I shall desire you, sir, to give me leave
To have free speech with you ; and it concerns me
To look into the bottom of my place :

A power I have ; but of what strength and nature
I am not yet instructed.

Ang. 'Tis so with me :—Let us withdraw together,
And we may soon our satisfaction have
Touching that point.

Escal. I'll wait upon your honour. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

A Street.

Enter LUCIO, and two Gentlemen.

Lucio. If the duke, with the other dukes, come not to
composition with the king of Hungary, why, then all the
dukes fall upon the king.

1 Gent. Heaven grant us its peace, but not the king of
Hungary's!

2 Gent. Amen.

Lucio. Thou concludest like the sanctimonious pirate,
that went to sea with the ten commandments, but scraped
one out of the table.

2 Gent. Thou shalt not steal?

Lucio. Ay, that he razed.

1 Gent. Why, 'twas a commandment to command the
captain and all the rest from their functions; they put
forth to steal: There's not a soldier of us all, that, in the
thanksgiving before meat, doth relish the petition well that
prays for peace.

2 Gent. I never heard any soldier dislike it.

Lucio. I believe thee; for, I think, thou never wast
where grace was said.

2 Gent. No? a dozen times at least.

1 Gent. What? in metre?

Lucio.

Lucio. In any proportion, or in any language.

1 Gent. I think, or in any religion.

Lucio. Ay! why not? Grace is grace, despite of all controversy: As for example; Thou thyself art a wicked villain, despite of all grace.

1 Gent. Well, there went but a pair of sheers between us.

Lucio. I grant; as there may between the lifts and the velvet: Thou art the lift.

1 Gent. And thou the velvet: thou art good velvet; thou art a three-pil'd piece, I warrant thee: I had as lief be a lift of an English kersey, as be pil'd, as thou art pil'd, for a French velvet. Do I speak feelingly now?

Lucio. I think thou dost; and, indeed, with most painful feeling of thy speech: I will, out of thine own confession, learn to begin thy health; but, whilst I live, forget to drink after thee.

1 Gent. I think, I have done myself wrong; have I not?

2 Gent. Yes, that thou hast; whether thou art tainted, or free.

Lucio. Behold, behold, where madam Mitigation comes! I have purchased as many diseases under her roof, as come to—

2 Gent. To what, I pray?

1 Gent. Judge.

2 Gent. To three thousand dollars a year.

1 Gent. Ay, and more.

Lucio. A French crown more.

1 Gent. Thou art always figuring diseases in me: but thou art full of error; I am sound.

Lucio. Nay, not as one would say, healthy; but so sound, as things that are hollow: thy bones are hollow; impiety has made a feast of thee.

Enter Bawd.

1 *Gent.* How now? Which of your hips has the most profound sciatica?

Bawd. Well, well; there's one yonder arrested, and carry'd to prison, was worth five thousand of you all.

1 *Gent.* Who's that, I pray thee?

Bawd. Marry, sir, that's Claudio, signior Claudio.

1 *Gent.* Claudio to prison! 'tis not so.

Bawd. Nay, but I know, 'tis so: I saw him arrested; saw him carried away; and, which is more, within these three days his head's to be chopped off.

Lucio. But, after all this fooling, I would not have it so: Art thou sure of this?

Bawd. I am too sure of it: and it is for getting madam Julietta with child.

Lucio. Believe me, this may be: he promised to meet me two hours since; and he was ever precise in promise-keeping.

2 *Gent.* Besides, you know, it draws something near to the speech we had to such a purpose.

1 *Gent.* But most of all, agreeing with the proclamation.

Lucio. Away; let's go learn the truth of it.

[*Exeunt LUCIO, and Gentlemen.*]

Bawd. Thus, what with the war, what with the sweat, what with the gallows, and what with poverty, I am custom-shrunk. How now? what's the news with you?

Enter Clown.

Clo. Yonder man is carried to prison.

Bawd. Well; what has he done?

Clo. A woman.

Bawd. But what's his offence?

Clo. Groping for trouts in a peculiar river.

Bawd. What, is there a maid with child by him?

Clo. No; but there's a woman with maid by him: You have not heard of the proclamation, have you?

Bawd. What proclamation, man?

Clo. All houses in the suburbs of Vienna must be pluck'd down.

Bawd. And what shall become of those in the city?

Clo. They shall stand for seed: they had gone down too, but that a wise burgher put in for them.

Bawd. But shall all our houses of resort in the suburbs be pull'd down?

Clo. To the ground, mistrefs.

Bawd. Why, here's a change, indeed, in the common-wealth! What shall become of me?

Clo. Come; fear not you: good counsellors lack no clients: though you change your place, you need not change your trade; I'll be your tapster still. Courage; there will be pity taken on you: you that have worn your eyes almost out in the service, you will be considered.

Bawd. What's to do here, Thomas Tapster? Let's withdraw.

Clo. Here comes signior Claudio, led by the provost to prison: and there's madam Juliet. [Exit.

SCENE III.

The same.

Enter Provost, CLAUDIO, JULIET, and Officers; LUCIO, and two Gentlemen.

Claud. Fellow, why dost thou show me thus to the world?
Bear me to prison, where I am committed.

Prov. I do it not in evil disposition,
But from lord Angelo by special charge.

Claud. Thus can the demi-god, Authority,
Make us pay down for our offence by weight.—
The words of heaven ;—on whom it will, it will ;
On whom it will not, so ; yet still 'tis just.

Lucio. Why, how now, Claudio ? whence comes this
restraint ?

Claud. From too much liberty, my Lucio, liberty :
As surfeit is the father of much fast,
So every scope by the immoderate use
Turns to restraint : Our natures do pursue,
(Like rats that ravin down their proper bane,)
A thirsty evil ; and when we drink, we die.

Lucio. If I could speak so wisely under an arrest, I
would send for certain of my creditors : And yet, to say
the truth, I had as lief have the foppery of freedom, as
the morality of imprisonment. — What's thy offence,
Claudio ?

Claud. What, but to speak of would offend again.

Lucio. What is it ? murder ?

Claud. No.

Lucio. Lechery ?

Claud. Call it so.

Prov.

Prov. Away, fir; you muſt go.

Claud. One word, good friend:—Lucio, a word with you. [Takes him aſide.]

Lucio. A hundred, if they'll do you any good.—
Is lechery ſo look'd after?

Claud. Thus ſtands it with me:—Upon a true contract,
I got poſſeſſion of Julietta's bed;
You know the lady; ſhe is faſt my wife,
Save that we do the denunciation lack
Of outward order: this we came not to,
Only for propagation of a dower
Remaining in the coffer of her friends;
From whom we thought it meet to hide our love,
Till time had made them for us. But it chances,
The ſtealth of our moſt mutual entertainment,
With character too groſs, is writ on Juliet.

Lucio. With child, perhaps?

Claud. Unhappily, even ſo.

And the new deputy now for the duke,—
Whether it be the fault and glimpe of newneſs;
Or whether that the body public be
A horſe whereon the governor doth ride,
Who, newly in the ſeat, that it may know
He can command, lets it ſtraight feel the ſpur:
Whether the tyranny be in his place,
Or in his eminence that fills it up,
I ſtagger in:—But this new governor
Awakes me all the enrolled penalties,
Which have, like unſcour'd armour, hung by the wall
So long, that nineteen zodiacks have gone round,
And none of them been worn; and, for a name,
Now puts the drowſy and neglected act
Freſhly on me:—'tis, ſurely, for a name.

Lucio. I warrant, it is: and thy head ſtands ſo tickle on
thy

thy shoulders, that a milk-maid, if she be in love, may sigh it off. Send after the duke, and appeal to him.

Claud. I have done so, but he's not to be found.

I pr'ythee, Lucio, do me this kind service :

'This day my sister should the cloister enter,

And there receive her approbation :

Acquaint her with the danger of my state ;

Implore her, in my voice, that she make friends

To the strict deputy ; bid herself assay him ;

I have great hope in that : for in her youth

There is a prone and speechless dialect,

Such as moves men ; beside, she hath prosperous art

When she will play with reason and discourse,

And well she can persuade.

Lucio. I pray, she may : as well for the encouragement of the like, which else would stand under grievous imposition ; as for the enjoying of thy life, who I would be sorry should be thus foolishly lost at a game of tick-tack. I'll to her.

Claud. I thank you, good friend Lucio.

Lucio. Within two hours,——

Claud. Come, officer, away.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

A Monastery.

Enter Duke, and Friar THOMAS.

Duke. No ; holy father ; throw away that thought ; Believe not that the dribbling dart of love Can pierce a complete bosom : why I desire thee To give me secret harbour, hath a purpose

More

More grave and wrinkled than the aims and ends
Of burning youth.

Fri. May your grace speak of it?

Duke. My holy fir, none better knows than you
How I have ever lov'd the life remov'd ;
And held in idle price to haunt assemblies,
Where youth, and cost, and witlefs bravery keeps.
I have deliver'd to lord Angelo.

(A man of stricture, and firm abstinence,)
My absolute power and place here in Vienna,
And he supposes me travell'd to Poland ;
For so I have strew'd it in the common ear,
And so it is receiv'd : Now, pious fir,
You will demand of me, why I do this ?

Fri. Gladly, my lord.

Duke. We have strict statutes, and most biting laws,
(The needful bits and curbs for head-strong steeds,)
Which for these fourteen years we have let sleep ;
Even like an o'er-grown lion in a cave,
That goes not out to prey : Now, as fond fathers
Having bound up the threat'ning twigs of birch,
Only to stick it in their children's sight,
For terror, not to use ; in time the rod
Becomes more mock'd, than fear'd : so our decrees,
Dead to infliction, to themselves are dead ;
And liberty plucks justice by the nose ;
The baby beats the nurse, and quite athwart
Goes all decorum.

Fri. It rested in your grace
To unloose this tied-up justice, when you pleas'd :
And it in you more dreadful would have seem'd,
Than in lord Angelo.

Duke. I do fear, too dreadful :
Sith 'twas my fault to give the people scope,

'Twould

'Twould be my tyranny to strike, and gall them,
 For what I bid them do : For we bid this be done,
 When evil deeds have their permissive pass,
 And not the punishment. Therefore, indeed, my father,
 I have on Angelo impos'd the office ;
 Who may, in the ambush of my name, strike home,
 And yet my nature never in the sight,
 To do it slander : And to behold his sway,
 I will, as 'twere a brother of your order,
 Visit both prince and people : therefore, I pr'ythee,
 Supply me with the habit, and instruct me
 How I may formally in person bear me
 Like a true friar. More reasons for this action,
 At our more leisure shall I render you ;
 Only, this one :—Lord Angelo is precise ;
 Stands at a guard with envy ; scarce confesses
 That his blood flows, or that his appetite
 Is more to bread than stone : Hence shall we see,
 If power change purpose, what our seemers be. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

A Nunnery.

Enter ISABELLA and FRANCISCA.

Isab. And have you nuns no further privileges ?

Fran. Are not these large enough ?

Isab. Yes, truly : I speak not as desiring more ;
 But rather wishing a more strict restraint
 Upon the sister-hood, the votarists of saint Clare.

Lucio: Ho ! Peace be in this place ! [*Within.*]

Isab.

Who's that which calls ?

Fran. It is a man's voice : Gentle Isabella,

Turn

Turn you the key, and know his business of him ;
You may, I may not ; you are yet unsworn :
When you have vow'd, you must not speak with men,
But in the presence of the prioress :
Then, if you speak, you must not show your face ;
Or, if you show your face, you must not speak.
He calls again ; I pray you, answer him.

[Exit FRANCISCA.]

Ifab. Peace and prosperity ! Who is't that calls ?

Enter LUCIO.

Lucio. Hail, virgin, if you be ; as those cheek-roses
Proclaim you are no less ! Can you so stead me,
As bring me to the sight of Isabella,
A novice of this place, and the fair sister
To her unhappy brother Claudio ?

Ifab. Why her unhappy brother ? let me ask ;
The rather, for I now must make you know
I am that Isabella, and his sister.

Lucio. Gentle and fair, your brother kindly greets you :
Not to be weary with you, he's in prison.

Ifab. Woe me ! For what ?

Lucio. For that, which, if myself might be his judge,
He should receive his punishment in thanks :
He hath got his friend with child.

Ifab. Sir, make me not your story.

Lucio.

It is true.

I would not—though 'tis my familiar sin
With maids to seem the lapwing, and to jest,
Tongue far from heart,—play with all virgins so :
I hold you as a thing ensky'd, and sainted ;
By your renouncement, an immortal spirit ;

And

And to be talk'd with in sincerity,
As with a saint.

Isab. You do blaspheme the good, in mocking me.

Lucio. Do not believe it. Fewness and truth, 'tis thus:
Your brother and his lover have embrac'd:
As those that feed grow full; as blossoming time,
That from the seedness the bare fallow brings
To teeming foison; even so her plenteous womb
Expresseth his full tilth and husbandry. •

Isab. Some one with child by him?—My cousin Juliet?

Lucio. Is she your cousin?

Isab. Adoptedly; as school-maids change their names,
By vain though apt affection.

Lucio. She it is.

Isab. O, let him marry her!

Lucio. This is the point.

The duke is very strangely gone from hence;
Bore many gentlemen, myself being one,
In hand, and hope of action: but we do learn
By those that know the very nerves of state,
His givings out were of an infinite distance
From his true meant design. Upon his place,
And with full line of his authority,
Governs lord Angelo; a man, whose blood
Is very snow-broth; one who never feels
The wanton stings and motions of the sense;
But doth rebate and blunt his natural edge
With profits of the mind, study and fast.
He (to give fear to use and liberty,
Which have, for long, run by the hideous law,
As mice by lions,) hath pick'd out an act,
Under whose heavy sense your brother's life
Falls into forfeit: he arrests him on it;
And follows close the rigour of the statute,

To

To make him an example : all hope is gone,
Unless you have the grace by your fair prayer
To soften Angelo : and that's my pith
Of business, 'twixt you and your poor brother.

Ifab. Doth he so seek his life ?

Lucio. Has censur'd him

Already ; and, as I hear, the provost hath
A warrant for his execution.

Ifab. Alas ! what poor ability's in me
To do him good ?

Lucio. Assay the power you have.

Ifab. My power ! alas ! I doubt,—

Lucio. Our doubts are traitors,

And make us lose the good we oft might win,
By fearing to attempt : Go to lord Angelo,
And let him learn to know, when maidens sue,
Men give like gods ; but when they weep and kneel,
All their petitions are as freely theirs
As they themselves would owe them.

Ifab. I'll see what I can do.

Lucio. But, speedily.

Ifab. I will about it straight ;
No longer staying but to give the mother
Notice of my affair. I humbly thank you :
Commend me to my brother : soon at night
I'll send him certain word of my success.

Lucio. I take my leave of you.

Ifab. Good fir, adieu.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Hall in Angelo's House.

*Enter ANGELO, ESCALUS, a Justice, Provost, Officers,
and other Attendants.*

Ang. We must not make a scare-crow of the law,
Setting it up to fear the birds of prey,
And let it keep one shape, till custom make it
Their perch, and not their terror.

Escal. Ay, but yet
Let us be keen, and rather cut a little,
Than fall, and bruise to death : Alas ! this gentleman,
Whom I would save, had a most noble father.
Let but your honour know,
(Whom I believe to be most strait in virtue,) *Ang.*
That, in the working of your own affections,
Had time coher'd with place, or place with wishing,
Or that the resolute acting of your blood
Could have attain'd the effect of your own purpose,
Whether you had not sometime in your life
Err'd in this point which now you censure him,
And pull'd the law upon you.

Ang. 'Tis one thing to be tempted, Escalus,
Another thing to fall. I not deny,
The jury, passing on the prisoner's life,
May, in the sworn twelve, have a thief or two
Guiltier than him they try : What's open made to justice,
That justice seizes. What know the laws,
That thieves do pass on thieves ? 'Tis very pregnant,
The jewel that we find, we stoop and take it,

Because

Because we see it; but what we do not see,
 We tread upon, and never think of it.
 You may not so extenuate his offence,
 For I have had such faults; but rather tell me,
 When I, that censure him, do so offend,
 Let mine own judgement pattern out my death,
 And nothing come in partial. Sir, he must die.

Escal. Be it as your wisdom will.

Ang.

Where is the provost?

Prov. Here, if it like your honour.

Ang.

See that Claudio

Be executed by nine to-morrow morning;
 Bring him his confessor, let him be prepar'd;
 For that's the utmost of his pilgrimage. [*Exit Provost.*]

Escal. Well, heaven forgive him! and forgive us all!
 Some rise by sin, and some by virtue fall;
 Some run from brakes of vice, and answer none;
 And some condemned for a fault alone.

Enter ELBOW, FROTH, Clown, Officers, &c.

Elb. Come, bring them away: if these be good people
 in a common-weal, that do nothing but use their abuses in
 common houses, I know no law: bring them away.

Ang. How now, sir! What's your name? and what's
 the matter?

Elb. If it please your honour, I am the poor duke's
 constable, and my name is Elbow; I do lean upon justice,
 sir, and do bring in here before your good honour two
 notorious benefactors.

Ang. Benefactors? Well; what benefactors are they?
 are they not malefactors?

Elb. If it please your honour, I know not well what
 they are: but precise villains they are, that I am sure of;

C

and

and void of all profanation in the world, that good christians ought to have.

Escal. This comes off well; here's a wise officer.

Ang. Go to: What quality are they of? Elbow is your name? Why dost thou not speak, Elbow?

Clo. He cannot, sir; he's out at elbow.

Ang. What are you, sir?

Elb. He, sir? a tapster, sir; parcel-bawd; one that serves a bad woman; whose house, sir, was, as they say, pluck'd down in the suburbs; and now she professes a hot-house, which, I think, is a very ill house too.

Escal. How know you that?

Elb. My wife, sir, whom I detest before heaven and your honour,—

Escal. How! thy wife?

Elb. Ay, sir; whom, I thank heaven, is an honest woman;—

Escal. Dost thou detest her therefore?

Elb. I say, sir, I will detest myself also, as well as she, that this house, if it be not a bawd's house, it is pity of her life, for it is a naughty house.

Escal. How dost thou know that, constable?

Elb. Marry, sir, by my wife; who, if she had been a woman cardinally given, might have been accused in fornication, adultery, and all uncleanness there.

Escal. By the woman's means?

Elb. Ay, sir, by mistress Over-done's means: but as she spit in his face, so she defy'd him.

Clo. Sir, if it please your honour, this is not so.

Elb. Prove it before these varlets here, thou honourable man, prove it.

Escal. Do you hear how he misplaces? [To ANGELO.]

Clo. Sir, she came in great with child; and longing (savouring your honour's reverence,) for stew'd prunes; sir,

we had but two in the house, which at that very distant time stood, as it were, in a fruit-dish, a dish of some three-pence; your honours have seen such dishes; they are not China dishes, but very good dishes.

Escal. Go to, go to; no matter for the dish, sir.

Clo. No, indeed, sir, not of a pin; you are therein in the right: but, to the point: As I say, this mistress Elbow, being, as I say, with child, and being great belly'd, and longing, as I said, for prunes; and having but two in the dish, as I said, master Froth here, this very man, having eaten the rest, as I said, and, as I say, paying for them very honestly!—for, as you know, master Froth, I could not give you three-pence again.

Froth. No, indeed.

Clo. Very well: you being then, if you be remember'd, cracking the stones of the foresaid prunes—

Froth. Ay, so I did, indeed.

Clo. Why, very well: I telling you then, if you be remember'd, that such a one, and such a one, were past cure of the thing you wot of, unless they kept very good diet, as I told you—

Froth. All this is true.

Clo. Why, very well then.

Escal. Come, you are a tedious fool: to the purpose.—What was done to Elbow's wife, that he hath cause to complain of? Come me to what was done to her.

Clo. Sir, your honour cannot come to that yet.

Escal. No, sir, nor I mean it not.

Clo. Sir, but you shall come to it, by your honour's leave: And, I beseech you, look into master Froth here, sir; a man of fourscore pound a year; whose father died at Hallowmas:—Was't not at Hallowmas, master Froth?

Froth. All-holland eve.

Clo. Why, very well; I hope here be truths: He, fir, sitting, as I say, in a lower ch'ir, fir;—'twas in the *Bunch of Grapes*, where, indeed, you have a delight to sit: Have you not?

Froth. I have so; because it is an open room, and good for winter.

Clo. Why, very well then;—I hope here be truths.

Ang. This will last out a night in Russia,
When nights are longest there: I'll take my leave,
And leave you to the hearing of the cause;
Hoping, you'll find good cause to whip them all.

Escal. I think no less: Good morrow to your lordship.

[Exit ANGELO.]

Now, fir, come on: What was done to Elbow's wife, once more?

Clo. Once, fir? there was nothing done to her once.

Elb. I beseech you, fir, ask him what this man did to my wife.

Clo. I beseech your honour, ask me.

Escal. Well, fir; What did this gentleman to her?

Clo. I beseech you, fir, look in this gentleman's face:—Good master Froth, look upon his honour; 'tis for a good purpose: Doth your honour mark his face?

Escal. Ay, fir, very well.

Clo. Nay, I beseech you, mark it well.

Escal. Well, I do so.

Clo. Doth your honour see any harm in his face?

Escal. Why, no.

Clo. I'll be supposed upon a book, his face is the worst thing about him: Good then; if his face be the worst thing about him, how could master Froth do the constable's wife any harm? I would know that of your honour.

Escal. He's in the right: Constable, what say you to it?

Elb.

Elb. First, an it like you, the house is a respected house; next, this is a respected fellow; and his mistress is a respected woman.

Clo. By this hand, sir, his wife is a more respected person than any of us all.

Elb. Varlet, thou liest; thou liest, wicked varlet: the time is yet to come, that she was ever respected with man, woman, or child.

Clo. Sir, she was respected with him before he married with her.

Escal. Which is the wiser here? Justice, or Iniquity?—Is this true?

Elb. O thou caitiff! O thou varlet! O thou wicked Hannibal! I respected with her, before I was married to her? If ever I was respected with her, or she with me, let not your worship think me the poor duke's officer:—Prove this, thou wicked Hannibal, or I'll have mine action of battery on thee.

Escal. If he took you a box o' the ear, you might have your action of slander too.

Elb. Marry, I thank your good worship for it: What is't your worship's pleasure I shall do with this wicked caitiff?

Escal. Truly, officer, because he hath some offences in him, that thou wouldst discover if thou couldst, let him continue in his courses, till thou know't what they are.

Elb. Marry, I thank your worship for it:—Thou seest, thou wicked varlet now, what's come upon thee; thou art to continue now, thou varlet; thou art to continue.

Escal. Where were you born, friend? [*To FROTH.*]

Froth. Here in Vienna, sir.

Escal. Are you of fourscore pounds a year?

Froth. Yes, and't please you, sir.

Escal. So.—What trade are you of, sir? [*To the Clown.*]

Clo. A tapster; a poor widow's tapster.

Escal. Your mistress's name?

Clo. Mistress Over-done.

Escal. Hath she had any more than one husband?

Clo. Nine, sir; Over-done by the last.

Escal. Nine!—Come hither to me, master Froth. Master Froth, I would not have you acquainted with tapsters; they will draw you, master Froth, and you will hang them: Get you gone, and let me hear no more of you.

Froth. I thank your worship: For mine own part, I never come into any room in a taphouse, but I am drawn in.

Escal. Well; no more of it, master Froth: farewell. [*Exit FROTH.*—Come you hither to me, master tapster; what's your name, master tapster?

Clo. Pompey.

Escal. What else?

Clo. Bum, sir.

Escal. 'Troth, and your bum is the greatest thing about you; so that, in the beastliest sense, you are Pompey the great. Pompey, you are partly a bawd, Pompey, howsoever you colour it in being a tapster. Are you not? come, tell me true; it shall be the better for you.

Clo. Truly, sir, I am a poor fellow, that would live.

Escal. How would you live, Pompey? by being a bawd? What do you think of the trade Pompey? is it a lawful trade?

Clo. If the law would allow it, sir.

Escal. But the law will not allow it, Pompey; nor it shall not be allowed in Vienna.

Clo. Does your worship mean to geld and spay all the youth in the city?

Escal. No, Pompey.

Clo. Truly, sir, in my poor opinion, they will to't then:

If

If your worship will take order for the drabs and the knaves, you need not to fear the bawds.

Escal. There are pretty orders beginning, I can tell you : it is but heading and hanging.

Clo. If you head and hang all that offend that way but for ten year together, you'll be glad to give out a commission for more heads. If this law hold in Vienna ten year, I'll rent the fairest house in it, after three pence a bay. If you live to see this come to pass, say, Pompey told you so.

Escal. Thank you, good Pompey : and, in requital of your prophecy, hark you,—I advise you, let me not find you before me again upon any complaint whatsoever, no, not for dwelling where you do ; if I do, Pompey, I shall beat you to your tent, and prove a shrewd Cæsar to you ; in plain dealing, Pompey, I shall have you whipt : so for this time, Pompey, fare you well.

Clo. I thank your worship for your good counsel ; but I shall follow it, as the flesh and fortune shall better determine.

Whip me ? No, no ; let carman whip his jade ;

The valiant heart's not whipt out of his trade. [*Exit.*]

Escal. Come hither to me, master Elbow ; come hither, master constable. How long have you been in this place of constable ?

Elb. Seven year and a half, sir.

Escal. I thought, by your readiness in the office, you had continued in it some time : You say, seven years together ?

Elb. And a half, sir.

Escal. Alas ! it hath been great pains to you ! They do you wrong to put you so oft upon't : Are there not men in your ward sufficient to serve it ?

Elb. Faith, sir, few of any wit in such matters : as they

are chosen, they are glad to choose me for them; I do it for some piece of money, and go through with all.

Escal. Look you, bring me in the names of some six or seven, the most sufficient of your parish.

Elb. To your worship's house, sir?

Escal. To my house: Fare you well. [*Exit ELBOW.*]
What's o'clock, think you?

Just. Eleven, sir.

Escal. I pray you home to dinner with me.

Just. I humbly thank you.

Escal. It grieves me for the death of Claudio;
But there's no remedy.

Just. Lord Angelo is severe.

Escal. It is but needful:

Mercy is not itself, that oft looks so;

Pardon is still the nurse of second woe:

But yet,—Poor Claudio!—There's no remedy.

Come, sir.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Another Room in the same.

Enter Provost, and a Servant.

Serv. He's hearing of a cause; he will come straight.
I'll tell him of you.

Prov. Pray you, do. [*Exit Servant.*] I'll know
His pleasure; may be, he will relent: Alas,
He hath but as offended in a dream!
All sects, all ages smack of this vice; and he
To die for it!—

Enter



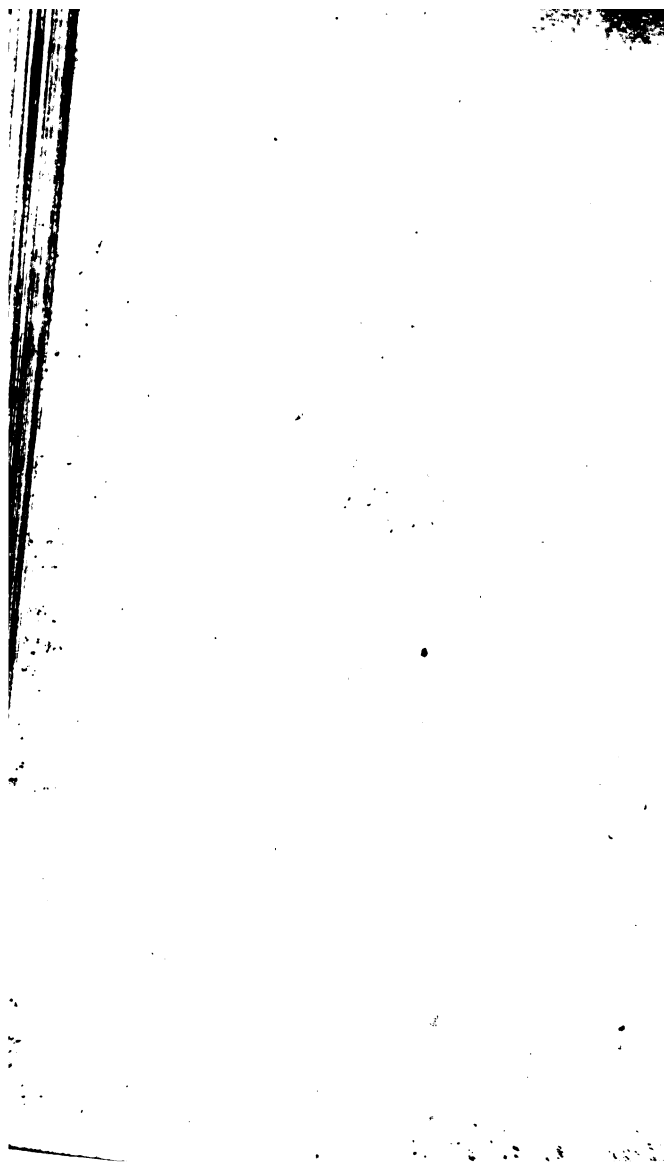
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Measure for Measure

Act 2. Scene 2.

Pub. May 1. 1800. by Verner & Hood Poulton



Enter ANGELO.

Ang. Now, what's the matter, provost?

Prov. Is it your will Claudio shall die to-morrow?

Ang. Did I not tell thee, yea? hadst thou not order?
Why dost thou ask again?

Prov. Left I might be too rash:
Under your good correction, I have seen,
When, after execution, judgement hath
Repented o'er his doom.

Ang. Go to; let that be mine:
Do you your office, or give up your place,
And you shall well be spar'd.

Prov. I crave your honour's pardon.—
What shall be done, sir, with the groaning Juliet?
She's very near her hour.

Ang. Dispose of her
To some more fitter place; and that with speed.

Re-enter Servant.

Serv. Here is the sister of the man condemn'd,
Desires access to you.

Ang. Hath he a sister?

Prov. Ay, my good lord; a very virtuous maid,
And to be shortly of a sisterhood,
If not already.

Ang. Well, let her be admitted. [*Exit Servant.*]
See you, the fornicatress be remov'd;
Let her have needful, but not lavish, means;
There shall be order for it.

Enter

Enter LUCIO and ISABELLA.

Prov. Save your honour! [*Offering to retire.*]

Ang. Stay a little while.—[*To ISAB.*] You are welcome: What's your will?

Ifab. I am a woeful suitor to your honour,
Please but your honour hear me.

Ang. Well; what's your suit?

Ifab. There is a vice, that most I do abhor,
And most desire should meet the blow of justice;
For which I would not plead, but that I must;
For which I must not plead, but that I am
At war, 'twixt will, and will not.

Ang. Well; the matter?

Ifab. I have a brother is condemn'd to die:
I do beseech you, let it be his fault,
And not my brother.

Prov. Heaven give thee moving graces!

Ang. Condemn the fault, and not the actor of it!
Why, every fault's condemn'd, ere it be done:
Mine were the very cypher of a function,
To find the faults, whose fine stands in record,
And let go by the actor.

Ifab. O just, but severe law!
I had a brother then.—Heaven keep your honour!

[*Retiring.*]

Lucio. [*To ISAB.*] Give not o'er so: to him again, in-
treat him;
Kneel down before him, hang upon his gown;
You are too cold: if you should need a pin,
You could not with more tame a tongue desire it:
To him, I say.

Ifab. Must he needs die?

Ang.

Ang. Maiden, no remedy.

Ifab. Yes; I do think that you might pardon him,
And neither heaven, nor man, grieve at the mercy.

Ang. I will not do't.

Ifab. But can you, if you would?

Ang. Look, what I will not, that I cannot do.

Ifab. But might you do't, and do the world no wrong,
If so your heart were touch'd with that remorse
As mine is to him?

Ang. He's sentenc'd; 'tis too late.

Lucio. You are too cold. [To ISABELLA.]

Ifab. Too late? why, no; I, that do speak a word,
May call it back again: Well believe this,
No ceremony that to great ones 'longs,
Not the king's crown, nor the deputed sword,
The marshal's truncheon, nor the judge's robe,
Become them with one half so good a grace,
As mercy does. If he had been as you,
And you as he, you would have slept like him;
But he, like you, would not have been so stern.

Ang. Pray you, begone.

Ifab. I would to heaven I had your potency,
And you were Isabel! should it then be thus?
No; I would tell what 'twere to be a judge,
And what a prisoner.

Lucio. Ay, touch him: there's the vein.

[Aside.]

Ang. Your brother is a forfeit of the law,
And you but waste your words.

Ifab. Alas! alas!

Why, all the souls that were, were forfeit once;
And He that might the vantage best have took,
Found out the remedy: How would you be,
If he, which is the top of judgement, should
But judge you as you are? O, think on that;

And

And mercy then will breathe within your lips,
Like man new made.

Ang. Be you content, fair maid;
It is the law, not I, condemns your brother:
Were he my kinsman, brother, or my son,
It should be thus with him;—he must die to-morrow.

Isab. To-morrow? O, that's sudden! Spare him, spare
him;
He's not prepar'd for death! Even for our kitchens
We kill the fowl of season; shall we serve heaven
With less respect than we do minister
To our gross selves? Good, good my lord, bethink you:
Who is it that hath died for this offence?
There's many have committed it.

Lucio. Ay, well said.

Ang. The law hath not been dead, though it hath slept:
Those many had not dar'd to do that evil,
If the first man that did the edict infringe,
Had answer'd for his deed: now, 'tis awake;
Takes note of what is done; and, like a prophet,
Looks in a glass, that shows what future evils,
(Either now, or by remissness new-conceiv'd,
And so in progress to be hatch'd and born,)
Are now to have no successive degrees,
But, where they live, to end.

Isab. Yet show some pity.

Ang. I show it most of all, when I show justice;
For then I pity those I do not know,
Which a dismiss'd offence would after gall;
And do him right, that, answering one foul wrong,
Lives not to act another. Be satisfied;
Your brother dies to-morrow; be content.

Isab. So you must be the first, that gives this sentence;
And he, that suffers: O, it is excellent

To

To have a giant's strength; but it is tyrannous,
To use it like a giant.

Lucio. That's well said.

Ifab. Could great men thunder
As Jove himself does, Jove would ne'er be quiet,
For every pelting, petty officer,
Would use his heaven for thunder; nothing but thunder.—
Merciful heaven!

Thou rather, with thy sharp and sulphurous bolt,
Split'st the unwedgeable and gnarled oak,
Than the soft myrtle;—O, but man, proud man!
Drest in a little brief authority;
Most ignorant of what he's most assur'd,
His glassy essence,—like an angry ape,
Plays such fantastick tricks before high heaven,
As make the angels weep; who, with our spleens,
Would all themselves laugh mortal.

Lucio. O, to him, to him, wench: he will relent;
He's coming; I perceiv't.

Prov. Pray heaven she win him!

Ifab. We cannot weigh our brother with ourself:
Great men may jest with saints: 'tis wit in them;
But, in the less, foul profanation.

Lucio. Thou'rt in the right, girl; more o' that.

Ifab. That in the captain's but a cholerick word,
Which in the soldier is flat blasphemy.

Lucio. Art advis'd o' that? more on't.

Ang. Why do you put these sayings upon me?

Ifab. Because authority, though it err like others,
Hath yet a kind of medicine in itself,
That skins the vice o' the top: Go to your bosom;
Knock there; and ask your heart, what it doth know
That's like my brother's fault: if it confess
A natural guiltiness, such as is his,

Let

Let it not found a thought upon your tongue
Against my brother's life.

Ang. She speaks, and 'tis
Such sense, that my sense breeds with it.—Fare you well.

Ifab. Gentle my lord, turn back.

Ang. I will bethink me:—Come again to-morrow.

Ifab. Hark, how I'll bribe you: Good my lord, turn
back.

Ang. How! bribe me?

Ifab. Ay, with such gifts that heaven shall share with
you.

Lucio. You had marr'd all else.

Ifab. Not with fond shekels of the tested gold,
Or stones, whose rates are either rich, or poor,
As fancy values them: but with true prayers,
That shall be up at heaven, and enter there,
Ere sun-rise; prayers from preserved souls,
From fasting maids, whose minds are dedicate
To nothing temporal.

Ang. Well: come to me
To-morrow.

Lucio. Go to; it is well; away. [*Aside to ISABEL.*

Ifab. Heaven keep your honour safe!

Ang. Amen: for I
Am that way going to temptation, [*Aside.*
Where prayers cross.

Ifab. At what hour to-morrow
Shall I attend your lordship?

Ang. At any time 'fore noon.

Ifab. Save your honour!

[*Exeunt LUCIO, ISABELLA, and Provost.*

Ang. From thee; even from thy virtue!—
What's this? what's this? Is this her fault, or mine?
The tempter, or the tempted, who sins most? Ha!

Not

Not she; nor doth she tempt: but it is I,
 That lying by the violet, in the sun,
 Do, as the carrion does, not as the flower,
 Corrupt with virtuous season. Can it be,
 That modesty may more betray our sense
 Than woman's lightness? Having waste ground enough,
 Shall we desire to raze the sanctuary,
 And pitch our evils there? O, fie, fie, fie!
 What dost thou? or what art thou, Angelo?
 Dost thou desire her foully, for those things
 That make her good? O, let her brother live:
 Thieves for their robbery have authority,
 When judges steal themselves. What? do I love her,
 That I desire to hear her speak again,
 And feast upon her eyes? What is't I dream on?
 O cunning enemy, that, to catch a saint,
 With saints dost bait thy hook! Most dangerous
 Is that temptation, that doth goad us on
 To sin in loving virtue: never could the strumpet,
 With all her double vigour, art, and nature,
 Once stir my temper; but this virtuous maid
 Subdues me quite;—Ever, till now,
 When men were fond, I smil'd, and wonder'd how.

[Exit.

SCENE III.

A Room in a Prison.

Enter Duke, habited like a Friar, and Provost.

Duke. Hail to you, provost! so, I think you are.

Prov. I am the provost: What's your will, good friar?

Duke. Bound by my charity, and my blest order,

I come

I come to visit the afflicted spirits
Here in the prison : do me the common right
To let me see them ; and to make me know
The nature of their crimes, that I may minister
To them accordingly.

Prov. I would do more than that, if more were needful.

Enter JULIET.

Look, here comes one ; a gentlewoman of mine,
Who falling in the flames of her own youth,
Hath blister'd her report : She is with child ;
And he that got it, sentenc'd : a young man
More fit to do another such offence,
Than die for this.

Duke. When must he die ?

Prov. As I do think, to-morrow.—

I have provided for you ; stay a while, [To JULIET.
And you shall be conducted.

Duke. Repent you, fair one, of the sin you carry ?

Juliet. I do ; and bear the shame most patiently.

Duke. I'll teach you how you shall arraign your conscience,

And try your penitence, if it be found,
Or hollowly put on.

Juliet. I'll gladly learn.

Duke. Love you the man that wrong'd you ?

Juliet. Yes, as I love the woman that wrong'd him.

Duke. So then, it seems, your most offenceful act
Was mutually committed ?

Juliet. Mutually.

Duke. Then was your sin of heavier kind than his.

Juliet. I do confess it, and repent it, father.

Duke. 'Tis meet so, daughter : But lest you do repent,

As

As that the sin hath brought you to this shame,—
Which sorrow is always toward ourselves, not heaven;
Showing, we'd not spare heaven, as we love it,
But as we stand in fear,—

Juliet. I do repent me, as it is an evil;
And take the shame with joy.

Duke. There rest.

Your partner, as I hear, must die to-morrow,
And I am going with instruction to him.—

Grace go with you! *Benedicite!* [Exit.

Juliet. Must die to-morrow! O, injurious love,
That respites me a life, whose very comfort
Is still a dying horror!

Prov. 'Tis pity of him. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.

A Room in Angelo's House.

Enter ANGELO.

Ang. When I would pray and think, I think and pray
To several subjects: heaven hath my empty words;
Whilst my invention, hearing not my tongue,
Anchors on Isabel: Heaven in my mouth,
As if I did but only chew his name;
And in my heart, the strong and swelling evil
Of my conception: The state, whereon I studied,
Is like a good thing, being often read,
Grown fear'd and tedious; yea, my gravity,
Wherein (let no man hear me) I take pride,
Could I, with boot, change for an idle plume,
Which the air beats for vain. O place! O form!
How often dost thou with thy case, thy habit,

D

Wrench

Wrench awe from fools, and tie the wiser souls
 To thy false seeming? Blood, thou still art blood:
 Let's write good angel on the devil's horn,
 'Tis not the devil's crest.

Enter Servant.

How now, who's there?

Serv.

One Isabel, a sister,

Desires access to you.

Ang.

Teach her the way.

[*Exit Se*

O heavens!

Why does my blood thus muster to my heart;
 Making both it unable for itself,
 And dispossessing all my other parts
 Of necessary fitness?
 So play the foolish throngs with one that swoons;
 Come all to help him, and so stop the air
 By which he should revive: and even so
 The general, subject to a well-wish'd king,
 Quit their own part, and in obsequious fondness
 Crowd to his presence, where their untaught love
 Must needs appear offence.

Enter ISABELLA.

How now, fair maid?

Isab.

I am come to know your pleasur

Ang. That you might know it, would much bet
 please me,

Than to demand what 'tis. Your brother cannot live

Isab. Even so?—Heaven keep your honour! [*Retiri*

Ang. Yet may he live a while; and, it may be,
 As long as you, or I: Yet he must die.

Isab. Under your sentence?

Ang. Yea.

Isab. When, I beseech you? that in his reprieve,
Longer, or shorter, he may be so fitted,
That his soul sicken not.

Ang. Ha! Fie, these filthy vices! It were as good
To pardon him, that hath from nature stolen
A man already made, as to remit
Their saucy sweetness, that do coin heaven's image,
In stamps that are forbid: 'tis all as easy
Falsely to take away a life true made,
As to put mettle in restrained means,
To make a false one.

Isab. 'Tis set down so in heaven, but not in earth.

Ang. Say you so? then I shall poze you quickly.
Which had you rather, That the most just law
Now took your brother's life; or, to redeem him,
Give up your body to such sweet uncleanness,
As she that he hath stain'd?

Isab. Sir, believe this,
I had rather give my body than my soul.

Ang. I talk not of your soul; Our compell'd sins
Stand more for number than attempt.

Isab. How say you?

Ang. Nay, I'll not warrant that; for I can speak
Against the thing I say. Answer to this;—
I, now the voice of the recorded law,
Pronounce a sentence on your brother's life:
Might there not be a charity in sin,
To save this brother's life?

Isab. Please you to do't,
I'll take it as a peril to my soul,
It is no sin at all, but charity.

Ang. Pleas'd you to do't, at peril of your soul,
Were equal poize of sin and charity.

Ifab. That I do beg his life, if it be sin,
Heaven, let me bear it! you granting of my suit,
If that be sin, I'll make it my morn prayer
To have it added to the faults of mine,
And nothing of your, answer.

Ang. Nay, but hear me :
Your sense pursues not mine : either you are ignorant
Or seem so, craftily ; and that's not good.

Ifab. Let me be ignorant, and in nothing good,
But graciously to know I am no better.

Ang. Thus wisdom wishes to appear most bright,
When it doth tax itself : as these black masks
Proclaim an enshield beauty ten times louder
Than beauty could displayed.—But mark me ;
To be received plain, I'll speak more gross :
Your brother is to die.

Ifab. So.

Ang. And his offence is so, as it appears
Accountant to the law upon that pain.

Ifab. True.

Ang. Admit no other way to save his life,
(As I subscribe not that, nor any other,
But in the loss of question,) that you, his sister,
Finding yourself desir'd of such a person,
Whose credit with the judge, or own great place,
Could fetch your brother from the manacles
Of the all-binding law ; and that there were
No earthly mean to save him, but that either
You must lay down the treasures of your body
To this supposed, or else let him suffer ;
What would you do ?

Ifab. As much for my poor brother, as myself :
That is, Were I under the terms of death,
The impression of keen whips I'd wear as rubies,
And strip myself to death, as to a bed
That longing I have been sick for, ere I'd yield
My body up to shame.

Ang. Then must your brother die.

Ifab. And 'twere the cheaper way :
Better it were, a brother died at once,
Than that a sifter, by redeeming him,
Should die for ever.

Ang. Were not you then as cruel as the sentence
That you have slander'd so ?

Ifab. Ignomy in ransom, and free pardon,
Are of two houses : lawful mercy is
Nothing akin to foul redemption.

Ang. You seem'd of late to make the law a tyrant ;
And rather prov'd the sliding of your brother
A merriment than a vice.

Ifab. O, pardon me, my lord ; it oft falls out,
To have what we'd have, we speak not what we mean :
I something do excuse the thing I hate,
For his advantage that I dearly love.

Ang. We are all frail.

Ifab. Else let my brother die,
If not a feodary, but only he,
Owe, and succeed by weakness.

Ang. Nay, women are frail too.

Ifab. Ay, as the glasses where they view themselves ;
Which are as easy broke as they make forms.
Women !—Help heaven ! men their creation mar
In profiting by them. Nay, call us ten times frail ;
For we are soft as our complexions are,
And credulous to false prints.

Ang. I think it well :
And from this testimony of your own sex,
(Since, I suppose, we are made to be no stronger
Than faults may shake our frames,) let me be bold ;—
I do arrest your words ; Be that you are,
That is, a woman ; if you be more, you're none ;
If you be one, (as you are well express'd
By all external warrants,) show it now,
By putting on the destin'd livery.

Ifab. I have no tongue but one : gentle my lord,
Let me intreat you speak the former language.

Ang. Plainly conceive, I love you.

Ifab. My brother did love Juliet ; and you tell me,
That he shall die for it.

Ang. He shall not, Ifabel, if you give me love.

Ifab. I know, your virtue hath a licence in't,
Which seems a little fouler than it is,
To pluck on others.

Ang. Believe me, on mine honour,
My words express my purpose.

Ifab. Ha ! little honour to be much believ'd,
And most pernicious purpose !—Seeming, seeming !—
I will proclaim thee, Angelo ; look for't :
Sign me a present pardon for my brother,
Or, with an out-stretch'd throat, I'll tell the world
Aloud, what man thou art.

Ang. Who will believe thee, Ifabel ?
My unfoil'd name, the austereness of my life,
My vouch against you, and my place i'the state,
Will so your accusation over-weigh,
That you shall stifle in your own report,
And smell of calumny. I have begun ;
And now I give my sensual race the rein :
Fit thy consent to my sharp appetite ;

Lay

Lay by all nicety, and prolixious blushes,
That banish what they sue for ; redeem thy brother
By yielding up thy body to my will ;
Or else he must not only die the death,
But thy unkindness shall his death draw out
To lingering sufferance : answer me to-morrow,
Or, by the affection that now guides me most,
I'll prove a tyrant to him : As for you,
Say what you can, my false o'erweighs your true. [*Exit.*

Isab. To whom should I complain ? Did I tell this,
Who would believe me ? O perilous mouths,
That bear in them one and the self-same tongue,
Either of condemnation or approof !
Bidding the law make court'sy to their will ;
Hooking both right and wrong to the appetite,
To follow, as it draws ! I'll to my brother :
Though he hath fallen by prompture of the blood,
Yet hath he in him such a mind of honour,
That had he twenty heads to tender down
On twenty bloody blocks, he'd yield them up,
Before his sister should her body stoop
To such abhorr'd pollution.
Then Isabel, live chaste, and, brother, die :
More than our brother is our chastity.
I'll tell him yet of Angelo's request,
And fit his mind to death, for his soul's rest. [*Exit.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Room in the Prison.

Enter Duke, CLAUDIO, and Provost.

Duke. So, then you hope of pardon from lord Angelo?

Claud. The miserable have no other medicine,

But only hope :

I have hope to live, and am prepar'd to die.

Duke. Be absolute for death ; either death, or life,
Shall thereby be the sweeter. Reason thus with life,—

If I do lose thee, I do lose a thing

That none but fools would keep : a breath thou art,
(Servile to all the skiey influences,)

That dost this habitation, where thou keep'st,

Hourly afflict : merely, thou art death's fool ;

For him thou labour'st by thy flight to shun,

And yet run'st toward him still : Thou art not noble ;

For all the accommodations that thou bear'st,

Are nurs'd by baseness : Thou art by no means valiant ;

For thou dost fear the soft and tender fork

Of a poor worm : Thy best of rest is sleep,

And that thou oft provok'st ; yet grossly fear'st

Thy death, which is no more. Thou art not thyself ;

For thou exist'st on many a thousand grains

That issue out of dust : Happy thou art not :

For what thou hast not, still thou striv'st to get ;

And what thou hast, forget'st : Thou art not certain ;

For thy complexion shifts to strange effects,

After the moon : If thou art rich, thou art poor ;

For, like an ass, whose back with ingots bows,

Tho



Singlarm del

J. Pinney Sculp. 1800.

Measure for Measure.

Act 3. Scene 1.

Pub.^d May 1. 1800. by Verner & Hood Poultry



Thou bear'st thy heavy riches but a journey,
 And death unloads thee : Friend hast thou none ;
 For thine own bowels, which do call thee fire,
 The mere effusion of thy proper loins,
 Do curse the gout, serpigo, and the rheum,
 For ending thee no sooner : Thou hast nor youth, nor age ;
 But, as it were, an after-dinner's sleep,
 Dreaming on both : for all thy blessed youth
 Becomes as aged, and doth beg the alms
 Of palsied eld ; and when thou art old, and rich,
 Thou hast neither heat, affection, limb, nor beauty,
 To make thy riches pleasant. What's yet in this,
 That bears the name of life ? Yet in this life
 Lie hid more thousand deaths : yet death we fear,
 That makes these odds all even.

Claud. I humbly thank you.
 To sue to live, I find, I seek to die ;
 And, seeking death, find life : Let it come on.

Enter ISABELLA.

Isab. What, ho ! Peace here ; grace and good company !
Prov. Who's there ? come in, the wish deserves a welcome.

Duke. Dear sir, ere long I'll visit you again.

Claud. Most holy sir, I thank you.

Isab. My business is a word or two with Claudio.

Prov. And very welcome. Look, signior, here's your sister.

Duke. Provost, a word with you.

Prov. As many as you please.

Duke. Bring them to speak, where I may be conceal'd,
 Yet hear them. [*Exeunt Duke and Provost.*]

Claud. Now, sister, what's the comfort ?

Isab.

Ifab. Why, as all comforts are; most good in deed:
 Lord Angelo, having affairs to heaven,
 Intends you for his swift ambassador,
 Where you shall be an everlasting leiger:
 Therefore your best appointment make with speed;
 To-morrow you set on.

Claud. Is there no remedy?

Ifab. None, but such remedy, as, to save a head,
 To cleave a heart in twain.

Claud. But is there any?

Ifab. Yes, brother, you may live;
 There is a devilish mercy in the judge,
 If you'll implore it, that will free your life,
 But fetter you till death.

Claud. Perpetual durance?

Ifab. Ay, just, perpetual durance; a restraint,
 Though all the world's vastidity you had,
 To a determin'd scope.

Claud. But in what nature?

Ifab. In such a one as (you consenting to't)
 Would bark your honour from that trunk you bear,
 And leave you naked.

Claud. Let me know the point.

Ifab. O, I do fear thee, Claudio; and I quake,
 Lest thou a feverous life should'st entertain,
 And six or seven winters more respect
 Than a perpetual honour. Dar'st thou die?
 The sense of death is most in apprehension;
 And the poor beetle, that we tread upon,
 In corporal sufferance finds a pang as great
 As when a giant dies.

Claud. Why give you me this shame?
 Think you I can a resolution fetch
 From flowery tendernefs? If I must die,

I will encounter darkness as a bride,
And hug it in mine arms.

Ifab. There spake my brother ; there my father's grave
Did utter forth a voice ! Yes, thou must die :
Thou art too noble to conserve a life
In base appliances. This outward-fainted deputy,—
Whose settled visage and deliberate word
Nips youth i'the head, and follies doth enmew,
As falcon doth the fowl,—is yet a devil ;
His filth within being cast, he would appear
A pond as deep as hell.

Claud. The princely Angelo ?

Ifab. O, 'tis the cunning livery of hell,
The damned 'st body to invest and cover
In princely guards ! Dost thou think, Claudio,
If I would yield him my virginity,
Thou might'st be freed ?

Claud. O, heavens ! it cannot be.

Ifab. Yes, he would give it thee, from this rank offence,
So to offend him still : This night's the time
That I should do what I abhor to name,
Or else thou diest to-morrow.

Claud. Thou shalt not do't.

Ifab. O, were it but my life,
I'd throw it down for your deliverance
As frankly as a pin.

Claud. Thanks, dear Isabel.

Ifab. Be ready, Claudio, for your death to-morrow.

Claud. Yes.—Has he affections in him,
That thus can make him bite the law by the nose,
When he would force it ? Sure it is no sin ;
Or of the deadly seven it is the least.

Ifab. Which is the least ?

Claud. If it were damnable, he, being so wise,

Why,

Why, would he for the momentary trick
Be perdurably fin'd ?—O Isabel !

Ifab. What says my brother ?

Claud. Death is a fearful thing.

Ifab. And shamed life a hateful.

Claud. Ay, but to die, and go we know not where ;
To lie in cold obstruction, and to rot ;
This sensible warm motion to become
A kneaded clod ; and the delighted spirit
To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside
In thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice ;
To be imprison'd in the viewless winds,
And blown with restless violence round about
The pendant world ; or to be worse than worst
Of those, that lawless and incertain thoughts
Imagine howling !—'tis too horrible !
The weariest and most loathed worldly life,
That age, ach, penury, and imprisonment
Can lay on nature, is a paradise
To what we fear of death.

Ifab. Alas ! alas !

Claud. Sweet sister, let me live :
What sin you do to save a brother's life,
Nature dispenses with the deed so far,
That it becomes a virtue.

Ifab. O, you beast !
O, faithless coward ! O, dishonest wretch !
Wilt thou be made a man out of my vice ?
Is't not a kind of incest, to take life
From thine own sister's shame ? What should I think ?
Heaven shield, my mother play'd my father fair !
For such a warped slip of wilderiness
Ne'er issu'd from his blood. Take my defiance :
Die ; perish ! might but my bending down

Reprieve thee from thy fate, it should proceed :
I'll pray a thousand prayers for thy death,
No word to save thee.

Claud. Nay, hear me, Isabel.

Isab. O, fie, fie, fie!

Thy sin's not accidental, but a trade :

Mercy to thee would prove itself a bawd :

'Tis best that thou diest quickly. [*Going.*]

Claud. O hear me, Isabella.

Re-enter Duke.

Duke. Vouchsafe a word, young sister, but one word.

Isab. What is your will ?

Duke. Might you dispense with your leisure, I would by and by have some speech with you : the satisfaction I would require, is likewise your own benefit.

Isab. I have no superfluous leisure ; my stay must be stolen out of other affairs ; but I will attend you a while.

Duke. [*To CLAUDIO, aside.*] Son, I have overheard what hath past between you and your sister. Angelo had never the purpose to corrupt her ; only he hath made an assay of her virtue, to practise his judgement with the disposition of natures : she, having the truth of honour in her, hath made him that gracious denial which he is most glad to receive : I am confessor to Angelo, and I know this to be true ; therefore prepare yourself to death : Do not satisfy your resolution with hopes that are fallible : to-morrow you must die ; go to your knees, and make ready.

Claud. Let me ask my sister pardon. I am so out of love with life, that I will sue to be rid of it.

Duke. Hold you there : Farewell. [*Exit CLAUDIO.*]

Re-enter

Re-enter Provost.

Provost, a word with you.

Prov. What's your will, father?

Duke. That now you are come, you will be gone: Leave me a while with the maid; my mind promises with my habit, no loss shall touch her by my company.

Prov. In good time.

[*Exit Provost.*]

Duke. The hand that hath made you fair, hath made you good: the goodness, that is cheap in beauty, makes beauty brief in goodness; but grace, being the soul of your complexion, should keep the body of it ever fair. The assault, that Angelo hath made to you, fortune hath convey'd to my understanding; and, but that frailty hath examples for his falling, I should wonder at Angelo. How would you do to content this substitute, and to save your brother?

Isab. I am now going to resolve him: I had rather my brother die by the law, than my son should be unlawfully born. But O, how much is the good duke deceived in Angelo! If ever he return, and I can speak to him, I will open my lips in vain, or discover his government.

Duke. That shall not be much amiss: Yet, as the matter now stands, he will avoid your accusation; he made trial of you only.—Therefore fasten your ear on my advisings; to the love I have in doing good, a remedy presents itself. I do make myself believe, that you may most uprightously do a poor wronged lady a merited benefit; redeem your brother from the angry law; do no stain to your own gracious person; and much please the absent duke, if, peradventure, he shall ever return to have hearing of this business.

Isab. Let me hear you speak further; I have spirit to
do

do any thing that appears not foul in the truth of my spirit.

Duke. Virtue is bold, and goodness never fearful. Have you not heard speak of Mariana the sister of Frederick, the great soldier, who miscarried at sea?

Isab. I have heard of the lady, and good words went with her name.

Duke. Her should this Angelo have married; was affianced to her by oath, and the nuptial appointed: between which time of the contract, and limit of the solemnity, her brother Frederick was wrecked at sea, having in that perish'd vessel the dowry of his sister. But mark, how heavily this befel to the poor gentlewoman: there she lost a noble and renowned brother, in his love toward her ever most kind and natural; with him the portion and sinew of her fortune, her marriage-dowry; with both, her combinate husband, this well-seeming Angelo!

Isab. Can this be so? Did Angelo so leave her?

Duke. Left her in her tears, and dry'd not one of them with his comfort; swallowed his vows whole, pretending, in her, discoveries of dishonour: in few, bestowed her on her own lamentation, which she yet wears for his sake; and he, a marble to her tears, is washed with them, but relents not.

Isab. What a merit were it in death, to take this poor maid from the world! What corruption in this life, that it will let this man live!—But how out of this can she avail?

Duke. It is a rupture that you may easily heal: and the cure of it not only saves your brother, but keeps you from dishonour in doing it.

Isab. Show me how, good father.

Duke. This fore-named maid hath yet in her the continuance

tinuance of her first affection ; his unjust unkindness, that in all reason should have quenched her love, hath, like an impediment in the current, made it more violent and unruly. Go you to Angelo ; answer his requiring with a plausible obedience ; agree with his demands to the point : only refer yourself to this advantage,—first, that your stay with him may not be long ; that the time may have all shadow and silence in it ; and the place answer to convenience : this being granted in course, now follows all. We shall advise this wronged maid to stand up your appointment, go in your place ; if the encounter acknowledge itself hereafter, it may compel him to her recompence : and here, by this, is your brother saved, your honour untainted, the poor Mariana advantaged, and the corrupt deputy scaled. The maid will I frame, and make fit for his attempt. If you think well to carry this as you may, the doubleness of the benefit defends the deceit from reproof. What think you of it ?

Isab. The image of it gives me content already ; and, I trust, it will grow to a most prosperous perfection.

Duke. It lies much in your holding up : Haste you speedily to Angelo ; if for this night he entreat you to his bed, give him promise of satisfaction. I will presently to St. Luke's ! there, at the moated grange resides this dejected Mariana : At that place call upon me ; and dispatch with Angelo, that it may be quickly.

Isab. I thank you for this comfort : Fare you well, good father.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE

SCENE II.

The Street before the Prison.

Enter Duke as a Friar; to him ELBOW, Clown, and Officers.

Elb. Nay, if there be no remedy for it, but that you will needs buy and sell men and women like beasts, we shall have all the world drink brown and white bastard.

Duke. O, heavens! what stuff is here?

Clo. 'Twas never merry world, since, of two usuries, the merriest was put down, and the worser allow'd by order of law a furr'd gown to keep him warm; and furr'd with fox and lamb-skins too, to signify, that craft, being richer than innocency, stands for the facing.

Elb. Come your way, sir:—Bless you, good father friar.

Duke. And you, good brother father: What offence hath this man made you, sir?

Elb. Marry, sir, he hath offended the law; and, sir, we take him to be a thief too, sir; for we have found upon him, sir, a strange pick-lock, which we have sent to the deputy.

Duke. Fie, sirrah; a bawd, a wicked bawd! The evil that thou causest to be done,
That is thy means to live: Do thou but think
What 'tis to cram a maw, or clothe a back,
From such a filthy vice: say to thyself,—
From their abominable and beastly touches
I drink, I eat, array myself, and live.
Canst thou believe thy living is a life,
So stinkingly depending? Go, mend, go, mend.

Clo. Indeed, it does stink in some sort, sir; but yet, sir, I would prove——

E

Duk

Duke. Nay, if the devil have given thee proofs for sin,
Thou wilt prove his. Take him to prison, officer;
Correction and instruction must both work,
Ere this rude beast will profit.

Elb. He must before the deputy, sir; he has given him
warning: the deputy cannot abide a whore-master: if he
be a whore-monger, and comes before him, he were as
good go a mile on his errand.

Duke. That we were all, as some would seem to be,
Free from our faults, as faults from seeming, free!

Enter Lucio.

Elb. His neck will come to your waist, a cord, sir.

Clo. I spy comfort; I cry, bail: Here's a gentleman,
and a friend of mine.

Lucio. How now, noble Pompey? What, at the heels
of Cæsar? Art thou led in triumph? What, is there none
of Pygmalion's images, newly made woman, to be had
now, for putting the hand in the pocket and extracting
it clutch'd? What reply? Ha? What say'st thou to this
tune, matter, and method? Is't not drown'd i' the last
rain? Ha? What say'st thou, trot? Is the world as it
was, man? Which is the way? Is it sad, and few words?
Or how? The trick of it?

Duke. Still thus, and thus! still worse!

Lucio. How doth my dear morsel, thy mistress? Pro-
cures she still? Ha?

Clo. Troth, sir, she hath eaten up all her beef, and she
is herself in the tub.

Lucio. Why, 'tis good; it is the right of it; it must be
so: Ever your fresh whore, and your powder'd bawd:
An unshunn'd consequence; it must be so: Art going to
prison, Pompey?

Clo.

Clo. Yes, faith, sir.

Lucio. Why 'tis not amiss, Pompey : Farewell : Go ; say, I sent thee thither. For debt, Pompey ? Or how ?

Elb. For being a bawd, for being a bawd.

Lucio. Well, then imprison him : If imprisonment be the due of a bawd, why, 'tis his right : Bawd is he, doubtless, and of antiquity too ; bawd-born. Farewell, good Pompey : Commend me to the prison, Pompey : You will turn good husband now, Pompey ; you will keep the house.

Clo. I hope, sir, your good worship will be my bail.

Lucio. No, indeed, will I not, Pompey ; it is not the wear. I will pray, Pompey, to increase your bondage : if you take it not patiently, why, your mettle is the more : Adieu, trusty Pompey.—Bless you, friar.

Duke. And you.

Lucio. Does Bridget paint still, Pompey ? Ha ?

Elb. Come your ways, sir ; come.

Clo. You will not bail me then, sir ?

Lucio. Then, Pompey ? nor now.—What news abroad, friar ? What news ?

Elb. Come your ways, sir ; come.

Lucio. Go,—to kennel, Pompey, go :

[*Exeunt ELBOW, Clown, and Officers.*]

What news, friar, of the duke ?

Duke. I know none : Can you tell me of any ?

Lucio. Some say, he is with the emperor of Russia ; other some, he is in Rome : But where is he, think you ?

Duke. I know not where : But wheresoever, I wish him well.

Lucio. It was a mad fantastical trick of him, to steal from the state, and usurp the beggary he was never born to. Lord Angelo dukes it well in his absence ; he puts transgression to't.

Duke. He does well in't.

Lucio. A little more lenity to lechery would do no harm in him: something too crabbed that way, friar.

Duke. It is too general a vice, and severity must cure it.

Lucio. Yes, in good sooth, the vice is of a great kindred; it is well ally'd: but it is impossible to extirp it quite, friar, till eating and drinking be put down. They say, this Angelo was not made by man and woman, after the downright way of creation: Is it true, think you?

Duke. How should he be made then?

Lucio. Some report, a sea-maid spawn'd him:—Some, that he was begot between two stock-fishes:—But it is certain, that when he makes water, his urine is congeal'd ice; that I know to be true: and he is a motion ungenerative, that's infallible.

Duke. You are pleasant, sir; and speak apace.

Lucio. Why, what a ruthless thing is this in him, for the rebellion of a cod-piece, to take away the life of a man? Would the duke, that is absent, have done this? Ere he would have hang'd a man for the getting a hundred bastards, he would have paid for the nursing a thousand: He had some feeling of the sport; he knew the service, and that instructed him to mercy.

Duke. I never heard the absent duke much detected for women; he was not inclined that way.

Lucio. O, sir, you are deceived.

Duke. 'Tis not possible.

Lucio. Who? not the duke? yes, your beggar of fifty;—and his use was, to put a ducat in her clack-dish: the duke had crotchets in him: He would be drunk too; that let me inform you.

Duke. You do him wrong, surely.

Lucio. Sir, I was an inward of his: A shy fellow was

the duke : and, I believe, I know the cause of his withdrawing.

Duke. What, I pr'ythee, might be the cause ?

Lucio. No,—pardon ;—'tis a secret must be lock'd within the teeth and the lips : but this I can let you understand,—The greater file of the subject held the duke to be wife.

Duke. Wife ? why, no question but he was.

Lucio. A very superficial, ignorant, unweighing fellow.

Duke. Either this is envy in you, folly, or mistaking ; the very stream of his life, and the business he hath helm'd, must, upon a warranted need, give him a better proclamation. Let him be but testimonied in his own bringings forth, and he shall appear to the envious, a scholar, a statesman, and a soldier : Therefore, you speak unskillfully ; or, if your knowledge be more, it is much darken'd in your malice.

Lucio. Sir, I know him, and I love him.

Duke. Love talks with better knowledge, and knowledge with dearer love.

Lucio. Come, sir, I know what I know.

Duke. I can hardly believe that, since you know not what you speak. But, if ever the duke return, (as our prayers are he may,) let me desire you to make your answer before him : If it be honest you have spoke, you have courage to maintain it : I am bound to call upon you ; and, I pray you, your name ?

Lucio. Sir, my name is Lucio ; well known to the duke.

Duke. He shall know you better, sir, if I may live to report you.

Lucio. I fear you not.

Duke. O, you hope the duke will return no more ; or you imagine me too unhurtful an opposite. But, indeed, I can do you little harm : you'll forswear this again.

Lucio. I'll be hang'd first: thou art deceived in me, friar. But no more of this: Canst thou tell, if Claudio die to-morrow, or no?

Duke. Why should he die, sir?

Lucio. Why? for filling a bottle with a tun-dish. I would, the duke, we talk of, were return'd again: this ungenitur'd agent will unpeople the province with continency; sparrows must not build in his house-eaves, because they are lecherous. The duke yet would have dark deeds darkly answer'd; he would never bring them to light: would he were return'd! Marry, this Claudio is condemn'd for untrussing. Farewell, good friar; I pr'y-thee, pray for me. The duke, I say to thee again, would eat mutton on Fridays. He's now past it; yet, and I say to thee, he would mouth with a beggar, though she smelt brown bread and garlick: say, that I said so. Farewell.

[Exit.]

Duke. No might nor greatness in mortality
Can censure 'scape; back-wounding calumny
The whitest virtue strikes: What king so strong,
Can tie the gall up in the slanderous tongue?
But who comes here?

Enter ESCALUS, Provost, Bawd, and Officers.

Escal. Go, away with her to prison.

Bawd. Good my lord, be good to me; your honour is accounted a merciful man: good my lord.

Escal. Double and treble admonition, and still forfeit in the same kind? This would make mercy swear, and play the tyrant.

Prov. A bawd of eleven years continuance, may it please your honour.

Bawd. My lord, this is one Lucio's information against me;

me: mistress Kate Keep-down was with child by him in the duke's time, he promised her marriage; his child is a year and a quarter old, come Philip and Jacob: I have kept it myself; and see how he goes about to abuse me.

Escal. That fellow is a fellow of much licence:—let him be called before us.—Away with her to prison: Go to; no more words. [*Exeunt Bawd and Officers.*] Provost, my brother Angelo will not be alter'd, Claudio must die to-morrow: let him be furnished with divines, and have all charitable preparation: if my brother wrought by my pity, it should not be so with him.

Prov. So please you, this friar hath been with him, and advised him for the entertainment of death.

Escal. Good even, good father.

Duke. Bliss and goodness on you!

Escal. Of whence are you?

Duke. Not of this country, though my chance is now
To use it for my time: I am a brother
Of gracious order, late come from the see,
In special business from his holiness.

Escal. What news abroad i' the world?

Duke. None, but that there is so great a fever on goodness, that the dissolution of it must cure it: novelty is only in request; and it is as dangerous to be aged in any kind of course, as it is virtuous to be constant in any undertaking. There is scarce truth enough alive, to make societies secure; but security enough, to make fellowships accurs'd: much upon this riddle runs the wisdom of the world. This news is old enough, yet it is every day's news. I pray you, sir, of what disposition was the duke?

Escal. One, that, above all other strifes, contended especially to know himself.

Duke. What pleasure was he given to ?

Escal. Rather rejoicing to see another merry, than merry at any thing which profess'd to make him rejoice : a gentleman of all temperance. But leave we him to his events, with a prayer they may prove prosperous ; and let me desire to know how you find Claudio prepared. I am made to understand, that you have lent him visitation.

Duke. He professes to have received no sinister measure from his judge, but most willingly humbles himself to the determination of justice : yet had he framed to himself, by the instruction of his frailty, many deceiving promises of life ; which I, by my good leisure, have discredited to him, and now is he resolved to die.

Escal. You have paid the heavens your function, and the prisoner the very debt of your calling. I have labour'd for the poor gentleman, to the extremest shore of my modesty ; but my brother justice have I found so severe, that he hath forced me to tell him, he is indeed—justice.

Duke. If his own life answer the straitness of his proceeding, it shall become him well ; wherein if he chance to fail, he hath sentenced himself.

Escal. I am going to visit the prisoner : Fare you well.

Duke. Peace be with you !

[*Exeunt ESCALUS and Provost.*]

He, who the sword of heaven will bear,
Should be as holy as severe :
Pattern in himself to know,
Grace to stand, and virtue go ;
More nor less to others paying,
Than by self-offences weighing.
Shame to him, whose cruel striking
Kills for faults of his own liking !

Twice

Twice treble shame on Angelo,
To weed my vice, and let his grow !
O, what may man within him hide,
Though angel on the outward side !
How may likeness, made in crimes,
Making practice on the times,
Draw with idle spiders' strings
Most pond'rous and substantial things !
Craft against vice I must apply :
With Angelo to-night shall lie
His old betrothed, but despis'd ;
So disguise shall, by the disguis'd,
Pay with falshood false exacting,
And perform an old contracting.

[Exit.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Room in Mariana's House.

MARIANA discovered sitting; a Boy singing.

S O N G.

*Take, oh take those lips away,
That so sweetly were forsworn ;
And those eyes, the break of day,
Lights that do mislead the morn :
But my kisses bring again,
bring again,
Seals of love, but seal'd in vain,
seal'd in vain.*

Mari. Break off thy song, and haste thee quick aw
Here comes a man of comfort, whose advice
Hath often still'd my brawling discontent.— [*Exit*

Enter Duke.

I cry you mercy, sir; and well could wish
You had not found me here so musical:
Let me excuse me, and believe me so,—
My mirth it much displeas'd, but pleas'd my woe.

Duke. 'Tis good : though musick oft hath such a ch
To make bad, good, and good provoke to harm.
I pray you, tell me, hath any body inquired for me
to-day ? much upon this time have I promis'd he
meet.

Mari. You have not been inquired after: I have sat here all day.

Enter ISABELLA.

Duke. I do constantly believe you:—The time is come, even now. I shall crave your forbearance a little; may be, I will call upon you anon, for some advantage to yourself.

Mari. I am always bound to you.

[*Exit.*

Duke. Very well met, and welcome.

What is the news from this good deputy?

Ifab. He hath a garden circummur'd with brick,
Whose western side is with a vineyard back'd;
And to that vineyard is a planced gate,
That makes his opening with this bigger key:
This other doth command a little door,
Which from the vineyard to the garden leads;
There have I made my promise to call on him,
Upon the heavy middle of the night.

Duke. But shall you on your knowledge find this way?

Ifab. I have ta'en a due and wary note upon't;
With whispering and most guilty diligence,
In action all of precept, he did show me
The way twice o'er.

Duke. Are there no other tokens
Between you 'greed, concerning her observance?

Ifab. No, none, but only a repair i' the dark;
And that I have possess'd him, my most stay
Can be but brief: for I have made him know,
I have a servant comes with me along,
That stays upon me; whose persuasion is,
I come about my brother.

Duke.

'Tis well borne up.

I have

I have not yet made known to Mariana
A word of this:—What, ho! within! come forth!

Re-enter MARIANA.

I pray you, be acquainted with this maid;
She comes to do you good.

Ifab. I do desire the like.

Duke. Do you persuade yourself that I respect you?

Mari. Good friar, I know you do; and have found it.

Duke. Take then this your companion by the hand,
Who hath a story ready for your ear:
I shall attend your leisure; but make haste;
The vaporous night approaches.

Mari. Will't please you walk aside?

[Exeunt MARIANA and ISABELLA.]

Duke. O place and greatness, millions of false eyes
Are stuck upon thee! volumes of report
Run with these false and most contrarious quests
Upon thy doings! thousand 'scapes of wit
Make thee the father of their idle dream,
And rack thee in their fancies!—Welcome! How agreed?

Re-enter MARIANA and ISABELLA.

Ifab. She'll take the enterprize upon her, father,
If you advise it.

Duke. It is not my consent,
But my intreaty too.

Ifab. Little have you to say,
When you depart from him, but, soft and low,
Remember now my brother.

Mari. Fear me not.

Duke. Nor, gentle daughter, fear you not at all;

He

He is your husband on a pre-contract :
To bring you thus together, 'tis no sin ;
Sith that the justice of your title to him
Doth flourish the deceit. Come, let us go ;
Our corn's to reap, for yet our tithe's to sow. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

A Room in the Prison.

Enter Provost and Clown.

Prov. Come hither, firrah : Can you cut off a man's head ?

Clo. If the man be a bachelor, fir, I can : but if he be a married man, he is his wife's head, and I can never cut off a woman's head.

Prov. Come, fir, leave me your snatches, and yield me a direct answer. To-morrow morning are to die Claudio and Barnardine : Here is in our prison a common executioner, who in his office lacks a helper : if you will take it on you to assist him, it shall redeem you from your gyves ; if not, you shall have your full time of imprisonment, and your deliverance with an unpitied whipping ; for you have been a notorious bawd.

Clo. Sir, I have been an unlawful bawd, time out of mind ; but yet I will be content to be a lawful hangman. I would be glad to receive some instruction from my fellow partner.

Prov. What ho, Abhorson ! Where's Abhorson, there ?

Enter ABHORSON.

Abbor. Do you call, fir ?

Prov.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

Prov. Sirrah, here's a fellow will help you to-morrow in your execution : If you think it meet, compound with him by the year, and let him abide here with you ; if not, use him for the present, and dismiss him : He can plead his estimation with you ; he hath been a bawd.

Abhor. A bawd, sir ? Fie upon him, he will discover our mystery.

Prov. Go to, sir ; you weigh equally ; a feather will turn the scale. [Exit]

Clo. Pray, sir, by your good favour, (for, surely, sir, a good favour you have, but that you have a hanging look,) do you call, sir, your occupation a mystery ?

Abhor. Ay, sir ; a mystery.

Clo. Painting, sir, I have heard say, is a mystery ; and your whores, sir, being members of my occupation, using painting, do prove my occupation a mystery : but what mystery there should be in hanging, if I should be hang'd, I cannot imagine.

Abhor. Sir, it is a mystery.

Clo. Proof.

Abhor. Every true man's apparel fits your thief : If it be too little for your thief, your true man thinks it big enough ; if it be too big for your thief, your thief thinks it little enough : so every true man's apparel fits your thief.

Re-enter Provost.

Prov. Are you agreed ?

Clo. Sir, I will serve him ; for I do find, your hangman is a more penitent trade than your bawd ; he doth oftner ask forgiveness.

Prov. You, sirrah, provide your block and your axe, to-morrow four o'clock.

Abhor.

Abbor. Come on, bawd; I will instruct thee in my trade; follow.

Clo. I do desire to learn, fir; and, I hope, if you have occasion to use me for your own turn, you shall find me yare: for, truly fir, for your kindness, I owe you a good turn.

Prov. Call hither Barnardine and Claudio:

[*Exeunt Clown and ABHORSON.*]

One has my pity; not a jot the other,
Being a murderer, though he were my brother.

Enter CLAUDIO.

Look, here's the warrant, Claudio, for thy death:
'Tis now dead midnight, and by eight to-morrow
Thou must be made immortal. Where's Barnardine?

Claud. As fast lock'd up in sleep, as guiltless labour
When it lies starkly in the traveller's bones:
He will not wake.

Prov. Who can do good on him?

Well, go, prepare yourself. But hark, what noise?

[*Knocking within.*]

Heaven give your spirits comfort! [*Exit CLAUDIO.*] By
and by:—

I hope it is some pardon, or reprieve,
For the most gentle Claudio.—Welcome, father.

Enter Duke.

Duke. The best and wholesomest spirits of the night
Envelop you, good Provost! Who call'd here of late?

Prov. None, since the curfew rung.

Duke. Not Isabel?

Prov. No.

Duke. They will then, ere't be long.

Prov. What comfort is for Claudio?

Duke. There's some in hope.

Prov. It is a bitter deputy.

Duke. Not so, not so; his life is parallel'd
Even with the stroke and line of his great justice;
He doth with holy abstinence subdue
That in himself, which he spurs on his power
To qualify in others: were he meal'd
With that which he corrects, then were he tyrannous;
But this being so, he's just.—Now are they come.—

[*Knocking within.*—*Provost goes out.*]

This is a gentle provost: Seldom, when
The steel'd gaoler is the friend of men.—
How now? What noise? That spirit's possess'd with
haste,
That wounds the unliking postern with these strokes.

Provost returns, speaking to one at the door.

Prov. There he must stay, until the officer
Arise to let him in; he is call'd up.

Duke. Have you no countermand for Claudio yet,
But he must die to-morrow?

Prov. None, sir, none.

Duke. As near the dawning, Provost, as it is,
You shall hear more ere morning.

Prov. Happily,
You something know; yet, I believe, there comes
No countermand; no such example have we:
Besides, upon the very siege of justice,
Lord Angelo hath to the publick ear
Profess'd the contrary.

Enter

Enter a Messenger.

Duke. This is his lordship's man.

Prov. And here comes Claudio's pardon.

Mess. My lord hath sent you this note ; and by me this further charge, that you swerve not from the smallest article of it, neither in time, matter, or other circumstance. Good morrow ; for, as I take it, it is almost day.

Prov. I shall obey him. [Exit Messenger.]

Duke. This is his pardon ; purchas'd by such sin, [*Aside.* For which the pardoner himself is in : Hence hath offence his quick celerity, When it is borne in high authority : When vice makes mercy, mercy's so extended, That for the fault's love, is the offender friended.— Now, sir, what news ?

Prov. I told you : Lord Angelo, be-like, thinking me remiss in mine office, awakens me with this unwonted putting on : methinks, strangely ; for he hath not used it before.

Duke. Pray you, let's hear.

Prov. [*Reads.*] *Whatsoever you may bear to the contrary, let Claudio be executed by four of the clock ; and, in the afternoon, Barnardine : for my better satisfaction, let me have Claudio's head sent me by five. Let this be duly perform'd ; with a thought, that more depends on it than we must yet deliver. Thus fail not to do your office, as you will answer it at your peril.*

What say you to this, sir ?

Duke. What is that Barnardine, who is to be executed in the afternoon ?

Prov. A Bohemian born ; but here nursed up and bred : one that is a prisoner nine years old.

Duke. How came it, that the absent duke had not either deliver'd him to his liberty, or executed him? I have heard, it was ever his manner to do so.

Prov. His friends still wrought reprieves for him: And, indeed, his fact, till now in the government of lord Angelo, came not to an undoubtful proof.

Duke. Is it now apparent?

Prov. Most manifest, and not denied by himself.

Duke. Hath he borne himself penitently in prison? How seems he to be touch'd?

Prov. A man that apprehends death no more dreadfully, but as a drunken sleep; careless, reckless, and fearless of what's past, present, or to come; insensible of mortality, and desperately mortal.

Duke. He wants advice.

Prov. He will hear none: he hath evermore had the liberty of the prison; give him leave to escape hence, he would not: drunk many times a day, if not many days entirely drunk. We have very often awaked him, as if to carry him to execution, and show'd him a seeming warrant for it: it hath not moved him at all.

Duke. More of him anon. There is written in your brow, Provost, honesty and constancy: if I read it not truly, my ancient skill beguiles me; but in the boldness of my cunning, I will lay myself in hazard. Claudio, whom here you have a warrant to execute, is no greater forfeit to the law than Angelo who hath sentenced him: To make you understand this in a manifested effect, I crave but four days respite; for the which you are to do me both a present and a dangerous courtesy.

Prov. Pray, sir, in what?

Duke. In the delaying death.

Prov. Alack! how may I do it? having the hour limited; and an express command, under penalty, to deliver

liver his head in the view of Angelo? I may make my case as Claudio's, to cross this in the smallest.

Duke. By the vow of mine order, I warrant you, if my instructions may be your guide. Let this Barnardine be this morning executed, and his head borne to Angelo.

Prov. Angelo hath seen them both, and will discover the favour.

Duke. O, death's a great disguiser: and you may add to it. Shave the head, and tie the beard; and say, it was the desire of the penitent to be so bared before his death: You know, the course is common. If any thing fall to you upon this, more than thanks and good fortune, by the saint whom I profess, I will plead against it with my life.

Prov. Pardon me, good father; it is against my oath.

Duke. Were you sworn to the duke, or to the deputy?

Prov. To him, and to his substitutes.

Duke. You will think you have made no offence, if the duke avouch the justice of your dealing?

Prov. But what likelihood is in that?

Duke. Not a resemblance, but a certainty. Yet since I see you fearful, that neither my coat, integrity, nor my persuasion, can with ease attempt you, I will go further than I meant, to pluck all fears out of you. Look you, sir, here is the hand and seal of the duke. You know the character, I doubt not; and the signet is not strange to you.

Prov. I know them both.

Duke. The contents of this is the return of the duke; you shall anon over-read it at your pleasure; where you shall find, within these two days he will be here. This is a thing, that Angelo knows not: for he this very day receives letters of strange tenor; perchance, of the duke's death; perchance, entering into some monastery; but,

by chance, nothing of what is writ. Look, the unfolding star calls up the shepherd : Put not yourself into amazement, how these things should be : all difficulties are but easy when they are known. Call your executioner, and off with Barnardine's head : I will give him a present shrift, and advise him for a better place. Yet you are amazed ; but this shall absolutely resolve you. Come away ; it is almost clear dawn. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

Another Room in the same.

Enter Clown.

Clo. I am as well acquainted here, as I was in our house of profession : one would think, it were mistress Overdone's own house, for here be many of her old customers. First, here's young master Rash ; he's in for a commodity of brown paper and old ginger, ninescore and seventeen pounds ; of which he made five marks, ready money : marry, then, ginger was not much in request, for the old women were all dead. Then is there here one master Caper, at the suit of master Three-pile the mercer, for some four suits of peach-colour'd satin, which now peaches him a beggar. Then have we here young Dizzy, and young master Deep-vow, and master Copper-spur, and master Starve-lacky the rapier and dagger-man, and young Drop-heir that kill'd lusty Pudding, and master Forthright the tilter, and brave master Shoe-tye the great traveller, and wild Half-can that stabb'd Pots, and, I think, forty more ; all great doers in our trade, and are now for the Lord's sake.

Enter

Enter ABHORSON.

Abbor. Sirrah, bring Barnardine hither.

Clo. Master Barnardine! you must rise and be hang'd, master Barnardine!

Abbor. What, ho, Barnardine!

Barnar. [*Within.*] A pox o' your throats! Who makes that noise there? What are you?

Clo. Your friends, sir; the hangman: You must be so good, sir, to rise and be put to death.

Barnar. [*Within.*] Away, you rogue, away; I am sleepy.

Abbor. Tell him, he must awake, and that quickly too.

Clo. Pray, master Barnardine, awake till you are executed, and sleep afterwards.

Abbor. Go in to him, and fetch him out.

Clo. He is coming, sir, he is coming: I hear his straw rustle.

Enter BARNARDINE.

Abbor. Is the axe upon the block, sirrah?

Clo. Very ready, sir.

Barnar. How now, Abhorson? what's the news with you?

Abbor. Truly, sir, I would desire you to clap into your prayers; for, look you, the warrant's come.

Barnar. You rogue, I have been drinking all night, I am not fitted for't.

Clo. O, the better, sir; for he that drinks all night, and is hang'd betimes in the morning, may sleep the sounder all the next day.

Enter Duke.

Abhor. Look you, sir, here comes your ghostly father;
Do we jest now, think you?

Duke. Sir, induced by my charity, and hearing how
hastily you are to depart, I am come to advise you, com-
fort you, and pray with you.

Barnar. Friar, not I; I have been drinking hard all
night, and I will have more time to prepare me, or they
shall beat out my brains with billets: I will not consent
to die this day, that's certain.

Duke. O, sir, you must: and therefore, I beseech you,
Look forward on the journey you shall go.

Barnar. I swear, I will not die to-day for any man's
persuasion.

Duke. But hear you,——

Barnar. Not a word; if you have any thing to say to
me, come to my ward; for thence will not I to-day.

[*Exit.*

Enter Provost.

Duke. Unfit to live, or die: O, gravel heart!—
After him, fellows; bring him to the block.

[*Exeunt ABHORSON and Clown.*

Prov. Now, sir, how do you find the prisoner?

Duke. A creature unprepar'd, unmeet for death;
And, to transport him in the mind he is,
Were damnable.

Prov. Here in the prison, father,
There died this morning of a cruel fever
One Ragozine, a most notorious pirate,
A man of Claudio's years; his beard, and head,

Just

Just of his colour: What if we do omit
This reprobate, till he were well inclin'd;
And satisfy the deputy with the visage
Of Ragozine, more like to Claudio?

Duke. O, 'tis an accident that heaven provides!
Despatch it presently; the hour draws on
Prefix'd by Angelo: See, this be done,
And sent according to command; whiles I
Persuade this rude wretch willingly to die.

Prov. This shall be done, good father, presently.
But Barnardine must die this afternoon:
And how shall we continue Claudio,
To save me from the danger that might come,
If he were known alive?

Duke. Let this be done;—Put them in secret holds,
Both Barnardine and Claudio: Ere twice
The sun hath made his journal greeting to
The under generation, you shall find
Your safety manifested.

Prov. I am your free dependant.

Duke. Quick, despatch,
And send the head to Angelo. [Exit Provost.
Now will I write letters to Angelo,—
The provost, he shall bear them,—whose contents
Shall witness to him, I am near at home;
And that, by great injunctions, I am bound
To enter publickly: him I'll desire
To meet me at the consecrated fount,
A league below the city; and from thence,
By cold gradation and weal-balanced form,
We shall proceed with Angelo.

Re-enter Provost.

Prov. Here is the head ; I'll carry it myself.

Duke. Convenient is it : Make a swift return ;
For I would commune with you of such things,
That want no ear but yours.

Prov. I'll make all speed. [*Exit.*

Isab. [*Within.*] Peace, ho, be here !

Duke. The tongue of Isabel :—She's come to know,
If yet her brother's pardon be come hither ;
But I will keep her ignorant of her good,
To make her heavenly comforts of despair,
When it is least expected.

Enter ISABELLA.

Isab. Ho, by your leave.

Duke. Good morning to you, fair and gracious daughter.

Isab. The better, given me by so holy a man.
Hath yet the deputy sent my brother's pardon ?

Duke. He hath releas'd him, Isabel, from the world ;
His head is off, and sent to Angelo.

Isab. Nay, but it is not so.

Duke. It is no other :
Show your wisdom, daughter, in your close patience.

Isab. O, I will to him, and pluck out his eyes.

Duke. You shall not be admitted to his sight.

Isab. Unhappy Claudio ! Wretched Isabel !
Injurious world ! Most damned Angelo !

Duke. This nor hurts him, nor profits you a jot ;
Forbear it therefore ; give your cause to heaven.
Mark what I say ; which you shall find,

By

By every syllable, a faithful verity :
 The duke comes home to-morrow ;—nay, dry your eyes ;
 One of our convent, and his confessor,
 Gives me this instance: Already he hath carried
 Notice to Escalus and Angelo ;
 Who do prepare to meet him at the gates,
 There to give up their power. If you can, pace your wisdom
 In that good path that I would wish it go ;
 And you shall have your bosom on this wretch,
 Grace of the duke, revenges to your heart,
 And general honour.

Isab. I am directed by you.

Duke. This letter then to friar Peter give ;
 'Tis he that sent me of the duke's return :
 Say, by this token, I desire his company
 At Mariana's house to-night. Her cause, and yours,
 I'll perfect him withal ; and he shall bring you
 Before the duke ; and to the head of Angelo
 Accuse him home, and home. For my poor self,
 I am combined by a sacred vow,
 And shall be absent. Wend you with this letter :
 Command these fretting waters from your eyes
 With a light heart ; trust not my holy order,
 If I pervert your course.—Who's here ?

Enter LUCIO.

Lucio.

Good even !

Friar, where is the Provost ?

Duke.

Not within, sir.

Lucio. O, pretty Isabella, I am pale at mine heart, to
 see thine eyes so red : thou must be patient : I am fain to
 dine and sup with water and bran ; I dare not for my
 head fill my belly ; one fruitful meal would set me to't :

But

But they say the duke will be here to-morrow. By my troth, Isabel, I lov'd thy brother: if the old fantastical duke of dark corners had been at home, he had lived.

[Exit ISABELLA.]

Duke. Sir, the duke is marvellous little beholden to your reports; but the best is, he lives not in them.

Lucio. Friar, thou knowest not the duke so well as I do: he's a better woodman than thou takest him for.

Duke. Well, you'll answer this one day. Fare ye well.

Lucio. Nay, tarry; I'll go along with thee; I can tell thee pretty tales of the duke.

Duke. You have told me too many of him already, sir, if they be true; if not true, none were enough.

Lucio. I was once before him for getting a wench with child.

Duke. Did you such a thing?

Lucio. Yes, marry, did I: but was fain to forswear it; they would else have married me to the rotten medlar.

Duke. Sir, your company is fairer than honest: Rest you well.

Lucio. By my troth, I'll go with thee to the lane's end: If bawdy talk offend you, we'll have very little of it: Nay, friar, I am a kind of burr, I shall stick. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.

A Room in Angelo's House.

Enter ANGELO and ESCALUS.

Escal. Every letter he hath writ hath disvouch'd other.

Ang. In most uneven and distracted manner. His actions show much like to madness: pray heaven, his wisdom

wisdom be not tainted ! And why meet him at the gates, and re-deliver our authorities there ?

Escal. I guess not.

Ang. And why should we proclaim it in an hour before his entering, that, if any crave redress of injustice, they should exhibit their petitions in the street ?

Escal. He shows his reason for that : to have a despatch of complaints ; and to deliver us from devices hereafter, which shall then have no power to stand against us.

Ang. Well, I beseech you, let it be proclaim'd :
Betimes i' the morn, I'll call you at your house :
Give notice to such men of sort and suit,
As are to meet him.

Escal. I shall, sir : fare you well. [*Exit.*]

Ang. Good night.—

This deed unshapes me quite, makes me unpregnant,
And dull to all proceedings. A deflower'd maid !
And by an eminent body, that enforc'd
The law against it !—But that her tender shame
Will not proclaim against her maiden loss,
How might she tongue me ? Yet reason dares her ?—no :
For my authority bears a credent bulk,
That no particular scandal once can touch,
But it confounds the breather. He should have liv'd,
Save that his riotous youth, with dangerous sense,
Might, in the times to come, have ta'en revenge,
By so receiving a dishonour'd life,
With ransom of such shame. 'Would yet he had liv'd !
Alack, when once our grace we have forgot,
Nothing goes right ; we would, and we would not. [*Exit.*]

SCENE

SCENE V.

Fields without the Town.

Enter Duke in his own habit, and Friar PETER.

Duke. These letters at fit time deliver me.

[Giving letters.]

The provost knows our purpose, and our plot.
The matter being afoot, keep your instruction,
And hold you ever to our special drift;
Though sometimes you do blench from this to that,
As cause doth minister. Go, call at Flavius' house,
And tell him where I stay: give the like notice,
To Valentinus, Rowland, and to Crassus,
And bid them bring the trumpets to the gate;
But send me Flavius first.

F. Peter.

It shall be speeded well.

[Exit Friar.]

Enter VARRIUS.

Duke. I thank thee, Varrius; thou hast made good
haste:

Come, we will walk: There's other of our friends
Will greet us here anon, my gentle Varrius. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE

SCENE VI.

Street near the City Gate.

Enter ISABELLA and MARIANA.

Ifab. To speak so indirectly, I am loth ;
I would say the truth ; but to accuse him so,
That is your part : yet I'm advis'd to do it ;
He says, to veil full purpose.

Mari. Be rul'd by him.

Ifab. Besides, he tells me, that, if peradventure
He speak against me on the adverse side,
I should not think it strange ; for 'tis a physick,
That's bitter to sweet end.

Mari. I would, friar Peter—

Ifab. O, peace ; the friar is come.

Enter Friar PETER.

F. Peter. Come, I have found you out a stand most fit,
Where you may have such vantage on the duke,
He shall not pass you : Twice have the trumpets sounded ;
The generous and gravest citizens
Have hent the gates, and very near upon
'The duke is ent'ring ; therefore hence, away. [*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT V. SCENE I.

A publick Place near the City Gate.

MARIANA (*veil'd*), ISABELLA, and PETER, *at a distance.*
Enter at opposite doors, Duke, VARRIUS, Lords; ANGELO, ESCALUS, LUCIO, Provost, Officers, and Citizens.

Duke. My very worthy cousin, fairly met :—
Our old and faithful friend, we are glad to see you.

Ang. and Escal. Happy return be to your royal grace!

Duke. Many and hearty thankings to you both.
We have made inquiry of you; and we hear
Such goodness of your justice, that our soul
Cannot but yield you forth to publick thanks,
For e-running more requital.

Ang. You make my bonds still greater.

Duke. O, your desert speaks loud; and I should wrong it,
To lock it in the wards of covert bosom,
When it deserves with characters of brass
A fortified residence, 'gainst the tooth of time,
And rasure of oblivion: Give me your hand,
And let the subject see, to make them know
That outward courtesies would fain proclaim
Favours that keep within.—Come, Escalus;
You must walk by us on our other hand;—
And good supporters are you.

PETER and ISABELLA *come forward,*

F. Peter. Now is your time; speak loud, and kneel
before him.

Isab.

Isab. Justice, O royal Duke ! Vail your regard
Upon a wrong'd, I'd fain have said, a maid !
O worthy prince, dishonour not your eye
By throwing it on any other object,
Till you have heard me in my true complaint,
And given me justice, justice, justice, justice !

Duke. Relate your wrongs : In what ? By whom ? Be
brief :

Here is lord Angelo shall give you justice ;
Reveal yourself to him.

Isab. O, worthy duke,
You bid me seek redemption of the devil :
Hear me yourself ; for that which I must speak
Must either punish me, not being believ'd,
Or wring redress from you : hear me, O, hear me, here.

Ang. My lord, her wits, I fear me, are not firm :
She hath been a suitor to me for her brother,
Cut off by course of justice.

Isab. By course of justice !

Ang. And she will speak most bitterly, and strange.

Isab. Most strange, but yet most truly, will I speak :
That Angelo's forsworn ; is it not strange ?
That Angelo's a murderer ; is't not strange ?
That Angelo is an adulterous thief,
An hypocrite, a virgin-violator ;
Is it not strange, and strange ?

Duke. Nay, it is ten times strange.

Isab. It is not truer he is Angelo,
Than this is all as true as it is strange :
Nay, it is ten times true ; for truth is truth
To the end of reckoning.

Duke. Away with her :—Poor soul,
She speaks this in the infirmity of sense.

Isab. O prince, I conjure thee, as thou believ'st

There is another comfort than this world,
 That thou neglect me not, with that opinion
 That I am touch'd with madness: make not impossible
 That which but seems unlike: 'tis not impossible,
 But one, the wicked'st caitiff on the ground,
 May seem as shy, as grave, as just, as absolute,
 As Angelo; even so may Angelo,
 In all his dressings, characts, titles, forms,
 Be an arch-villain: believe it, royal prince,
 If he be less, he's nothing; but he's more,
 Had I more name for badness.

Duke.

By mine honesty,

If she be mad, (as I believe no other,)
 Her madness hath the oddest frame of sense,
 Such a dependency of thing on thing,
 As e'er I heard in madness.

Isab.

O, gracious duke,

Harp not on that; nor do not banish reason
 For inequality: but let your reason serve
 To make the truth appear, where it seems hid;
 And hide the false, seems true.

Duke.

Many that are not mad,

Have, sure, more lack of reason.—What would you say?

Isab. I am the sister of one Claudio,

Condemn'd upon the act of fornication
 To lose his head; condemn'd by Angelo:
 I, in probation of a sisterhood,
 Was sent to by my brother: One Lucio
 As then the messenger;—

Lucio.

That's I, an't like your grace:

I came to her from Claudio, and desir'd her
 To try her gracious fortune with lord Angelo,
 For her poor brother's pardon.

Isab.

That's he, indeed.

Duke. You were not bid to speak.

Lucio. No, my good lord;

Nor wish'd to hold my peace.

Duke. I wish you now then;

Pray you, take note of it: and when you have

A business for yourself, pray heaven, you then

Be perfect.

Lucio. I warrant your honour.

Duke. The warrant's for yourself; take heed to it.

Isab. This gentleman told somewhat of my tale.

Lucio. Right.

Duke. It may be right; but you are in the wrong
To speak before your time.—Proceed.

Isab. I went

To this pernicious caitiff deputy.

Duke. That's somewhat madly spoken.

Isab. Pardon it;

The phrase is to the matter.

Duke. Mended again: the matter;—Proceed.

Isab. In brief,—to set the needless process by,

How I persuaded, how I pray'd, and kneel'd,

How he refus'd me, and how I reply'd;

(For this was of much length,) the vile conclusion

I now begin with grief and shame to utter:

He would not, but by gift of my chaste body

To his concupiscible intemperate lust,

Release my brother; and, after much debatement,

My sisterly remorse confutes mine honour,

And I did yield to him: But the next morn betimes,

His purpose surfeiting, he sends a warrant

For my poor brother's head.

Duke. This is most likely!

Isab. O, that it were as like, as it is true!

Duke. By heaven, fond wretch, thou know'st not what
 thou speak'st;
 Or else thou art suborn'd against his honour,
 In hateful practice: First, his integrity
 Stands without blemish:—next, it imports no reason,
 That with such vehemency he should pursue
 Faults proper to himself: if he had so offended,
 He would have weigh'd thy brother by himself,
 And not have cut him off: Some one hath set you on;
 Confess the truth, and say by whose advice
 Thou can'st here to complain.

Isab. And is this all?
 Then, oh, you blessed ministers above,
 Keep me in patience; and, with ripen'd time,
 Unfold the evil which is here wrapt up
 In countenance!—Heaven shield your grace from woe,
 As I, thus wrong'd, hence unbeliev'd go!

Duke. I know, you'd fain be gone:—An officer!
 To prison with her:—Shall we thus permit
 A blasting and a scandalous breath to fall
 On him so near us? This needs must be a practice.
 —Who knew of your intent and coming hither?

Isab. One that I would were here, friar Lodowick.

Duke. A ghostly father, belike:—Who knows that
 Lodowick?

Lucio. My lord, I know him; 'tis a meddling friar;
 I do not like the man: had he been lay, my lord,
 For certain words he spake against your grace
 In your retirement, I had swing'd him soundly.

Duke. Words against me? This a good friar, belike!
 And to set on this wretched woman here
 Against our substitute!—Let this friar be found.

Lucio. But yesternight, my lord, she and that friar

I saw them at the prison : a sawcy friar,
A very scurvy fellow.

F. Peter. Blessed be your royal grace !
I have stood by, my lord, and I have heard
Your royal ear abus'd : First, hath this woman
Most wrongfully accus'd your substitute ;
Who is as free from touch or soil with her,
As she from one ungot.

Duke. We did believe no less.
Know you the friar Lodowick, that she speaks of ?

F. Peter. I know him for a man divine and holy ;
Not scurvy, nor a temporary medler,
As he's reported by this gentleman ;
And, on my trust, a man that never yet
Did, as he vouches, misreport your grace.

Lucio. My lord, most villainously ; believe it.

F. Peter. Well, he in time may come to clear himself ;
But at this instant he is sick, my lord,
Of a strange fever : Upon his mere request,
(Being come to knowledge that there was complaint
Intended 'gainst lord Angelo,) came I hither,
To speak, as from his mouth, what he doth know
Is true, and false ; and what he with his oath,
And all probation, will make up full clear,
Whensoever he's convented. First, for this woman ;
(To justify this worthy nobleman,
So vulgarly and personally accus'd,)
Her shall you hear disproved to her eyes,
Till she herself confess it.

Duke. Good friar, let's hear it.

[*ISABELLA is carried off, guarded ; and MARIANA
comes forward.*]

Do you not smile at this, lord Angelo ?—
O heaven ! the vanity of wretched fools !—

Give us some seats.—Come, cousin Angelo;
 In this I'll be impartial; be you judge
 Of your own cause.—Is this the witness, friar?
 First, let her show her face; and, after, speak.

Mari. Pardon, my lord; I will not show my face,
 Until my husband bid me.

Duke. What, are you married?

Mari. No, my lord.

Duke. Are you a maid?

Mari. No, my lord.

Duke. A widow then?

Mari. Neither, my lord.

Duke. Why, you
 Are nothing then;—Neither maid, widow, nor wife?

Lucio. My lord, she may be a punk; for many of them
 are neither maid, widow, nor wife.

Duke. Silence that fellow; I would, he had some cause
 To prattle for himself.

Lucio. Well, my lord.

Mari. My lord, I do confess I ne'er was married;
 And, I confess, besides, I am no maid:
 I have known my husband; yet my husband knows not,
 That ever he knew me.

Lucio. He was drunk then, my lord; it can be no bet-
 ter.

Duke. For the benefit of silence, 'would thou wert so
 too.

Lucio. Well, my lord.

Duke. This is no witness for lord Angelo.

Mari. Now I come to't, my lord:
 She, that accuses him of fornication,
 In self-same manner doth accuse my husband;
 And charges him, my lord, with such a time,

When I'll depose I had him in mine arms,
With all the effect of love.

Ang. Charges she more than me?

Mari. Not that I know.

Duke. No? you say, your husband.

Mari. Why, just, my lord, and that is Angelo,
Who thinks, he knows, that he ne'er knew my body,
But knows, he thinks, that he knows Isabel's.

Ang. This is a strange abuse:—Let's see thy face.

Mari. My husband bids me; now I will unmask.

[Unveiling.]

This is that face, thou cruel Angelo,
Which, once thou swor'st, was worth the looking on:
This is the hand, which, with a vow'd contract,
Was fast belock'd in thine: this is the body
That took away the match from Isabel,
And did supply thee at thy garden-house,
In her imagin'd person.

Duke. Know you this woman?

Lucio. Carnally, she says.

Duke. Sirrah, no more.

Lucio. Enough, my lord.

Ang. My lord, I must confess, I know this woman;
And, five years since, there was some speech of marriage
Betwixt myself and her: which was broke off,
Partly, for that her promised proportions
Came short of composition; but, in chief,
For that her reputation was disvalued
levity: since which time, of five years,
ever spake with her, saw her, nor heard from her,
pon my faith and honour.

Mari. Noble prince,

As there comes light from heaven, and words from breath,
As there is sense in truth, and truth in virtue,

I am affianc'd this man's wife, as strongly
 As words could make up vows: and, my good lord,
 But Tuesday night last gone, in his garden-house,
 He knew me as a wife: As this is true,
 Let me in safety raise me from my knees;
 Or else for ever be confix'd here,
 A marble monument!

Ang. I did but smile till now;
 Now, good my lord, give me the scope of justice;
 My patience here is touch'd: I do perceive,
 These poor informal women are no more
 But instruments of some more mightier member,
 That sets them on: Let me have way, my lord,
 To find this practice out.

Duke. Ay, with my heart;
 And punish them unto your height of pleasure.—
 Thou foolish friar; and thou pernicious woman,
 Compáct with her that's gone! think'st thou, thy oaths,
 Though they would swear down each particular saint,
 Were testimonies against his worth and credit,
 That's seal'd in approbation?—You, lord Escalus,
 Sit with my cousin; lend him your kind pains
 To find out this abuse, whence 'tis deriv'd.—
 There is another friar that set them on;
 Let him be sent for.

F. Peter. Would he were here, my lord; for he, indeed,
 Hath set the women on to this complaint:
 Your provost knows the place where he abides,
 And he may fetch him.

Duke. Go, do it instantly.— [*Exit Provost.*]
 And you, my noble and well-warranted cousin,
 Whom it concerns to hear this matter forth,
 Do with your injuries as seems you best,
 In any chastisement: I for a while

Will

Will leave you ; but stir not you, till you have well
Determined upon these slanderers.

Escal. My lord, we'll do it thoroughly.—[*Exit Duke.*]
Signior Lucio, did not you say, you knew that friar Lo-
dowick to be a dishonest person ?

Lucio. *Cucullus non facit monachum* : honest in nothing,
but in his clothes ; and one that hath spoke most villain-
ous speeches of the duke.

Escal. We shall entreat you to abide here till he come,
and enforce them against him : we shall find this friar a
notable fellow.

Lucio. As any in Vienna, on my word.

Escal. Call that same Isabel here once again ; [*To an
Attendant.*] I would speak with her : Pray you, my lord,
give me leave to question ; you shall see how I'll handle
her.

Lucio. Not better than he, by her own report.

Escal. Say you ?

Lucio. Marry, sir, I think, if you handled her pri-
vately, she would sooner confess ; perchance, publicly
she'll be ashamed.

*Re-enter Officers, with ISABELLA ; the Duke, in the
Friar's habit, and Provost.*

Escal. I will go darkly to work with her.

Lucio. That's the way ; for women are light at mid-
night.

Escal. Come on, mistress ; [*To ISABELLA.*] here's a
gentlewoman denies all that you have said.

Lucio. My lord, here comes the rascal I spoke of ; here
with the provost.

Escal. In very good time :—speak not you to him, till
we call upon you.

Lucio. Mum.

Escal. Come, sir: Did you set this woman on to slander lord Angelo? they have confess'd you did.

Duke. 'Tis false.

Escal. How! know you where you are?

Duke. Respect to your great place! and let the devil
Be sometime honour'd for his burning throne:—
Where is the duke? 'tis he should hear me speak.

Escal. The duke's in us; and we will hear you speak:
Look, you speak justly.

Duke. Boldly, at least:—But, O, poor souls,
Come you to seek the lamb here of the fox?
Good night to your redress. Is the duke gone?
Then is your cause gone too. The duke's unjust,
Thus to retort your manifest appeal,
And put your trial in the villain's mouth,
Which here you come to accuse.

Lucio. This is the rascal; this is he I spoke of.

Escal. Why, thou unreverend and unhallow'd friar!
Is't not enough, thou hast suborn'd these women
To accuse this worthy man; but, in foul mouth,
And in the witness of his proper ear,
To call him villain?
And then to glance from him to the duke himself;
To tax him with injustice?—Take him hence;
To the rack with him:—We'll touze you joint by joint,
But we will know this purpose:—What! unjust?

Duke. Be not so hot; the duke
Dare no more stretch this finger of mine, than he
Dare rack his own; his subject am I not,
Nor here provincial: My business in this state
Made me a looker-on here in Vienna,
Where I have seen corruption boil and bubble,
Till it o'er-run the stew: laws, for all faults;

But

But faults so countenanc'd, that the strong statutes
Stand like the forfeits in a barber's shop,
As much in mock as mark.

Escal. Slander to the state! Away with him to prison.

Ang. What can you vouch against him, signior Lucio?
Is this the man that you did tell us of?

Lucio. 'Tis he, my lord. Come hither, goodman bald-
pate: Do you know me?

Duke. I remember you, sir, by the sound of your voice:
I met you at the prison, in the absence of the duke.

Lucio. O, did you so? And do you remember what you
said of the duke?

Duke. Most notably, sir.

Lucio. Do you so, sir? And was the duke a flesh-mon-
ger, a fool, and a coward, as you then reported him
to be?

Duke. You must, sir, change persons with me, ere you
make that my report: you, indeed, spoke so of him; and
much more, much worse.

Lucio. O thou damnable fellow! Did not I pluck thee
by the nose, for thy speeches?

Duke. I protest, I love the duke, as I love myself.

Ang. Hark! how the villain would close now, after his
treasonable abuses.

Escal. Such a fellow is not to be talk'd withal:—Away
with him to prison:—Where is the provost?—Away with
him to prison; lay bolts enough upon him: let him speak
no more:—Away with those giglots too, and with the
other confederate companion.

[*The Provost lays hands on the Duke.*]

Duke. Stay, sir; stay a while.

Ang. What! resists he? Help him, Lucio.

Lucio. Come, sir; come, sir; come, sir; foh, sir: Why,
you bald-pated, lying rascal! you must be hooded, must
you?

you? Show your knave's visage, with a pox to you! show your sheep-biting face, and be hang'd an hour! Will't not off? [*Pulls off the friar's hood, and discovers the Duke.*]

Duke. Thou art the first knave, that e'er made a duke.—

First, Provost, let me bail these gentle three:—

Sneak not away, sir; [*To LUCIO.*] for the friar and you Must have a word anon:—lay hold on him.

Lucio. This may prove worse than hanging.

Duke. What you have spoke, I pardon; sit you down.—

[*To ESCALUS.*]

We'll borrow place of him:—Sir, by your leave:

[*To ANGELO.*]

Hast thou or word, or wit, or impudence,
That yet can do thee office? If thou hast,
Rely upon it till my tale be heard,
And hold no longer out.

Ang. O my dread lord,
I should be guiltier than my guiltiness,
To think I can be undiscernable,
When I perceive, your grace, like power divine,
Hath look'd upon my pates: Then, good prince,
No longer session hold upon my shame,
But let my trial be mine own confession;
Immediate sentence then, and sequent death,
Is all the grace I beg.

Duke. Come hither, Mariana:—
Say, wast thou e'er contracted to this woman?

Ang. I was, my lord.

Duke. Go take her hence, and marry her instantly.—
Do you the office, friar; which consummate,
Return him here again:—Go with him, Provost.

[*Exit ANGELO, MARIANA, PETER, and Provost.*]

Escal. My lord, I am more amaz'd at his dishonour,
Than at the strangeness of it.

Duke.

Duke. Come hither, Isabel;
Your friar is now your prince: As I was then
Advertising, and holy to your business,
Not changing heart with habit, I am still
Attorney'd at your service.

Ifab. O, give me pardon,
That I, your vassal, have employ'd and pain'd
Your unknown sovereignty.

Duke. You are pardon'd, Isabel:
And now, dear maid, be you as free to us.
Your brother's death, I know, sits at your heart;
And you may marvel, why I obscur'd myself,
Labouring to save his life; and would not rather
Make rash remonstrance of my hidden power,
Than let him so be lost: O, most kind maid,
It was the swift celerity of his death,
Which I did think with slower foot came on,
That brain'd my purpose: But, peace be with him!
That life is better life, past fearing death,
Than that which lives to fear: make it your comfort,
So happy is your brother.

Re-enter ANGELO, MARIANA, PETER, and Provost.

Ifab. I do, my lord.

Duke. For this new-married man, approaching here,
Whose salt imagination yet hath wrong'd
Your well-defended honour, you must pardon
For Mariana's sake: but as he adjudg'd your brother,
(Being criminal, in double violation
Of sacred chastity, and of promise-breach,
Thereon dependant, for your brother's life,)
The very mercy of the law cries out
Most audible, even from his proper tongue,

An Angelo for Claudio, death for death.

Haste still pays haste, and leisure answers leisure ;
Like doth quit like, and *Measure* still for *Measure*.
Then, Angelo, thy fault's thus manifested ;
Which though thou would'st deny, denies thee vantage :
We do condemn thee to the very block
Where Claudio stoop'd to death, and with like haste ;—
Away with him.

Mari. O, my most gracious lord,
I hope you will not mock me with a husband !

Duke. It is your husband mock'd you with a husband ;
Consenting to the safeguard of your honour,
I thought your marriage fit ; else imputation,
For that he knew you, might reproach your life,
And choke your good to come : for his possessions,
Although by confiscation they are ours,
We do instate and widow you withal,
To buy you a better husband.

Mari. O, my dear lord,
I crave no other, nor no better man.

Duke. Never crave him ; we are definitive.

Mari. Gentle, my liege,— [Kneeling.

Duke. You do but lose your labour ;
Away with him to death.—Now, sir, [*To LUCIO.*] to you.

Mari. O, my good lord !—Sweet Isabel, take my part ;
Lend me your knees, and all my life to come
I'll lend you, all my life to do you service.

Duke. Against all sense you do importune her :
Should she kneel down, in mercy of this fact,
Her brother's ghost his paved bed would break,
And take her hence in horror.

Mari. Isabel,
Sweet Isabel, do yet but kneel by me ;
Hold up your hands, say nothing, I'll speak all.

They

They say, best men are moulded out of faults ;
And, for the most, become much more the better
For being a little bad : so may my husband.

O, Isabel ! will you not lend a knee ?

Duke. He dies for Claudio's death.

Isab.

Most bounteous sir,

[*Kneeling.*

Look, if it please you, on this man condemn'd,
As if my brother liv'd : I partly think,
A due sincerity govern'd his deeds,
Till he did look on me ; since it is so,
Let him not die : My brother had but justice,
In that he did the thing for which he died :
For Angelo,
His act did not o'ertake his bad intent ;
And must be buried but as an intent
That perish'd by the way : thoughts are no subjects ;
Intent is but merely thoughts.

Mari.

Merely, my lord.

Duke. Your suit's unprofitable ; stand up, I say.—
I have bethought me of another fault :—
Provost, how came it, Claudio was beheaded
At an unusual hour ?

Prov.

It was commanded so.

Duke. Had you a special warrant for the deed ?

Prov. No, my good lord ; it was by private message.

Duke. For which I do discharge you of your office :
Give up your keys.

Prov.

Pardon me, noble lord :

I thought it was a fault, but knew it not ;
Yet did repent me, after more advice :
For testimony whereof, one in the prison,
That should by private order else have died,
I have reserv'd alive.

Duke.

Duke. What's he ?

Prov. His name is Barnardine.

Duke. I would thou had'st done so by Claudio.—
Go; fetch him hither; let me look upon him.

[*Exit Provost.*]

Escal. I am sorry, one so learned and so wise
As you, lord Angelo, have still appear'd,
Should slip so grossly, both in the heat of blood,
And lack of temper'd judgement afterward.

Ang. I am sorry, that such sorrow I procure:
And so deep sticks it in my penitent heart,
That I crave death more willingly than mercy;
'Tis my deserving, and I do entreat it.

Re-enter Provost, BARNARDINE, CLAUDIO, and JULIET.

Duke. Which is that Barnardine ?

Prov. This, my lord.

Duke. There was a friar told me of this man :—
Sirrah, thou art said to have a stubborn soul,
That apprehends no further than this world,
And squar'st thy life according. Thou'rt condemn'd;
But, for those earthly faults, I quit them all;
And pray thee, take this mercy to provide
For better times to come :—Friar, advise him;
I leave him to your hand.—What muffled fellow's that ?

Prov. This is another prisoner, that I sav'd,
That should have died when Claudio lost his head;
As like almost to Claudio, as himself.

[*Unmuffles CLAUDIO.*]

Duke. If he be like your brother, [*To ISABELLA.*] for
his sake
Is he pardon'd; And, for your lovely sake,
Give me your hand, and say you will be mine,

He

He is my brother too : But fitter time for that.
By this, lord Angelo perceives he's safe ;
Methinks, I see a quick'ning in his eye :—
Well, Angelo, your evil quits you well :
Look that you love your wife ; her worth, worth yours.—
I find an apt remission in myself :
And yet here's one in place I cannot pardon ;—
You, sirrah, [*To LUCIO.*] that knew me for a fool, a
coward,
One all of luxury, an ass, a madman ;
Wherein have I so deserved of you,
That you extol me thus ?

Lucio. Faith, my lord, I spoke it but according to the
trick : If you will hang me for it, you may, but I had
rather it would please you, I might be whip'd.

Duke. Whip'd first, sir, and hang'd after.—
Proclaim it, provost, round about the city ;
If any woman's wrong'd by this lewd fellow,
(As I have heard him swear himself, there's one
Whom he begot with child,) let her appear,
And he shall marry her : the nuptial finish'd,
Let him be whip'd and hang'd.

Lucio. I beseech your highness, do not marry me to a
whore ! Your highness said even now, I made you a duke ;
good my lord, do not recompence me, in making me a
cuckold.

Duke. Upon mine honour, thou shalt marry her.
Thy slanders I forgive ; and therewithal
Remit thy other forfeits :—Take him to prison :
And see our pleasure herein executed.

Lucio. Marrying a punk, my lord, is pressing to death,
whipping, and hanging.

Duke. Sland'ring a prince deserves it.—
She, Claudio, that you wrong'd, look you restore.—

Joy

Joy to you, Mariana!—love her, Angelo ;
I have confess'd her, and I know her virtue.—
Thanks, good friend Escalus, for thy much goodness :
There's more behind, that is more grate.ulate.—
Thanks, Provost, for thy care, and secrecy ;
We shall employ thee in a worthier place :—
Forgive him, Angelo, that brought you home
The head of Ragozine for Claudio's ;
The offence pardons itself.—Dear Isâbel,
I have a motion much imports your good ;
Whereto if you'll a willing ear incline,
What's mine is yours, and what is yours is mine :—
So, bring us to our palace ; where we'll show
What's yet behind, that's meet you all should know.

[*Exeunt.*





Thurston del

J. Van den Bergh sculp

Much ado about Nothing

Page 57

Pub^d 1 Aug^t 1794 by F. & W. Harding 98 Pall Mall

Harding's Edition.

Much Ado about Nothing,

▲

COMEDY,

BY

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

ACCURATELY PRINTED

FROM THE TEXT OF

Mr. STEEVENS'S LAST EDITION.

Ornamented with Plates.

London:

PUBLISHED BY E. HARDING, NO. 98, PALL-MALL;
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1798.



OBSERVATIONS.

THE story is taken from Ariosto, *Orl. Fur. B. V.* POPE.

It is true, as Mr. Pope has observed, that somewhat resembling the story of this play is to be found in the fifth book of the *Orlando Furioso*. In Spenser's *Faery Queen*, B. II. c. iv. as remote an original may be traced. A novel, however, of *Belleforest*, copied from another of *Bandello*, seems to have furnished *Shakspeare* with his fable, as it approaches nearer in all its particulars to the play before us, than any other performance known to be extant. I have seen so many versions from this once popular collection, that I entertain no doubt but that a great majority of the tales it comprehends, have made their appearance in an English dress. Of that particular story which I have just mentioned, viz. the 18th history in the third volume, no translation has hitherto been met with.

This play was entered at Stationers' Hall, Aug. 23, 1600.

STEEVENS.

Ariosto is continually quoted for the fable of *Much ado about Nothing*; but I suspect our poet to have been satisfied with the *Geneura* of Turberville. "The tale (says Harington) is a pretie comical matter, and hath bin written in *English* verse some few years past, learnedly and with good grace, by M. George Turbervil." *Ariosto*, fol. 1591, p. 39. FARMER.

I suppose this comedy to have been written in 1600, in which year it was printed. MALONE.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Don PEDRO, Prince of Arragon.

Don JOHN, his bastard brother.

CLAUDIO, a young lord of Florence, favourite to Don Pedro.

BENEDICK, a young lord of Padua, favoured likewise by Don Pedro.

LEONATO, governor of Messina.

ANTONIO, his brother.

BALTHAZAR, servant to Don Pedro.

BORACHIO, } followers of Don John.

CONRADE, }

DOGBERRY, } two foolish officers.

VERGES, }

A Sexton.

A Friar.

A Boy.

HERO, daughter to Leonato.

BEATRICE, niece to Leonato.

MARGARET, } gentlewomen attending on Hero.

URSULA, }

Messengers, Watch, and Attendants.

SCENE, Messina.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Before LEONATO'S House.

Enter LEONATO, HERO, BEATRICE, and Others, with a Messenger.

Leonato. ..

I LEARN in this letter, that Don Pedro of Arragon comes this night to Messina.

Mess. He is very near by this; he was not three leagues off when I left him.

Leon. How many gentlemen have you lost in this action?

Mess. But few of any sort, and none of name.

Leon. A victory is twice itself, when the atchiever brings home full numbers. I find here, that Don Pedro hath bestowed much honour on a young Florentine, called Claudio.

Mess. Much deserved on his part, and equally remember'd by Don Pedro: He hath borne himself beyond the promise of his age; doing, in the figure of a lamb, the feats of a lion; he hath, indeed, better better'd expectation, than you must expect of me to tell you how.

Leon. He hath an uncle here in Messina will be very much glad of it.

B

Mess.

Mess. I have already delivered him letters, and there appears much joy in him ; even so much, that joy could not show itself modest enough, without a badge of bitterness.

Leon. Did he break out into tears ?

Mess. In great measure.

Leon. A kind overflow of kindness : There are no faces truer than those that are so washed. How much better is it to weep at joy, than to joy at weeping ?

Beat. I pray you, is signior Montanto returned from the wars, or no ?

Mess. I know none of that name, lady ; there was none such in the army of any fort.

Leon. What is he that you ask for, niece ?

Hero. My cousin means signior Benedick of Padua.

Mess. O, he is returned ; and as pleasant as ever he was.

Beat. He set up his bills here in Messina, and challenged Cupid at the flight : and my uncle's fool, reading the challenge, subscribed for Cupid, and challenged him at the bird-bolt.—I pray you, how many hath he killed and eaten in these wars ? But how many hath he killed ? for, indeed, I promised to eat all of his killing.

Leon. Faith, niece, you tax signior Benedick too much ; but he'll be meet with you, I doubt it not.

Mess. He hath done good service, lady, in these wars.

Beat. You had musty victual, and he hath help to eat it : he is a very valiant trencher-man, he hath an excellent stomach.

Mess. And a good soldier too, lady.

Beat. And a good soldier to a lady ;—But what is he to a lord ?

Mess. A lord to a lord, a man to a man ; stuffed with all honourable virtues.

Beat.

Beat. It is so, indeed ; he is no less than a stuffed man : but for the stuffing,—Well, we are all mortal.

Leon. You must not, sir, mistake my niece ; there is a kind of merry war betwixt signior Benedick and her : they never meet, but there is a skirmish of wit between them.

Beat. Alas, he gets nothing by that. In our last conflict, four of his five wits went halting off, and now is the whole man governed with one : so that if he have wit enough to keep himself warm, let him bear it for a difference between himself and his horse ; for it is all the wealth that he hath left, to be known a reasonable creature.—Who is his companion now ? He hath every month a new sworn brother.

Mess. Is it possible ?

Beat. Very easily possible : he wears his faith but as the fashion of his hat, it ever changes with the next block.

Mess. I see, lady, the gentleman is not in your books.

Beat. No ; an he wert, I would burn my study. But, I pray you, who is his companion ? Is there no young squarer now, that will make a voyage with him to the devil ?

Mess. He is most in the company of the right noble Claudio.

Beat. O Lord ! he will hang upon him like a disease : he is sooner caught than the pestilence, and the taker runs presently mad. God help the noble Claudio ! if he have caught the Benedick, it will cost him a thousand pound ere he be cured.

Mess. I will hold friends with you, lady.

Beat. Do, good friend.

Leon. You will never run mad, niece.

Beat. No, not till a hot January.

Mess. Don Pedro is approach'd.

*Enter Don PEDRO, attended by BALTHAZAR and Others;
Don JOHN, CLAUDIO, and BENEDICK.*

D. Pedro. Good signior Leonato, you are come to meet your trouble: the fashion of the world is to avoid cost, and you encounter it.

Leon. Never came trouble to my house in the likeness of your grace: for trouble being gone, comfort should remain; but, when you depart from me, sorrow abides, and happiness takes his leave.

D. Pedro. You embrace your charge too willingly.—I think, this is your daughter.

Leon. Her mother hath many times told me so.

Bene. Were you in doubt, sir, that you ask'd her?

Leon. Signior Benedick, no; for then were you a child.

D. Pedro. You have it full, Benedick: we may guess by this what you are, being a man. Truly, the lady fathers herself:—Be happy, lady! for you are like an honourable father.

Bene. If signior Leonato be her father, she would not have his head on her shoulders, for all Messina, as like him as she is.

Beat. I wonder, that you will still be talking, signior Benedick; no body marks you.

Bene. What, my dear lady Disdain! are you yet living?

Beat. Is it possible, disdain should die, while she hath such meet food to feed it, as signior Benedick? Courtesy itself must convert to disdain, if you come in her presence.

Bene. Then is courtesy a turn-coat:—But it is certain, I am loved of all ladies, only you excepted: and I would I could find in my heart that I had not a hard heart; for, truly, I love none.

Beat. A dear happiness to women; they would else have

have been troubled with a pernicious suitor. I thank God, and my cold blood, I am of your humour for that; I had rather hear my dog bark at a crow, than a man swear he loves me.

Bene. God keep your ladyship still in that mind! so some gentleman or other shall 'scape a predestinate scratched face.

Beat. Scratching could not make it worse, an 'twere such a face as yours were.

Bene. Well, you are a rare parrot-teacher.

Beat. A bird of my tongue, is better than a beast of yours.

Bene. I would, my horse had the speed of your tongue; and so good a continuer: But keep your way o' God's name; I have done.

Beat. You always end with a jade's trick; I know you of old.

D. Pedro. This is the sum of all: Leonato,—signior Claudio, and signior Benedick,—my dear friend Leonato, hath invited you all. I tell him, we shall stay here at the least a month; and he heartily prays, some occasion may detain us longer: I dare swear he is no hypocrite, but prays from his heart.

Leon. If you swear, my lord, you shall not be forsworn.—Let me bid you welcome, my lord: being reconciled to the prince your brother, I owe you all duty.

D. John. I thank you: I am not of many words, but I thank you.

Leon. Please it your grace lead on?

D. Pedro. Your hand, Leonato; we will go together.

[*Exeunt all but BENEDICK and CLAUDIO.*]

Claud. Benedick, didst thou note the daughter of signior Leonato?

Bene. I noted her not; but I looked on her.

Claud. Is she not a modest young lady?

Bene. Do you question me, as an honest man should do, for my simple true judgement? or would you have me speak after my custom, as being a professed tyrant to their sex?

Claud. No, I pray thee, speak in sober judgement.

Bene. Why, i' faith, methinks she is too low for a high praise, too brown for a fair praise, and too little for a great praise: only this commendation I can afford her; that were she other than she is, she were unhandsome; and being no other but as she is, I do not like her.

Claud. Thou thinkest, I am in sport; I pray thee, tell me truly how thou likest her.

Bene. Would you buy her, that you inquire after her?

Claud. Can the world buy such a jewel?

Bene. Yea, and a case to put it into. But speak you this with a sad brow? or do you play the flouting Jack; to tell us Cupid is a good hare-finder, and Vulcan a rare carpenter? Come, in what key shall a man take you, to go in the song?

Claud. In mine eye, she is the sweetest lady that ever I looked on.

Bene. I can see yet without spectacles, and I see no such matter: there's her cousin, and she were not possessed with a fury, exceeds her as much in beauty, as the first of May doth the last of December. But I hope, you have no intent to turn husband; have you?

Claud. I would scarce trust myself, though I had sworn the contrary, if Hero would be my wife.

Bene. Is it come to this, i' faith? Hath not the world one man, but he will wear his cap with suspicion? Shall I never see a bachelor of threescore again? Go to, i' faith; an thou wilt needs thrust thy neck into a yoke, wear the
print

print of it, and sigh away Sundays. Look, Don Pedro is returned to seek you.

Re-enter Don PEDRO.

D. Pedro. What secret hath held you here, that you followed not to Leonato's?

Bene. I would, your grace would constrain me to tell.

D. Pedro. I charge thee on thy allegiance.

Bene. You hear, Count Claudio: I can be secret as a dumb man, I would have you think so; but on my allegiance,—mark you this, on my allegiance:—He is in love. With who?—now that is your grace's part.—Mark, how short his answer is:—With Hero, Leonato's short daughter.

Claud. If this were so, so were it uttered.

Bene. Like the old tale, my lord: it is not so, nor 'twas not so; but, indeed, God forbid it should be so.

Claud. If my passion change not shortly, God forbid it should be otherwise.

D. Pedro. Amen, if you love her; for the lady is very well worthy.

Claud. You speak this to fetch me in, my lord.

D. Pedro. By my troth, I speak my thought.

Claud. And, in faith, my lord, I spoke mine.

Bene. And, by my two faiths and troths, my lord, I spoke mine.

Claud. That I love her, I feel.

D. Pedro. That she is worthy, I know.

Bene. That I neither feel how she should be loved, nor know how she should be worthy, is the opinion that fire cannot melt out of me; I will die in it at the stake.

D. Pedro. Thou wast ever an obstinate heretick in the despite of beauty.

B 4

Claud.

Claud. And never could maintain his part, but in the force of his will.

Bene. That a woman conceived me, I thank her; that she brought me up, I likewise give her most humble thanks: but that I will have a recheat winded in my forehead, or hang my bugle in an invifible baldrick, all women shall pardon me: Because I will not do them the wrong to mistrust any, I will do myself the right to trust none; and the fine is, (for the which I may go the finer,) I will live a bachelor.

D. Pedro. I shall see thee, ere I die, look pale with love.

Bene. With anger, with sickness, or with hunger, my lord; not with love: prove, that ever I lose more blood with love, than I will get again with drinking, pick out mine eyes with a ballad-maker's pen, and hang me up at the door of a brothel-house, for the sign of blind Cupid.

D. Pedro. Well, if ever thou dost fall from this faith, thou wilt prove a notable argument.

Bene. If I do, hang me in a bottle like a cat, and shoot at me; and he that hits me, let him be clapped on the shoulder, and call'd Adam.

D. Pedro. Well, as time shall try:
In time the savage bull doth bear the yoke.

Bene. The savage bull may; but if ever the sensible Benedick bear it, pluck off the bull's horns, and set them in my forehead: and let me be vilely painted; and in such great letters as they write, *Here is good horse to hire*, let them signify under my sign,—*Here you may see Benedick the married man.*

Claud. If this should ever happen, thou would'st be horn-mad.

D. Pedro. Nay, if Cupid have not spent all his quiver in Venice, thou wilt quake for this shortly.

Bene.

Bene. I look for an earthquake too then.

D. Pedro. Well, you will temporize with the hours. In the mean time, good signior Benedick, repair to Leonato's; commend me to him, and tell him, I will not fail him at supper; for, indeed, he hath made great preparation.

Bene. I have almost matter enough in me for such an embassage; and so I commit you—

Claud. To the tuition of God: From my house, (if I had it,)—

D. Pedro. The sixth of July: Your loving friend, Benedick.

Bene. Nay, mock not, mock not: The body of your discourse is sometime guarded with fragments, and the guards are but slightly basted on neither: ere you flout old ends any further, examine your conscience; and so I leave you. [Exit BENEDICK.]

Claud. My liege, your highness now may do me good.

D. Pedro. My love is thine to teach; teach it but how, And thou shalt see how apt it is to learn Any hard lesson that may do thee good.

Claud. Hath Leonato any son, my lord?

D. Pedro. No child but Hero, she's his only heir: Dost thou affect her, Claudio?

Claud. O my lord,
When you went onward on this ended action,
I look'd upon her with a soldier's eye,
That lik'd, but had a rougher task in hand
Than to drive liking to the name of love:
But now I am return'd, and that war-thoughts
Have left their places vacant, in their rooms
Come thronging soft and delicate desires,
All prompting me how fair young Hero is,
Saying, I lik'd her ere I went to wars.

D. Pedro

D. Pedro. Thou wilt be like a lover presently,
And tire the hearer with a book of words :
If thou dost love fair Hero, cherish it ;
And I will break with her, and with her father,
And thou shalt have her : Was't not to this end,
That thou began'st to twist so fine a story ?

Claud. How sweetly do you minister to love,
That know love's grief by his complexion !
But lest my liking might too sudden seem,
I would have salv'd it with a longer treatise.

D. Pedro. What need the bridge much broader than
the flood ?

The fairest grant is the necessity :
Look, what will serve, is fit : 'tis once, thou lov'st ;
And I will fit thee with the remedy.
I know, we shall have revelling to-night ;
I will assume thy part in some disguise,
And tell fair Hero I am Claudio ;
And in her bosom I'll unclasp my heart,
And take her hearing prisoner with the force
And strong encounter of my amorous tale :
Then, after, to her father will I break ;
And, the conclusion is, she shall be thine :
In practice let us put it presently. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

A Room in LEONATO's House.

Enter LEONATO and ANTONIO.

Leon. How now, brother ? Where is my cousin, your son ? Hath he provided this musick ?

Ant. He is very busy about it. But, brother, I can tell you strange news that you yet dream'd not of.

Leon. Are they good ?

Ant. As the event stamps them ; but they have a good cover, they show well outward. The prince and Count Claudio, walking in a thick-pleached alley in my orchard, were thus much overheard by a man of mine : The prince discovered to Claudio, that he loved my niece your daughter, and meant to acknowledge it this night in a dance ; and, if he found her accordant, he meant to take the present time by the top, and instantly break with you of it.

Leon. Hath the fellow any wit, that told you this ?

Ant. A good sharp fellow ; I will send for him, and question him yourself.

Leon. No, no ; we will hold it as a dream, till it appear itself :—but I will acquaint my daughter withal, that she may be the better prepared for an answer, if peradventure this be true. Go you, and tell her of it. [*Several persons cross the stage.*] Cousins, you know what you have to do. —O, I cry you mercy, friend ; go you with me, and I will use your skill :—Good cousins, have a care this busy time.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Another Room in LEONATO's House.

Enter Don JOHN and CONRADE.

Con. What the gounjere, my lord ! why are you thus out of measure sad ?

D. John. There is no measure in the occasion that breeds it, therefore the sadness is without limit.

Con. You should hear reason.

D. John. And when I have heard it, what blessing bringeth it ?

Con

Con. If not a present remedy, yet a patient sufferance.

D. John. I wonder, that thou being (as thou say'st thou art) born under Saturn, goest about to apply a moral medicine to a mortifying mischief. I cannot hide what I am: I must be sad when I have cause, and smile at no man's jests; eat when I have stomach, and wait for no man's leisure; sleep when I am drowsy, and tend on no man's business; laugh when I am merry, and claw no man in his humour.

Con. Yea, but you must not make the full show of this, till you may do it without controlment. You have of late stood out against your brother, and he hath taken you newly into his grace; where it is impossible you should take true root, but by the fair weather that you make yourself; it is needful that you frame the season for your own harvest.

D. John. I had rather be a canker in a hedge, than a rose in his grace; and it better fits my blood to be disdain'd of all, than to fashion a carriage to rob love from any: in this, though I cannot be said to be a flattering honest man, it must not be denied but I am a plain-dealing villain. I am trusted with a muzzle, and enfranchised with a clog; therefore I have decreed not to sing in my cage: If I had my mouth, I would bite; if I had my liberty, I would do my liking: in the mean time, let me be that I am, and seek not to alter me.

Con. Can you make no use of your discontent?

D. John. I make all use of it, for I use it only. Who comes here? What news, Borachio?

Enter BORACHIO.

Bora. I came yonder from a great supper; the prince, your brother, is royally entertain'd by Leonato; and I can give you intelligence of an intended marriage.

D. John.



Thurston del

Hopwood sc

Much ado about Nothing

Page

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D. John. Will it serve for any model to build mischief on? What is he for a fool, that betroths himself to unquietness?

Bora. Marry, it is your brother's right hand.

D. John. Who? the most exquisite Claudio?

Bora. Even he.

D. John. A proper squire! And who, and who? which way looks he?

Bora. Marry, on Hero, the daughter and heir of Leonato.

D. John. A very forward March-chick! How came you to this?

Bora. Being entertain'd for a perfumer, as I was smoking a musty room, comes me the prince and Claudio, hand in hand, in sad conference: I whipt me behind the arras; and there heard it agreed upon, that the prince should woo Hero for himself, and having obtained her, give her to count Claudio.

D. John. Come, come, let us thither; this may prove food to my displeasure; that young start-up hath all the glory of my overthrow; if I can cross him any way, I bless myself every way: You are both sure, and will assist me?

Con. To the death, my lord.

D. John. Let us to the great supper; their cheer is the greater, that I am subdued: 'Would the cook were of my mind!—Shall we go prove what's to be done?

Bora. We'll wait upon your lordship. [Exeunt.]

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Hall in LEONATO'S House.

Enter LEONATO, ANTONIO, HERO, BEATRICE, and Others.

Leon. Was not count John here at supper?

Ant. I saw him not.

Beat. How tartly that gentleman looks! I never can see him, but I am heart-burn'd an hour after.

Hero. He is of a very melancholy disposition.

Beat. He were an excellent man, that were made just in the mid-way between him and Benedick: the one is too like an image, and says nothing; and the other, too like my lady's eldest son, evermore tattling.

Leon. Then half signior Benedick's tongue in Count John's mouth, and half count John's melancholy in signior Benedick's face,—

Beat. With a good leg, and a good foot, uncle, and money enough in his purse, such a man would win any woman in the world,—if he could get her good will.

Leon. By my troth, niece, thou wilt never get thee a husband, if thou be so shrewd of thy tongue.

Ant. In faith, she is too curst.

Beat. Too curst is more than curst: I shall lessen God's sending that way: for it is said, *God sends a curst cow short horns*; but to a cow too curst he sends none.

Leon. So, by being too curst, God will send you no horns.

Beat. Just, if he send me no husband; for the which blessing, I am at him upon my knees every morning and evening:

evening : Lord, I could not endure a husband with a beard on his face ; I had rather lie in the woollen.

Leon. You may light upon a husband, that hath no beard.

Beat. What should I do with him ? dress him in my apparel, and make him my waiting-gentlewoman ? He that hath a beard, is more than a youth ; and he that hath no beard, is less than a man : and he that is more than a youth, is not for me ; and he that is less than a man, I am not for him : Therefore I will even take six-pence in earnest of the bear-herd, and lead his apes into hell.

Leon. Well then, go you into hell ?

Beat. No ; but to the gate : and there will the devil meet me, like an old cuckold, with horns on his head, and say, *Get you to heaven, Beatrice, get you to heaven ; here's no place for you maids :* so deliver I up my apes, and away to Saint Peter for the heavens ; he shows me where the bachelors sit, and there live we as merry as the day is long.

Ant. Well, niece, [*To HERO.*] I trust, you will be ruled by your father.

Beat. Yes, faith ; it is my cousin's duty to make courtesy, and say, *Father, as it please you :*—but yet for all that, cousin, let him be a handsome fellow, or else make another courtesy, and say, *Father, as it please me.*

Leon. Well, niece, I hope to see you one day fitted with a husband.

Beat. Not till God make men of some other metal than earth. Would it not grieve a woman to be over-master'd with a piece of valiant dust ? to make an account of her life to a clod of wayward marl ? No, uncle, I'll none : Adam's sons are my brethren ; and truly, I hold it a sin match in my kindred.

Leon. Daughter, remember, what I told you : if the prince

prince do solicit you in that kind, you know your answer.

Beat. The fault will be in the musick, cousin, if you be not woo'd in good time: if the prince be too important, tell him, there is measure in every thing, and so dance out the answer. For hear me, Hero; Wooing, wedding, and repenting, is as a Scotch jig, a measure, and a cinque-pace: the first suit is hot and hasty, like a Scotch jig, and full as fantastical; the wedding, mannerly-mo-dest, as a measure full of state and ancientry; and then comes repentance, and, with his bad legs, falls into the cinque-pace faster and faster, till he sink into his grave.

Leon. Cousin, you apprehend passing shrewdly.

Beat. I have a good eye, uncle; I can see a church by day-light.

Leon. The revellers are entering; brother, make good room.

Enter Don PEDRO, CLAUDIO, BENEDICK, BALTHAZAR; Don JOHN, BORACHIO, MARGARET, URSULA, and Others, mask'd.

D. Pedro. Lady, will you walk about with your friend?

Hero. So you walk softly, and look sweetly, and say nothing, I am yours for the walk; and, especially, when I walk away.

D. Pedro. With me in your company?

Hero. I may say so, when I please.

D. Pedro. And when please you to say so?

Hero. When I like your favour; for God defend, the lute should be like the case!

D. Pedro. My visor is Philemon's roof; within the house is Jove.

Hero. Why, then your visor should be thatch'd.

D. Pedro. Speak low, if you speak love. [*Takes her aside.*

Bene. Well, I would you did like me.

Marg. So would not I, for your own sake; for I have many ill qualities.

Bene. Which is one?

Marg. I say my prayers aloud.

Bene. I love you the better; the hearers may cry, amen.

Marg. God match me with a good dancer!

Balth. Amen.

Marg. And God keep him out of my fight, when the dance is done!—Answer, clerk.

Balth. No more words; the clerk is answer'd.

Urf. I know you well enough; you are signior Antonio.

Ant. At a word, I am not.

Urf. I know you by the wagging of your head.

Ant. To tell you true, I counterfeit him.

Urf. You could never do him so ill-well, unless you were the very man: Here's his dry hand up and down; you are he, you are he.

Ant. At a word, I am not.

Urf. Come, come; do you think I do not know you by your excellent wit? Can virtue hide itself? Go to, mum, you are he: graces will appear, and there's an end.

Beat. Will you not tell me who told you so?

Bene. No, you shall pardon me.

Beat. Nor will you not tell me who you are?

Bene. Not now.

Beat. That I was disdainful,—and that I had my good wit out of the *Hundred merry Tales*;—Well, this was signior Benedick that said so.

Bene. What's he?

Beat. I am sure, you know him well enough.

Bene. Not I, believe me.

Beat. Did he never make you laugh?

Bene. I pray you, what is he?

Beat. Why, he is the prince's jester: a very dull fool; only his gift is in devising impossible slanders: none but libertines delight in him; and the commendation is not in his wit, but in his villainy; for he both pleaseth men, and angers them, and then they laugh at him, and beat him: I am sure, he is in the fleet; I would he had boarded me.

Bene. When I know the gentleman, I'll tell him what you say.

Beat. Do, do: he'll but break a comparison or two on me; which, peradventure, not mark'd, or not laugh'd at, strikes him into melancholy; and then there's a partridge's wing saved, for the fool will eat no supper that night. [*Musick within.*] We must follow the leaders.

Bene. In every good thing.

Beat. Nay, if they lead to any ill, I will leave them at the next turning. [*Dance. Then exeunt all but Don JOHN, BORACHIO, and CLAUDIO.*]

D. John. Sure, my brother is amorous on Hero, and hath withdrawn her father to break with him about it: The ladies follow her, and but one visor remains.

Bora. And that is Claudio: I know him by his bearing.

D. John. Are not you signior Benedick?

Claud. You know me well; I am he.

D. John. Signior, you are very near my brother in his love: he is enamoured on Hero; I pray you, dissuade him from her, she is no equal for his birth: you may do the part of an honest man in it.

Claud. How know you he loves her?

D. John. I heard him swear his affection.

Bora. So did I too; and he swore he would marry her to-night.

D. John.

D. Jobs. Come, let us to the banquet.

[*Exeunt Don JOHN and BORACHIO.*]

Claud. Thus answer I in name of Benedick,
But hear these ill news with the ears of Claudio.—
'Tis certain so;—the prince wooes for himself.
Friendship is constant in all other things,
Save in the office and affairs of love :
Therefore, all hearts in love use their own tongues ;
Let every eye negotiate for itself,
And trust no agent : for beauty is a witch,
Against whose charms faith melteth into blood.
This is an accident of hourly proof,
Which I mistrusted not : Farewell therefore, Hero!

Re-enter BENEDICK.

Bene. Count Claudio ?

Claud. Yea, the same.

Bene. Come, will you go with me ?

Claud. Whither ?

Bene. Even to the next willow, about your own business, count. What fashion will you wear the garland of ? About your neck, like an usurer's chain ? or under your arm, like a lieutenant's scarf ? You must wear it one way, for the prince hath got your Hero.

Claud. I wish him joy of her.

Bene. Why, that's spoken like an honest drover ; so they sell bullocks. But did you think, the prince would have served you thus ?

Claud. I pray you, leave me.

Bene. Ho ! now you strike like the blind man ; 'twas the boy that stole your meat, and you'll beat the post.

Claud. If it will not be, I'll leave you. [*Exit.*]

Bene. Alas, poor hurt fowl ! Now will he creep into sedges.—But, that my lady Beatrice should know me

and not know me ! The prince's fool !—Ha ! it may be, I go under that title, because I am merry.—Yea ; but so ; I am apt to do myself wrong : I am not so reputed : it is the base, the bitter disposition of Beatrice, that puts the world into her person, and so gives me out. Well, I'll be revenged as I may.

Re-enter Don PEDRO, HERO, and LEONATO.

D. Pedro. Now, signior, where's the count ? Did you see him ?

Bene. Troth, my lord, I have play'd the part of lady Fame. I found him here as melancholy as a lodge in a warren ; I told him, and, I think, I told him true, that your grace had got the good will of this young lady ; and I offered him my company to a willow tree, either to make him a garland, as being forsaken, or to bind him up a rod, as being worthy to be whipped.

D. Pedro. To be whipped ! What's his fault ?

Bene. The flat transgression of a school-boy ; who, being overjoy'd with finding a bird's nest, shows it his companion, and he steals it.

D. Pedro. Wilt thou make a trust a transgression ? The transgression is in the stealer.

Bene. Yet it had not been amiss, the rod had been made, and the garland too ; for the garland he might have worn himself ; and the rod he might have bestow'd on you, who, as I take it, have stol'n his bird's nest.

D. Pedro. I will but teach them to sing, and restore them to the owner.

Bene. If their finging answer your saying, by my faith, you say honestly.

D. Pedro. The lady Beatrice hath a quarrel to you ; the gentleman, that danced with her, told her, she is much wrong'd by you.

Bene.

Bene. O, she misused me past the endurance of a block; an oak, but with one green leaf on it, would have answer'd her; my very visor began to assume life, and scold with her: She told me, not thinking I had been myself, that I was the prince's jester; that I was duller than a great thaw; huddling jest upon jest, with such impossible conveyance, upon me, that I stood like a man at a mark, with a whole army shooting at me: She speaks poniards, and every word stabs: if her breath were as terrible as her terminations, there were no living near her, she would infect to the north star. I would not marry her, though she were endowed with all that Adam had left him before he transgress'd: she would have made Hercules have turn'd spit; yea, and have cleft his club to make the fire too. Come, talk not of her; you shall find her the infernal Atë in good apparel. I would to God, some scholar would conjure her; for, certainly, while she is here, a man may live as quiet in hell, as in a sanctuary; and people sin upon purpose, because they would go thither; so, indeed, all disquiet, horror, and perturbation follows her,

Re-enter CLAUDIO, and BEATRICE,

D. Pedro. Look, here she comes.

Bene. Will your grace command me any service to the world's end? I will go on the slightest errand now to the Antipodes, that you can devise to send me on; I will fetch you a toothpicker now from the farthest inch of Asia; bring you the length of Prester John's foot; fetch you a hair off the great Cham's beard; do you any embassy to the Pigmies, rather than hold three words' conference with this harpy: You have no employment for me?

D. Pedro. None, but to desire your good company.

Bene. O God, fir, here's a dish I love not; I cannot endure my lady Tongue. [Exit.]

D. Pedro. Come, lady, come; you have lost the heart of signior Benedick.

Beat. Indeed, my lord, he lent it me a while; and I gave him use for it, a double heart for his single one: marry, once before, he won it of me with false dice, therefore your grace may well say, I have lost it.

D. Pedro. You have put him down, lady, you have put him down.

Beat. So I would not he should do me, my lord, lest I should prove the mother of fools. I have brought count Claudio, whom you sent me to seek.

D. Pedro. Why, how now, count? wherefore are you sad?

Claud. Not sad, my lord.

D. Pedro. How then? Sick?

Claud. Neither, my lord.

Beat. The count is neither sad, nor sick, nor merry, nor well: but civil, count; civil as an orange, and something of that jealous complexion.

D. Pedro. I' faith, lady, I think your blazon to be true; though, I'll be sworn, if he be so, his conceit is false. Here, Claudio, I have wooed in thy name, and fair Hero is won; I have broke with her father, and his good will obtained: name the day of marriage, and God give thee joy!

Leon. Count, take of me my daughter, and with her my fortunes: his grace hath made the match, and all grace say Amen to it!

Beat. Speak, count, 'tis your cue.

Claud. Silence is the perfectest herald of joy: I were but little happy, if I could say how much.—Lady, as you
are

are mine, I am yours : I give away myself for you, and dote upon the exchange.

Beat. Speak, cousin; or, if you cannot, stop his mouth with a kiss, and let not him speak, neither.

D. Pedro. In faith, lady, you have a merry heart.

Beat. Yea, my lord; I thank it, poor fool, it keeps on the windy side of care :—My cousin tells him in his ear, that he is in her heart.

Claud. And so she doth, cousin.

Beat. Good lord, for alliance!—Thus goes every one to the world but -I, and I am sun-burn'd; I may fit in a corner, and cry, heigh ho! for a husband.

D. Pedro. Lady Beatrice, I will get you one.

Beat. I would rather have one of your father's getting: Hath your grace ne'er a brother like you? Your father got excellent husbands, if a maid could come by them.

D. Pedro. Will you have me, lady?

Beat. No, my lord, unless I might have another for working-days; your grace is too costly to wear every day :—But, I beseech your grace, pardon me; I was born to speak all mirth, and no matter.

D. Pedro. Your silence most offends me, and to be merry best becomes you; for, out of question, you were born in a merry hour.

Beat. No, sure, my lord, my mother cry'd; but then there was a star danced, and under that was I born.—Cousins, God give you joy!

Leon. Niece, will you look to those things I told you of?

Beat. I cry you mercy, uncle.—By your grace's pardon.

[Exit BEATRICE.]

D. Pedro. By my troth, a pleasant-spirited lady.

Leon. There's little of the melancholy element in her, my lord: she is never sad, but when she sleeps; and no

ever sad then ; for I have heard my daughter say, she hath often dream'd of unhappiness, and waked herself with laughing.

D. Pedro. She cannot endure to hear tell of a husband.

Leon. O, by no means ; she mocks all her wooers out of suit.

D. Pedro. She were an excellent wife for Benedick.

Leon. O Lord, my lord, if they were but a week married, they would talk themselves mad.

D. Pedro. Count Claudio, when mean you to go to church ?

Claud. To-morrow, my lord : Time goes on crutches, till love have all his rites.

Leon. Not till Monday, my dear son, which is hence a just sevensnight ; and a time too brief too, to have all things answer my mind.

D. Pedro. Come, you shake the head at so long a breathing ; but, I warrant thee, Claudio, the time shall not go dully by us ; I will, in the interim, undertake one of Hercules' labours ; which is, to bring signior Benedick, and the lady Beatrice, into a mountain of affection, the one with the other. I would fain have it a match ; and I doubt not but to fashion it, if you three will but minister such assistance as I shall give you direction.

Leon. My lord, I am for you, though it cost me ten nights' watchings.

Claud. And I, my lord.

D. Pedro. And you too, gentle Hero ?

Hero. I will do any modest office, my lord, to help my cousin to a good husband.

D. Pedro. And Benedick is not the unhopefullest husband that I know ; thus far can I praise him ; he is of a noble strain, of approved valour, and confirm'd honesty. I will teach you how to humour your cousin, that she shall

shall fall in love with Benedick :—and I, with your two helps, will so practice on Benedick, that, in despite of his quick wit and his queasy stomach, he shall fall in love with Beatrice. If we can do this, Cupid is no longer an archer; his glory shall be ours, for we are the only love-gods. Go in with me, and I will tell you my drift.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Another Room in LEONATO's House.

Enter Don JOHN and BORACHIO.

D. John. It is so; the count Claudio shall marry the daughter of Leonato.

Bora. Yea, my lord; but I can cross it.

D. John. Any bar, any cross, any impediment will be medicinable to me: I am sick in displeasure to him; and whatsoever comes athwart his affection, ranges evenly with mine. How canst thou cross this marriage?

Bora. Not honestly, my lord; but so covertly that no dishonesty shall appear in me.

D. John. Show me briefly how.

Bora. I think, I told your lordship, a year since, how much I am in the favour of Margaret, the waiting-gentlewoman to Hero.

D. John. I remember.

Bora. I can, at any unseasonable instant of the night, appoint her to look out at her lady's chamber-window.

D. John. What life is in that, to be the death of this marriage?

Bora. The poison of that lies in you to temper. Go you to the prince your brother; spare not to tell him, that he hath wrong'd his honour in marrying the re-
nowned

mowned Claudio (whose estimation do you mightily hold up) to a contaminated stale, such a one as Hero.

D. John. What proof shall I make of that?

Bora. Proof enough to misuse the prince, to vex Claudio, to undo Hero, and kill Leonato: Look you for any other issue?

D. John. Only to despise them, I will endeavour any thing.

Bora. Go then, find me a meet hour to draw Don Pedro and the count Claudio, alone: tell them, that you know that Hero loves me; intend a kind of zeal both to the prince and Claudio, as—in love of your brother's honour who hath made this match; and his friend's reputation, who is thus like to be cozen'd with the semblance of a maid,—that you have discover'd thus. They will scarcely believe this without trial: offer them instances; which shall bear no less likelihood, than to see me at her chamber-window; hear me call Margaret, Hero; hear Margaret term me Borachio; and bring them to see this, the very night before the intended wedding: for, in the mean time, I will so fashion the matter, that Hero shall be absent; and there shall appear such seeming truth of Hero's disloyalty, that jealousy shall be call'd assurance, and all the preparation overthrown.

D. John. Grow this to what adverse issue it can, I will put it in practice: Be cunning in the working this, and thy fee is a thousand ducats.

Bora. Be you constant in the accusation, and my cunning shall not shame me.

D. John. I will presently go learn their day of marriage.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

SCENE III.

LEONATO's Garden.

Enter BENEDICK and a Boy.

Bene. Boy,—

Boy. Signior.

Bene. In my chamber-window lies a book; bring it hither to me in the orchard.

Boy. I am here already, sir.

Bene. I know that;—but I would have thee hence, and here again. [*Exit Boy.*—I do much wonder, that one man, seeing how much another man is a fool when he dedicates his behaviours to love, will, after he hath laugh'd at such shallow follies in others, become the argument of his own scorn, by falling in love: And such a man is Claudio. I have known, when there was no musick with him but the drum and the fife; and now had he rather hear the tabor and the pipe: I have known, when he would have walk'd ten mile a-foot, to see a good armour; and now will he lie ten nights awake, carving the fashion of a new doublet. He was wont to speak plain, and to the purpose, like an honest man, and a soldier; and now is he turn'd orthographer; his words are a very fantastical banquet, just so many strange dishes. May I be so converted, and see with these eyes? I cannot tell; I think not: I will not be sworn, but love may transform me to an oyster; but I'll take my oath on it, till he have made an oyster of me, he shall never make me such a fool. One woman is fair; yet I am well: another is wise; yet I am well: another virtuous; yet I am well: but till all graces be in one woman, one woman shall not come in my grace. Rich she shall be, that's certain; wise, or I'll none;

none; virtuous, or I'll never cheapen her; fair, or I'll never look on her; mild, or come not near me; noble, or not I for an angel; of good discourse, an excellent musician, and her hair shall be of what colour it please God. Ha! the prince and monsieur Love! I will hide me in the arbour. [Withdraws.]

Enter DON PEDRO, LEONATO, and CLAUDIO.

D. Pedro. Come, shall we hear this musick?

Claud. Yea, my good lord:—How still the evening is,
As hush'd on purpose to grace harmony!

D. Pedro. See you where Benedick hath hid himself?

Claud. O, very well, my lord: the musick ended,
We'll fit the kid-fox with a penny-worth.

Enter BALTHAZAR, with musick.

D. Pedro. Come, Balthazar, we'll hear that song again.

Balth. O good my lord, tax not so bad a voice
To slander musick any more than once.

D. Pedro. It is the witness still of excellency,
To put a strange face on his own perfection:—
I pray thee, sing, and let me woo no more.

Balth. Because you talk of wooing, I will sing;
Since many a wooer doth commence his suit
To her he thinks not worthy; yet he woos;
Yet will he swear, he loves.

D. Pedro. Nay, pray thee, come;
Or, if thou wilt hold longer argument,
Do it in notes.

Balth. Note this before my notes,
There's not a note of mine that's worth the noting.

D. Pedro. Why these are very crotchets that he speaks;
Note, notes, forsooth, and noting! [Musick.]

Bene. Now, *Divine air!* now is his soul ravish'd!—Is
it

it not strange, that sheeps' guts should hale souls out of men's bodies?—Well, a horn for my money, when all's done.

BALTHAZAR *sings*.

I.

Balth. *Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more,
Men were deceivers ever;
One foot in sea, and one on shore;
To one thing constant never:
Then sigh not so,
But let them go,
And be you blith and bonny;
Converting all your sounds of woe
Into, Hey nonny, nonny.*

II.

*Sing no more ditties, sing no mo
Of dumps so dull and heavy;
The fraud of men was ever so,
Since summer first was leavy.
Then sigh not so, &c.*

D. Pedro. By my troth, a good song.

Balth. And an ill finger, my lord.

D. Pedro. Ha? no; no, faith; thou sing'st well enough for a shift.

Bene. [*Aside*.] An he had been a dog, that should have howl'd thus, they would have hang'd him: and, I pray God, his bad voice bode no mischief! I had as lief have heard the night raven, come what plague could have come after it.

D. Pedro. Yea, marry; [*To CLAUDIO*.]—Dost thou hear, Balthazar? I pray thee, get us some excellent musick; for to-morrow night we would have it at the lady Hero's chamber-window.

Balth.

Balth. The best I can, my lord.

D. Pedro. Do so: farewell. [*Exeunt BALTHAZAR and musick.*] Come hither, Leonato: What was it you told me of to-day? that your niece Beatrice was in love with signior Benedick?

Claud. O, ay:—Stalk on, stalk on; the fowl sits. [*Aside to PEDRO.*] I did never think that lady would have loved any man.

Leon. No, nor I neither; but most wonderful, that she should so dote on signior Benedick, whom she hath in all outward behaviours seem'd ever to abhor.

Bene. Is't possible? Sits the wind in that corner? [*Aside.*

Leon. By my troth, my lord, I cannot tell what to think of it; but that she loves him with an enraged affection,—it is past the infinite of thought.

D. Pedro. May be, she doth but counterfeit.

Claud. 'Faith, like enough.

Leon. O God! counterfeit! There never was counterfeit of passion came so near the life of passion, as she discovers it.

D. Pedro. Why, what effects of passion shows she?

Claud. Bait the hook well; this fish will bite. [*Aside.*

Leon. What effects, my lord! She will sit you,—You heard my daughter tell you how.

Claud. She did, indeed.

D. Pedro. How, how, I pray you? You amaze me: I would have thought her spirit had been invincible against all assaults of affection.

Leon. I would have sworn it had, my lord; especially against Benedick.

Bene. [*Aside.*] I should think this a gull, but that the white-bearded fellow speaks it: knavery cannot, sure, hide himself in such reverence.

Claud. He hath ta'en the infection; hold it up. [*Aside.*

D. Pedro.

D. Pedro. Hath she made her affection known to Benedick?

Leon. No; and swears she never will: that's her torment.

Claud. 'Tis true, indeed; so your daughter says: *Shall I, says she, that have so oft encounter'd him with scorn, write to him that I love him?*

Leon. This says she now when she is beginning to write to him: for she'll be up twenty times a night; and there will she sit in her smock, till she have writ a sheet of paper:—my daughter tells us all.

Claud. Now you talk of a sheet of paper, I remember a pretty jest your daughter told us of.

Leon. O!—When she had writ it, and was reading it over, she found Benedick and Beatrice between the sheet?—

Claud. That.

Leon. O! she tore the letter into a thousand halfpence; rail'd at herself, that she should be so immodest to write to one that she knew would flout her: *I measure him, says she, by my own spirit; for I should flout him, if he writ to me; yea, though I love him, I should.*

Claud. Then down upon her knees she falls, weeps, sobs, beats her heart, tears her hair, prays, curses;—*O sweet Benedick! God give me patience!*

Leon. She doth indeed; my daughter says so: and the ecstasy hath so much overborne her, that my daughter is sometime afraid she will do a desperate outrage to herself; It is very true.

D. Pedro. It were good, that Benedick knew of it by some other, if she will not discover it.

Claud. To what end? He would but make a sport of it, and torment the poor lady worse.

D. Pedro. An he should, it were an aim to hang him:

She's an excellent sweet lady; and, out of all fuspicion, she is virtuous.

Claud. And she is exceeding wise.

D. Pedro. In every thing, but in loving Benedick.

Leon. O my lord, wisdom and blood combating in so tender a body, we have ten proofs to one, that blood hath the victory. I am sorry for her, as I have just cause, being her uncle and her guardian.

D. Pedro. I would, she had bestowed this dotage on me; I would have daff'd all other respects, and made her half myself: I pray you, tell Benedick of it, and hear what he will say.

Leon. Were it good, think you?

Claud. Hero thinks surely, she will die: for she says, she will die if he love her not; and she will die ere she make her love known; and she will die if he woo her, rather than she will 'bate one breath of her accustom'd crossness.

D. Pedro. She doth well: if she should make tender of her love, 'tis very possible he'll scorn it; for the man, as you know all, hath a contemptible spirit.

Claud. He is a very proper man.

D. Pedro. He hath, indeed, a good outward happness.

Claud. 'Fore God, and in my mind, very wise.

D. Pedro. He doth, indeed, show some sparks that are like wit.

Leon. And I take him to be valiant.

D. Pedro. As Hector, I assure you: and in the managing of quarrels you may say he is wise; for either he avoids them with great discretion, or undertakes them with a most christian-like fear.

Leon. If he do fear God, he must necessarily keep peace; if he break the peace, he ought to enter into a quarrel with fear and trembling.

D. Pedro.





Illustration del

Plata R.

Much ado about Nothing

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Pub^d by Edw^d Harding 98 Pall Mall

D. Pedro. And so will he do; for the man doth fear God, howsoever it seems not in him, by some large jests he will make. Well, I am sorry for your niece: Shall we go seek Benedick, and tell him of her love?

Claud. Never tell him, my lord; let her wear it out with good counsel.

Leon. No, that's impossible; she may wear her heart out first.

D. Pedro. Well, we'll hear farther of it by your daughter, and look the while. I love Benedick well; and I could wish he would modestly examine himself, to see how unworthy so good a lady.

Leon. My lord, will you walk? dinner is ready.

Claud. If he do not dote on her upon this, I will never trust his expectation. [Aside.]

D. Pedro. Let there be the same net spread for her; and that your daughter and her gentlewomen carry. They will be, when they hold out an opinion of another's stage, and no such matter; that's the scene that I would see, which will be merely a dumb show. Let us send him in to dinner. [Aside.]

CLAUDIO AND LEONATO.

Enter Leonato and Claudio from the Arbour.

Bene. This can be no trick: The conference was sadly borne.—They have the truth of this from Hero. They seem to pity the lady; it seems, her affections have their full bent. Love me! why, it must be requited. I hear how I am censured: they say, I will bear myself proudly, if I perceive the love come from her; they say too, that she will rather die than give any sign of affection.—I did never think to marry:—I must not seem proud:—Happy are they that hear their detractions, and can put them to mending. They say, the lady is fair; 'tis a truth, I can

D

bear

bear them witness : and virtuous ;—'tis so, I cannot reprove it : and wife, but for loving me :—By my troth, it is no addition to her wit ;—nor no great argument of her folly, for I will be horribly in love with her.—I may chance have some odd quirks and remnants of wit broken on me, because I have rail'd so long against marriage : But doth not the appetite alter ? A man loves the meat in his youth, that he cannot endure in his age : Shall quips, and sentences, and these paper bullets of the brain, awe a man from the career of his humour ? No : The world must be peopled. When I said, I would die a bachelor, I did not think I should live till I were married.—Here comes Beatrice : By this day, she's a fair lady : I do spy some marks of love in her.

Enter BEATRICE.

Beat. Against my will, I am sent to bid you come in to dinner.

Bene. Fair Beatrice, I thank you for your pains.

Beat. I took no more pains for those thanks, than you take pains to thank me ; if it had been painful, I would not have come.

Bene. You take pleasure then in the message ?

Beat. Yea, just so much as you may take upon a knife's point, and choke a daw withal :—You have no stomach, signior ; fare you well. [*Exit.*

Bene. Ha ! *Against my will I am sent to bid you come in to dinner*—there's a double meaning in that. *I took no more pains for those thanks, than you took pains to thank me*—that's as much as to say, Any pains that I take for you is as easy as thanks :—If I do not take pity of her, I am a villain ; if I do not love her, I am a Jew : I will go get her picture. [*Exit.*

ACT





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ACT III. SCENE I.

LEONATO's Garden.

Enter HERO, MARGARET, and URSULA.

Hero. Good Margaret, run thee into the parlour;
There shalt thou find my cousin Beatrice
Proposing with the Prince and Claudio:
Whisper her ear, and tell her, I and Ursula
Walk in the orchard, and our whole discourse
Is all of her; say, that thou overheard'st us;
And bid her steal into the pleached bower,
Where honey-suckles, ripen'd by the sun,
Forbid the sun to enter;—like favourites,
Made proud by princes, that advance their pride,
Against that power that bred it:—there will she hide her,
To listen our propose: This is thy office,
Bear thee well in it, and leave us alone.

Marg. I'll make her come, I warrant you, presently.

[*Exit.*]

Hero. Now, Ursula, when Beatrice doth come,
As we do trace this alley up and down,
Our talk must only be of Benedick:
When I do name him, let it be thy part
To praise him more than ever man did merit:
My talk to thee must be, how Benedick
Is sick in love with Beatrice: Of this matter
Is little Cupid's crafty arrow made,
That only wounds by hearsay. Now begin;

Enter BEATRICE, behind.

For look where Beatrice, like a lapwing, runs
Close by the ground, to hear our conference.

Urf. The pleasant't angling is to see the fish
Cut with her golden oars the silver stream,
And greedily devour the treacherous bait :
So angle we for Beatrice ; who even now
Is couched in the woodbine coverture :
Fear you not my part of the dialogue.

Hero. Then go we near her, that her ear lose nothing
Of the false sweet bait that we lay for it.—

[They advance to the bower.]

No, truly, *Urfula*, she is too disdainful ;
I know, her spirits are as coy and wild
As haggards of the rock.

Urf. But are you sure,
That Benedick loves Beatrice so entirely ?

Hero. So says the prince, and my new-trothed lord.

Urf. And did they bid you tell her of it, madam ?

Hero. They did intreat me to acquaint her of it :
But I persuaded them, if they lov'd Benedick,
To wish him wrestle with affection,
And never to let Beatrice know of it.

Urf. Why did you so ? Doth not the gentleman
Deserve as full, as fortunate a bed,
As ever Beatrice shall couch upon ?

Hero. O God of love ! I know, he doth deserve
As much as may be yielded to a man :
But nature never fram'd a woman's heart
Of prouder stuff than that of Beatrice :
Disdain and scorn ride sparkling in her eyes,
Misprising what they look on ; and her wit
Values itself so highly, that to her
All matter else seems weak : she cannot love,
Nor take no shape nor project of affection,
She is so self-endear'd.

Urf. Sure, I think so ;

And

And therefore, certainly, it were not good
She knew his love, lest she make sport at it.

Hero. Why, you speak truth: I never yet saw man,
How wise, how noble, young, how rarely featur'd,
But she would spell him backward: if fair-faced,
She'd swear, the gentleman should be her sister;
If black, why, nature, drawing of an antick,
Made a foul blot: if tall, a lance ill-headed;
If low, an agate very vilely cut:
If speaking, why, a vane blown with all winds;
If silent, why, a block moved with none.
So turns she every man the wrong side out;
And never gives to truth and virtue, that
Which simpleness and merit purchaseth.

Urf. Sure, sure, such carping is not commendable.

Hero. No: not to be so odd, and from all fashions,
As Beatrice is, cannot be commendable:
But who dare tell her so? If I should speak,
She'd mock me into air; O, she would laugh me
Out of myself, press me to death with wit.
Therefore let Benedick, like cover'd fire,
Consume away in sighs, waste inwardly:
It were a better death than die with mocks;
Which is as bad as die with tickling.

Urf. Yet tell her of it; hear what she will say.

Hero. No; rather I will go to Benedick,
And counsel him to fight against his passion:
And, truly, I'll devise some honest slanders
To stain my cousin with: One doth not know
How much an ill word may empoison liking.

Urf. O, do not do your cousin such a wrong.
She cannot be so much without true judgement,
(Having so swift and excellent a wit,

As she is priz'd to have,) as to refuse
So rare a gentleman as signior Benedick.

Hero. He is the only man of Italy,
Always excepted my dear Claudio.

Urf. I pray you, be not angry with me, madam,
Speaking my fancy; signior Benedick,
For shape, for bearing, argument, and valour,
Goes foremost in report through Italy.

Hero. Indeed, he hath an excellent good name.

Urf. His excellence did earn it, ere he had it.—
When are you married, madam?

Hero. Why, every day;—to-morrow: Come, go in;
I'll show thee some attires; and have thy counsel,
Which is the best to furnish me to-morrow.

Urf. She's lim'd I warrant you; we have caught her,
madam.

Hero. If it prove so, then loving goes by haps:
Some Cupid kills with arrows, some with traps.

[*Exeunt HERO and URSULA.*]

BEATRICE advances.

Beat. What fire is in mine ears? Can this be true?
Stand I condemn'd for pride and scorn so much?
Contempt, farewell! and maiden pride, adieu!

No glory lives behind the back of such.
And, Benedick, love on, I will requite thee;
Taming my wild heart to thy loving hand;
If thou dost love, my kindness shall incite thee
To bind our loves up in a holy band:

For others say, thou dost deserve; and I
Believe it better than reportingly.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE

SCENE II.

A Room in LEONATO's House.

*Enter Don PEDRO, CLAUDIO, BENEDICK, and
LEONATO.*

D. Pedro. I do but stay till your marriage be consummate, and then go I toward Arragon.

Claud. I'll bring you thither, my lord, if you'll vouchsafe me.

D. Pedro. Nay, that would be as great a foil in the new gloss of your marriage, as to shew a child his new coat, and forbid him to wear it. I will only be bold with Benedick for his company; for, from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot, he is all mirth; he hath twice or thrice cut Cupid's bow-string, and the little hangman dare not shoot at him: he hath a heart as found as a bell, and his tongue is the clapper; for what his heart thinks his tongue speaks.

Bene. Gallants, I am not as I have been.

Leon. So say I; methinks, you are sadder.

Claud. I hope, he be in love.

D. Pedro. Hang him, truant; there's no true drop of blood in him, to be truly touch'd with love: if he be sad, he wants money.

Bene. I have the tooth-ach.

D. Pedro. Draw it.

Bene. Hang it!

Claud. You must hang it first, and draw it afterwards.

D. Pedro. What? sigh for the tooth-ach?

Leon. Where is but a humour, or a worm?

Bene. Well, Every one can master a grief, but he that has it.

Claud. Yet say I, he is in love.

D. Pedro. There is no appearance of fancy in him, unless it be a fancy that he hath to strange disguises; as, to be a Dutch-man to-day; a French-man to-morrow; or in the shape of two countries at once, as, a German from the waist downward, all fops; and a Spaniard from the hip upward, no doublet: Unless he have a fancy to this foolery, as it appears he hath, he is no fool for fancy, as you would have it appear he is.

Claud. If he be not in love with some woman, there is no believing old signs: he brushes his hat o' mornings; What should that bode?

D. Pedro. Hath any man seen him at the barber's?

Claud. No, but the barber's man hath been seen with him; and the old ornament of his cheek hath already stuffed tennis-balls.

Leon. Indeed, he looks younger than he did, by the loss of a beard.

D. Pedro. Nay, he rubs himself with civet: Can you smell him out by that?

Claud. That's as much as to say, The sweet youth's in love.

D. Pedro. The greatest note of it is his melancholy.

Claud. And when was he wont to wash his face?

D. Pedro. Yea, or to paint himself? for the which, I hear what they say of him.

Claud. Nay, but his jesting spirit; which is now crept into a lutestring, and now governed by fops.

D. Pedro. Indeed, that tells a heavy tale for him: Conclude, conclude, he is in love.

Claud. Nay, but I know who loves him.

D. Pedro. That would I know too; I warrant, one that knows him not.

Claud.

Claud. Yes, and his ill conditions; and, in despite of all, dies for him.

D. Pedro. She shall be buried with her face upwards.

Bene. Yet is this no charm for the tooth-ach.—Old signior, walk aside with me; I have studied eight or nine wise words to speak to you, which these hobby-horses must not hear. [*Exit BENEDICK and LEONATO.*]

D. Pedro. For my life, to break with him about Beatrice.

Claud. 'Tis even so: Hero and Margaret have by this play'd their parts with Beatrice; and then the two bears will not bite one another when they meet.

Enter Don JOHN.

D. John. My lord and brother, God save you.

D. Pedro. Good den, brother.

D. John. If your leisure serv'd, I would speak with you.

D. Pedro. In private?

D. John. If it please you;—yet count Claudio may hear; for what I would speak of, concerns him.

D. Pedro. What's the matter?

D. John. Means your lordship to be married to-morrow?

[*To CLAUDIO.*]

D. Pedro. You know, he does.

D. John. I know not that, when he knows what I know.

Claud. If there be any impediment, I pray you, discover it.

D. John. You may think, I love you not; let that appear hereafter, and aim better at me by that I now will manifest: For my brother, I think, he holds you well; and in dearneſs of heart hath help to effect your ensuing marriage: ſurely, ſuit ill ſpent, and labour ill beſtowed!

D. Pedro.

D. Pedro. Why, what's the matter?

D. John. I came hither to tell you; and, circumstances shorten'd, (for she hath been too long a talking of,) the lady is disloyal.

Claud. Who? Hero?

D. John. Even she; Leonato's Hero, your Hero, every man's Hero.

Claud. Disloyal?

D. John. The word is too good to paint out her wickedness; I could say, she were worse; think you of a worse title, and I will fit her to it. Wonder not till further warrant: go but with me to-night, you shall see her chamber-window enter'd; even the night before her wedding day: if you love her then, to-morrow wed her; but it would better fit your honour to change your mind.

Claud. May this be so?

D. Pedro. I will not think it.

D. John. If you dare not trust that you see, confess not that you know: if you will follow me, I will show you enough; and when you have seen more, and heard more, proceed accordingly.

Claud. If I see any thing to-night why I should not marry her to-morrow; in the congregation, where I should wed, there will I shame her.

D. Pedro. And, as I wooed for thee to obtain her, I will join with thee to disgrace her.

D. John. I will disparage her no farther, till you are my witnesses: bear it coldly but till midnight, and let the issue show itself.

D. Pedro. O day untowardly turned!

Claud. O mischief strangely thwarting!

D. John. O plague right well prevented!

So will you say, when you have seen the sequel. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

SCENE III.

A Street.

Enter DOGBERRY and VERGES, with the Watch.

Dogb. Are you good men and true ?

Verg. Yea, or else it were pity but they should suffer salvation, body and soul.

Dogb. Nay, that were a punishment too good for them, if they should have any allegiance in them, being chosen for the prince's watch.

Verg. Well, give them their charge, neighbour Dogberry.

Dogb. First, who think you the most defartless man to be constable ?

1. *Watch.* Hugh Outcake, sir, or George Seacoal ; for they can write and read.

Dogb. Come hither, neighbour Seacoal : God hath blessed you with a good name : to be a well-favoured man is the gift of fortune ; but to write and read comes by nature.

2. *Watch.* Both which, master constable,——

Dogb. You have ; I knew it would be your answer. Well, for your favour, sir, why, give God thanks, and make no boast of it ; and for your writing and reading, let that appear when there is no need of such vanity. You are thought here to be the most senseless and fit man for the constable of the watch ; therefore bear you the lantern : This is your charge ; You shall comprehend all vagrom men ; you are to bid any man stand, in the prince's name.

2. *Watch.* How if he will not stand ?

Dogb. Why then, take no note of him, but let him go ;
and

and presently call the rest of the watch together, and thank God you are rid of a knave.

Verg. If he will not stand when he is bidden, he is none of the prince's subjects.

Dogb. True, and they are to meddle with none but the prince's subjects:—You shall also make no noise in the streets; for, for the watch to babble and to talk, is most tolerable and not to be endured.

2. Watch. We will rather sleep than talk; we know what belongs to a watch.

Dogb. Why, you speak like an ancient and most quiet watchman; for I cannot see how sleeping should offend; only, have a care that your bills be not stolen:—Well, you are to call at all the ale-houses, and bid those that are drunk get them to bed.

2. Watch. How if they will not?

Dogb. Why then, let them alone till they are sober; if they make you not then the better answer, you may say, they are not the men you took them for.

2. Watch. Well, sir.

Dogb. If you meet a thief, you may suspect him, by virtue of your office, to be no true man: and, for such kind of men, the less you meddle or make with them, why, the more is for your honesty.

2. Watch. If we know him to be a thief, shall we not lay hands on him?

Dogb. Truly, by your office, you may; but, I think, they that touch pitch will be defiled: the most peaceable way for you, if you do take a thief, is, to let him show himself what he is, and steal out of your company.

Verg. You have been always called a merciful man, partner.

Dogb. Truly, I would not hang a dog by my will; much more a man who hath any honesty in him.

Verg. If you hear a child cry in the night, you must call to the nurse, and bid her still it.

2. *Watch.* How if the nurse be asleep, and will not hear us?

Dogb. Why then, depart in peace, and let the child wake her with crying: for the ewe that will not hear her lamb when it baes, will never answer a calf when he bleats.

Verg. 'Tis very true.

Dogb. 'This is the end of the charge. You, constable, are to present the prince's own person; if you meet the prince in the night, you may stay him.

Verg. Nay by'r lady, that, I think, he cannot.

Dogb. Five shillings to one on't, with any man that knows the statutes, he may stay him: marry, not without the prince be willing: for, indeed, the watch ought to offend no man; and it is an offence to stay a man against his will.

Verg. By'r lady, I think, it be so.

Dogb. Ha, ha, ha! Well, masters, good night: an there be any matter of weight chances, call up me: keep your fellows' counsels and your own, and good night.—Come, neighbour.

2. *Watch.* Well, masters, we hear our charge: let us go sit here upon the church-bench till two, and then all to-bed.

Dogb. One word more, honest neighbours: I pray you, watch about signior Leonato's door; for the wedding being there to-morrow, there is a great coil to-night: Adieu, be vigilant, I beseech you.

[*Exeunt DOGBERRY and VERGES.*]

Enter BORACHIO and CONRADE.

Bora. What! Conrade,—

Watch.

Watch. Peace, stir not.

[*Aside.*]

Bora. Conrade, I say!

Con. Here, man, I am at thy elbow.

Bora. Mafs, and my elbow itch'd; I thought, there would a scab follow.

Con. I will owe thee an answer for that; and now forward with thy tale.

Bora. Stand thee close then under this penthouse, for it drizzles rain; and I will, like a true drunkard, utter all to thee.

Watch. [*Aside.*] Some treason, masters; yet stand close.

Bora. Therefore know, I have earned of Don John a thousand ducats.

Con. Is it possible that any villainy should be so dear?

Bora. Thou should'st rather ask, if it were possible any villainy should be so rich; for when rich villains have need of poor ones, poor ones may make what price they will.

Con. I wonder at it.

Bora. That shows, thou art unconfirm'd: Thou knowest, that the fashion of a doublet, or a hat, or a cloak, is nothing to a man.

Con. Yes, it is apparel.

Bora. I mean, the fashion.

Con. Yes, the fashion is the fashion.

Bora. Tush! I may as well say, the fool's the fool. But see'st thou not what a deformed thief this fashion is?

Watch. I know that Deformed; he has been a vile thief this seven year; he goes up and down like a gentleman: I remember his name.

Bora. Didst thou not hear somebody?

Con. No; 'twas the vane on the house.

Bora. See'st thou not, I say, what a deformed thief this fashion is? how giddily he turns about all the hot bloods,
between

between fourteen and five and thirty? sometime, fashioning them like Pharaoh's soldiers in the reechy painting; sometime, like god Bel's priests in the old church window; sometime, like the shaven Hercules in the smirch'd wormeaten tapestry, where his codpiece seems as maffy as his club?

Con. All this I see; and see, that the fashion wears out more apparel than the man: But art not thou thyself giddy with the fashion too, that thou hast shifted out of thy tale into telling me of the fashion?

Bora. Not so neither: but know, that I have to-night wooed Margaret, the lady Hero's gentlewoman, by the name of Hero; she leans me out at her mistress' chamber-window, bids me a thousand times good night,—I tell this tale vilely:—I should first tell thee, how the prince, Claudio, and my master, planted, and placed, and possessed by my master Don John, saw afar off in the orchard this amiable encounter.

Con. And thought they, Margaret was Hero?

Bora. Two of them did, the prince and Claudio; but the devil my master knew she was Margaret; and partly by his oaths, which first possessed them, partly by the dark night, which did deceive them, but chiefly by my villainy, which did confirm any slander that Don John had made, away went Claudio-enraged; swore he would meet her as he was appointed, next morning at the temple, and there, before the whole congregation, shame her with what he saw over-night, and send her home again without a husband.

1. *Watch.* We charge you in the prince's name, stand.

2. *Watch.* Call up the right master constable: We have here recovered the most dangerous piece of lechery that ever was known in the commonwealth.

1. *Watch.*

1. *Watch.* And one Deformed is one of them; I know him, he wears a lock.

Con. Masters, masters,—

2. *Watch.* You'll be made bring Deformed forth, I warrant you.

Con. Masters,—

1. *Watch.* Never speak; we charge you, let us obey you to go with us.

Bora. We are like to prove a goodly commodity, being taken up of these men's bills.

Con. A commodity in question, I warrant you. Come, we'll obey you. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

A Room in LEONATO'S House.

Enter HERO, MARGARET, and URSULA.

Hero. Good Urfula, wake my cousin Beatrice, and desire her to rise.

Urf. I will, lady.

Hero. And bid her come hither.

Urf. Well.

[*Exit URSULA.*]

Marg. Troth, I think, your other rabato were better.

Hero. No, pray thee, good Meg, I'll wear this.

Marg. By my troth, it's not so good; and I warrant, your cousin will say so.

Hero. My cousin's a fool, and thou art another; I'll wear none but this.

Marg. I like the new tire within excellently, if the hair were a thought browner: and your gown's a most rare fashion, i' faith. I saw the duchess of Milan's gown, that they praise so.

Hero. O, that exceeds, they say.

Marg.

Marg. By my troth it's but a night-gown in respect of ours : Cloth of gold, and cuts, and laced with silver ; set with pearls, down sleeves, side sleeves, and skirts round, underborne with a bluish tinsel : but for a fine, quaint, graceful, and excellent fashion, yours is worth ten on't.

Hero. God give me joy to wear it, for my heart is exceeding heavy !

Marg. 'Twill be heavier soon, by the weight of a man.

Hero. Fie upon thee ! art not ashamed ?

Marg. Of what, lady ? of speaking honourably ? Is not marriage honourable in a beggar ? Is not your lord honourable without marriage ? I think, you would have me say, saving your reverence,—*a husband* : an bad thinking do not wrest true speaking, I'll offend no body : Is there any harm in—*the heavier for a husband* ? None, I think, an it be the right husband, and the right wife ; otherwise 'tis light, and not heavy : Ask my lady Beatrice else, here she comes.

Enter BEATRICE.

Hero. Good morrow, coz.

Beat. Good morrow, sweet Hero.

Hero. Why, how, now ! do you speak in the sick tune ?

Beat. I am out of all other tune, methinks.

Marg. Clap us into—*Light o' love* ; that goes without a burden ; do you sing it, and I'll dance it.

Beat. Yea, *Light o' love*, with your heels !—then if your husband have stables enough, you'll see he shall lack no barns.

Marg. O illegitimate construction ! I scorn that with my heels.

Beat. 'Tis almost five o'clock, cousin ; 'tis time you were ready. By my troth I am exceeding ill :—hey ho !

Marg. For a hawk, a horse, or a husband.

E

Beat.

Beat. For the letter that begins them all, H.

Marg. Well, an you be not turn'd Turk, there's no more failing by the star.

Beat. What means the fool, trow?

Marg. Nothing I; but God send every one their heart's desire!

Hero. These gloves the count sent me, they are an excellent perfume.

Beat. I am stuff'd, cousin, I cannot smell.

Marg. A maid, and stuff'd! there's goodly catching of cold.

Beat. O, God help me! God help me! how long have you profess'd apprehension?

Marg. Ever since you left it: Doth not my wit become me rarely?

Beat. It is not seen enough, you should wear it in your cap:—By my troth, I am sick.

Marg. Get you some of this distill'd Carduus Benedictus, and lay it to your heart; it is the only thing for a qualm.

Hero. There thou prick'st her with a thistle.

Beat. Benedictus! why Benedictus? you have some moral in this Benedictus.

Marg. Moral? no, by my troth, I have no moral meaning; I meant, plain holy-thistle. You may think, perchance, that I think you are in love: nay, by'r lady, I am not such a fool to think what I list; nor I list not to think what I can; nor, indeed, I cannot think, if I would think my heart out of thinking, that you are in love, or that you will be in love, or that you can be in love: yet Benedick was such another, and now is he become a man: he swore he would never marry; and yet now, in despite of his heart, he eats his meat without grudging: and how you may be converted, I know not;

but methinks you look with your eyes as other women do.

Beat. What pace is that thy tongue keeps?

Marg. Not a false gallop.

Re-enter URSULA.

Urs. Madam, withdraw; the prince, the count, signior Benedick, Don John, and all the gallants of the town, are come to fetch you to church.

Hero. Help to dress me, good cos, good Meg, good Ursula. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE V.

Another Room in LEONATO'S House.

Enter LEONATO, with DOGBERRY and VERGES.

Leon. What would you with me, honest neighbour?

Dogb. Marry, sir, I would have some confidence with you, that decerns you nearly.

Leon. Brief, I pray you; for you see, 'tis a busy time with me.

Dogb. Marry, this it is, sir.

Verg. Yes, in truth it is, sir.

Leon. What is it, my good friends?

Dogb. Goodman Verges, sir, speaks a little of the matter: an old man, sir, and his wits are not so blunt, as, God help, I would desire they were; but, in faith, honest, as the skin between his brows.

Verg. Yes, I thank God, I am as honest as any man living, that is an old man, and no honestier than I.

Dogb. Comparisons are odorous; *palabras*, neighbour Verges.

Leon. Neighbours, you are tedious.

Dogb. It pleases your worship to say so, but we are the poor duke's officers; but, truly, for mine own part, if I were as tedious as a king, I could find in my heart to bestow it all of your worship.

Leon. All thy tediousness on me! ha!

Dogb. Yea, and 'twere a thousand times more than 'tis: for I hear as good exclamation on your worship, as of any man in the city; and though I be but a poor man, I am glad to hear it.

Verg. And so am I.

Leon. I would fain know what you have to say.

Verg. Marry, sir, our watch to-night, excepting your worship's presence, have ta'en a couple of as arrant knaves as any in Messina.

Dogb. A good old man, sir; he will be talking; as they say, When the age is in, the wit is out; God help us! it is a world to see!—Well said, i' faith, neighbour Verges:—well, God's a good man; An two men ride of a horse, one must ride behind;—An honest soul, i' faith, sir; by my troth he is, as ever broke bread: but, God is to be worshipp'd: All men are not alike; alas, good neighbour!

Leon. Indeed, neighbour, he comes too short of you.

Dogb. Gifts, that God gives.

Leon. I must leave you.

Dogb. One word, sir: our watch, sir, have, indeed, comprehended two aspicious persons, and we would have them this morning examined before your worship.

Leon. Take their examination yourself, and bring it me; I am now in great haste, as it may appear unto you.

Dog. It shall be suffigance.

Leon. Drink some wine ere you go: fare you well.

Enter

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, they stay for you to give your daughter to her husband.

Leon. I will wait upon them ; I am ready.

[Exeunt LEONATO and Messenger.]

Dogb. Go, good partner, go, get you to Francis Sea-coal, bid him bring his pen and inkhorn to the gaol ; we are now to examination these men.

Verg. And we must do it wisely.

Dogb. We will spare for no wit, I warrant you ; here's that *[Touching his forehead.]* shall drive some of them to a *non com* ; only get the learned writer to set down our excommunication, and meet me at the gaol. *[Exeunt.]*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The Inside of a Church.

Enter Don PEDRO, Don JOHN, LEONATO, Friar, CLAUDIO, BENEDICK, HERO, and BEATRICE, &c.

Leon. Come, friar Francis, be brief; only to the plain form of marriage, and you shall recount their particular duties afterwards.

Friar. You come hither, my lord, to marry this lady?

Claud. No.

Leon. To be married to her, friar; you come to marry her.

Friar. Lady, you come hither to be married to this count?

Hero. I do.

Friar. If either of you know any inward impediment why you should not be conjoined, I charge you, on your souls, to utter it.

Claud. Know you any, Hero?

Hero. None, my lord.

Friar. Know you any, count?

Leon. I dare make his answer, none.

Claud. O, what men dare do! what men may do! what men daily do! not knowing what they do!

Bene. How now! Interjections? Why, then some be of laughing, as, ha! ha! he!

Claud. Stand thee by, friar:—Father, by your leave; Will you with free and unconstrained soul Give me this maid, your daughter?

Leon. As freely, son, as God did give her me.

Claud.

Claud. And what have I to give you back, whose worth
May counterpoise this rich and precious gift?

D. Pedro. Nothing, unless you render her again.

Claud. Sweet prince, you learn me noble thankfulness.—
There, Leonato, take her back again;
Give not this rotten orange to your friend;
She's but the sign and semblance of her honour:—
Behold, how like a maid she blushes here:
O, what authority and show of truth
Can cunning sin cover itself withal!
Comes not that blood as modest evidence,
To witness simple virtue? Would you not swear,
All you that see her, that she were a maid,
By these exterior shows? But she is none:
She knows the heat of a luxurious bed:
Her blush is guiltiness, not modesty.

Leon. What do you mean, my lord?

Claud. Not to be married,
Not knit my soul to an approved wanton.

Leon. Dear my lord, if you, in your own proof
Have vanquish'd the resistance of her youth,
And made defeat of her virginity,—

Claud. I know what you would say; If I have known her,
You'll say, she did embrace me as a husband,
And so extenuate the 'forehand sin:
No, Leonato,
I never tempted her with word too large;
But, as a brother to his sister, show'd
Bashful sincerity, and comely love.

Hero. And seem'd I ever otherwise to you?

Claud. Out on thy seeming! I will write against it:
You seem to me as Dian in her orb;
As chaste as is the bud ere it be blown;
But you are more intemperate in your blood

Than Venus, or those pamper'd animals
That rage in savage sensuality.

Hero. Is my lord well, that he doth speak so wide?

Leon. Sweet prince, why speak not you?

D. Pedro.

What should I speak?

I stand dishonour'd; that have gone about
To link my dear friend to a common stale.

Leon. Are these things spoken? or do I but dream?

D. John. Sir, they are spoken, and these things are true.

Bene. This looks not like a nuptial.

Hero.

True, O God!

Claud. Leonato, stand I here?

Is this the prince? Is this the prince's brother?

Is this face Hero's? Are our eyes our own?

Leon. All this is so; But what of this, my lord?

Claud. Let me but move one question to your daughter;
And, by that fatherly and kindly power
That you have in her, bid her answer truly.

Leon. I charge thee do so, as thou art my child.

Hero. O God defend me! how am I beset!—

What kind of catechizing call you this?

Claud. To make you answer truly to your name.

Hero. Is it not Hero? Who can blot that name
With any just reproach?

Claud. Marry, that can Hero;

Hero itself can blot out Hero's virtue.

What man was he talk'd with you yesternight
Out at your window, betwixt twelve and one?
Now, if you are a maid, answer to this.

Hero. I talk'd with no man at that hour, my lord.

D. Pedro. Why, then are you no maiden.—Leonato,
I am sorry you must hear; Upon mine honour,
Myself, my brother, and this grieved count,
Did see her, hear her, at that hour last night,

Talk

Talk with a ruffian at her chamber-window;
Who hath, indeed, most like a liberal villain,
Confess'd the vile encounters they have had
A thousand times in secret.

D. John. Fie, fie! they are
Not to be nam'd, my lord, not to be spoke of;
There is not chastity enough in language,
Without offence, to utter them: Thus, pretty lady,
I am sorry for thy much misgovernment.

Claud. O Hero! what a Hero hadst thou been,
If half thy outward graces had been placed
About thy thoughts, and counsels of thy heart!
But, fare thee well, most foul, most fair! farewell,
Thou pure impiety, and impious purity!
For thee I'll lock up all the gates of love,
And on my eye-lids shall conjecture hang,
To turn all beauty into thoughts of harm,
And never shall it more be gracious.

Leon. Hath no man's dagger here a point for me?

[HERO swoons.]

Beat. Why, how now, cousin? wherefore sink you down?

D. John. Come, let us go: these things, come thus to light,
Smother her spirits up.

[*Exeunt Don PEDRO, Don JOHN, and CLAUDIO.*]

Bene. How doth the lady?

Beat. Dead, I think;—Help, uncle;—
Hero! why, Hero!—Uncle!—Signior Benedick!—friar!

Leon. O fate, take not away thy heavy hand!
Death is the fairest cover for her shame,
That may be with'd for.

Beat. How now, cousin Hero?

Friar. Have comfort, lady.

Leon. Dost thou look up?

Friar. Yea; Wherefore should she not?

Leon

Leon. Wherefore? Why, doth not every earthly thing
 Cry shame upon her? Could she here deny
 The story that is printed in her blood?—
 Do not live, Hero; do not ope thine eyes:
 For did I think thou would'st not quickly die,
 Thought I thy spirits were stronger than thy shames,
 Myself would, on the rearward of reproaches,
 Strike at thy life. Griev'd I, I had but one?
 Chid I for that at frugal nature's frame?
 O, one too much by thee! Why had I one?
 Why ever wast thou lovely in my eyes?
 Why had I not, with charitable hand,
 Took up a beggar's issue at my gates;
 Who smirched thus, and mired with infamy,
 I might have said, *No part of it is mine,*
This shame derives itself from unknown loins?
 But mine, and mine I lov'd, and mine I prais'd,
 And mine that I was proud on; mine so much,
 That I myself was to myself not mine,
 Valuing of her; why, she—O, she is fallen
 Into a pit of ink! that the wide sea
 Hath drops too few to wash her clean again;
 And salt too little, which may season give
 To her foul tainted flesh!

Bene. Sir, sir, be patient:
 For my part, I am so attir'd in wonder,
 I know not what to say.

Beat. O, on my soul, my cousin is belied!

Bene. Lady, were you her bedfellow last night?

Beat. No, truly, not; although, until last night,
 I have this twelvemonth been her bedfellow.

Leon. Confirm'd, confirm'd! O, that is stronger made
 Which was before barr'd up with ribs of iron!
 Would the two princes lie? and Claudio lie?

Who lov'd her so, that, speaking of her foulness,
Wash'd it with tears? Hence from her; let her die.

Friar. Hear me a little;
For I have only been silent so long,
And given way unto this course of fortune,
By noting of the lady: I have mark'd
A thousand blushing apparitions start
Into her face; a thousand innocent flames
In angel whiteness bear away those blushes;
And in her eye there hath appear'd a fire,
To burn the errors that these princes hold
Against her maiden truth:—Call me a fool;
Trust not my reading, nor my observations,
Which with experimental seal doth warrant
The tenour of my book; trust not my age,
My reverence, calling, nor divinity,
If this sweet lady lie not guiltless here
Under some biting error.

Leon. Friar, it cannot be:
Thou seest, that all the grace that she hath left,
Is, that she will not add to her damnation
A sin of perjury; she not denies it:
Why seek'st thou then to cover with excuse
That which appears in proper nakedness?

Friar. Lady, what man is he you are accus'd of?

Hero. They know, that do accuse me; I know none:
If I know more of any man alive,
Than that which maiden modesty doth warrant,
Let all my sins lack mercy!—O my father,
Prove you that any man with me convers'd
At hours unmeet, or that I yesternight
Maintain'd the change of words with any creature,
Refuse me, hate me, torture me to death.

Friar. There is some strange misprision in the princes.

Bene.

Whiles we enjoy it ; but being lack'd and lost,
 Why, then we rack the value ; then we find
 The virtue, that possession would not show us
 Whiles it was ours :—So will it fare with Claudio :
 When he shall hear she died upon his words,
 The idea of her life shall sweetly creep
 Into his study of imagination ;
 And every lovely organ of her life
 Shall come apparel'd in more precious habit,
 More moving-delicate, and full of life,
 Into the eye and prospect of his soul,
 Than when she liv'd indeed :—then shall he mourn,
 (If ever love had interest in his liver,)
 And wish he had not so accused her ;
 No, though he thought his accusation true.
 Let this be so, and doubt not but success
 Will fashion the event in better shape
 Than I can lay it down in likelihood.
 But if all aim but this be levell'd false,
 The supposition of the lady's death
 Will quench the wonder of her infamy :
 And, if it fort not well, you may conceal her
 (As best befits her wounded reputation,)
 In some reclusive and religious life,
 Out of all eyes, tongues, minds, and injuries.

Bene. Signior Leonato, let the friar advise you :
 And though, you know, my inwardness and love
 Is very much unto the prince and Claudio,
 Yet, by mine honour, I will deal in this
 As secretly, and justly, as your soul
 Should with your body.

Leon. Being that I flow in grief,
 The smallest twine may lead me.

Friar. 'Tis well consented ; presently away ;

For to strange fores strangely they strain the cure.—
Come, lady, die to live : this wedding day,
Perhaps, is but prolong'd ; have patience, and endure.

[*Exeunt* FRIAR, HERO, and LEONATO.]

Bene. Lady Beatrice, have you wept all this while ?

Beat. Yea, and I will weep a while longer.

Bene. I will not desire that.

Beat. You have no reason, I do it freely.

Bene. Surely, I do believe your fair cousin is wrong'd.

Beat. Ah, how much might the man deserve of me,
that would right her !

Bene. Is there any way to show such friendship ?

Beat. A very even way, but no such friend.

Bene. May a man do it ?

Beat. It is a man's office, but not yours.

Bene. I do love nothing in the world so well as you ; Is
not that strange ?

Beat. As strange as the thing I know not : It were as
possible for me to say, I loved nothing so well as you : but
believe me not ; and yet I lie not ; I confess nothing, nor
I deny nothing :—I am sorry for my cousin.

Bene. By my sword, Beatrice, thou lovest me.

Beat. Do not swear by it, and eat it.

Bene. I will swear by it, that you love me ; and I will
make him eat it, that says, I love not you.

Beat. Will you not eat your word ?

Bene. With no fauce that can be devised to it : I pro-
test, I love thee.

Beat. Why then, God forgive me !

Bene. What offence, sweet Beatrice ?

Beat. You have staid me in a happy hour ; I was about
to protest, I loved you.

Bene. And do it with all thy heart.

Beat.

Beat. I love you with so much of my heart, that none is left to protest.

Bene. Come, bid me do any thing for thee.

Beat. Kill Claudio.

Bene. Ha! not for the wide world.

Beat. You kill me to deny it: Farewell.

Bene. Tarry, sweet Beatrice.

Beat. I am gone, though I am here;—There is no love in you:—Nay, I pray you, let me go.

Bene. Beatrice,—

Beat. In faith, I will go.

Bene. We'll be friends first.

Beat. You dare easier be friends with me, than fight with mine enemy.

Bene. Is Claudio thine enemy?

Beat. Is he not approved in the height a villain, that hath slander'd, scorn'd, dishonour'd my kinswoman?—O, that I were a man!—What! bear her in hand until they come to take hands; and then with public accusation, uncovered slander, unmitigated rancour,—O God, that I were a man! I would eat his heart in the market-place.

Bene. Hear me, Beatrice.

Beat. Talk with a man out at a window?—a proper saying!

Bene. Nay but, Beatrice;—

Beat. Sweet Hero!—she is wrong'd, she is slander'd, she is undone.

Bene. Beat—

Beat. Princes, and counties! Surely, a princely testimony, a goodly count-confest; a sweet gallant, surely! O that I were a man for his sake! or that I had any friend would be a man for my sake! But manhood is melted into courtesies, valour into compliment, and men are only turned into tongue, and trim ones too; he is now as valiant

liant as Hercules, that only tells a lie, and swears it:—I cannot be a man with wishing, therefore I will die a woman with grieving.

Bene. Tarry, good Beatrice: By this hand, 'I love thee.

Beat. Use it for my love some other way than swearing by it.

Bene. Think you in your soul, the count Claudio hath wrong'd Hero?

Beat. Yea, as sure as I have a thought, or a soul.

Bene. Enough, I am engaged, I will challenge him; I will kiss your hand, and so leave you: By this hand, Claudio shall render me a dear account: As you hear of me, so think of me. Go, comfort your cousin: I must say, she is dead; and so, farewell. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Prison.

Enter DOGBERRY, VERGES, and Sexton, in gowns; and the Watch, with CONRADE, and BORACHIO.

Dogb. Is our whole dissembly appear'd?

Verg. O, a stool and a cushion for the sexton!

Sexton. Which be the malefactors?

Dogb. Marry, that am I and my partner.

Verg. Nay, that's certain; we have the exhibition to examine.

Sexton. But which are the offenders that are to be examined? let them come before master constable.

Dogb. Yea, marry, let them come before me.—What is your name, friend?

Bora. Borachio.

Dogb. Pray write down—Borachio.—Yours, sirrah?

Con.

Con. I am a gentleman, fir, and my name is Conrade.

Dogb. Write down—master gentleman Conrade.—Masters, do you serve God?

Con. Bora. Yea, fir, we hope.

Dogb. Write down—that they hope they serve God :—and write God first ; for God defend but God should go before such villains !—Masters, it is proved already that you are little better than false knaves ; and it will go near to be thought so shortly. How answer you for yourselves ?

Con. Marry, fir, we say we are none.

Dogb. A marvellous witty fellow, I assure you ; but I will go about with him.—Come you hither, firrah ; a word in your ear, fir ; I say to you, it is thought, you are false knaves.

Bora. Sir, I say to you, we are none.

Dogb. Well, stand aside.—'Fore God, they are both in a tale : Have you writ down—that they are none ?

Sexton. Master constable, you go not the way to examine ; you must call forth the watch that are their accusers.

Dogb. Yea, marry, that's the easiest way :—Let the watch come forth :—Masters, I charge you, in the prince's name, accuse these men.

1. *Watch.* This man said, fir, that Don John, the prince's brother, was a villain.

Dogb. Write down—prince John a villain :—Why this is flat perjury, to call a prince's brother—villain.

Bora. Master constable,—

Dogb. Pray thee, fellow, peace ; I do not like thy looks. I promise thee.

Sexton. What heard you him say else ?

2. *Watch.* Marry, that he had received a thousand ducats

cats of Don John, for accusing the lady Hero wrongfully.

Dogb. Flat burglary, as ever was committed.

Verg. Yea, by the mafs, that it is.

Sexton. What elfe, fellow?

1. *Watch.* And that count Claudio did mean, upon his words, to difgrace Hero before the whole afsembly, and not marry her.

Dogb. O villain! thou wilt be condemned into everlasting redemption for this.

Sexton. What elfe?

2. *Watch.* This is all.

Sexton. And this is more, mafters, than you can deny. Prince John is this morning fecretly ftolen away; Hero was in this manner accused, in this very manner refufed, and upon the grief of this, fuddenly died.—Mafter conftable, let thefe men be bound, and brought to Leonato's; I will go before, and fhew him their examination. [*Exit.*]

Dogb. Come, let them be opinion'd.

Verg. Let them be in band.

Con. Off, coxcomb!

Dogb. God's my life! where's the fepton? let him write down—the prince's officer, coxcomb.—Come, bind them:—Thou naughty varlet!

Con. Away! you are an afs, you are an afs.

Dogb. Dofth thou not fufpect my place? Dofth thou not fufpect my years?—O that he were here to write me down—an afs!—but, mafters, remember, that I am an afs; though it be not written down, yet forget not that I am an afs:—No, thou villain, thou art full of piety, as fhall be proved upon thee by good witnefs. I am a wife fellow; and, which is more, an officer; and, which is more, a houfholder; and, which is more, as pretty a piece of flefh

as any is in Messina; and one that knows the law, go to; and a rich fellow enough, go to; and a fellow that hath had losses; and one that hath two gowns, and every thing handsome about him:—Bring him away. O, that I had been writ down—an ass!

[Exeunt.]

ACT V. SCENE I.

Before LEONATO'S House.

Enter LEONATO and ANTONIO.

Ant. If you go on thus, you will kill yourself;
And 'tis not wisdom, thus to second grief
Against yourself.

Leon. I pray thee, cease thy counsel,
Which falls into mine ears as profitless
As water in a sieve: Give not me counsel;
Nor let no comforter delight mine ear,
But such a one whose wrong do suit with mine.
Bring me a father, that so loved his child,
Whose joy of her is overweigh'd like mine,
And bid him speak of patience;
Measure his woe the length and breadth of mine,
And let it answer every strain for strain;
As thus for thus, and such a grief for such,
In every lineament, branch, shape, and form:
If such a one will smile, and stroke his beard;
Cry—sorrow, wag! and hem, when he should groan;
Patch grief with proverbs; make misfortune drunk
With candle-wasters; bring him yet so me,
And I of him will gather patience.
But there is no such man: For, brother, men
Can counsel, and speak comfort to that grief
Which they themselves not feel; but, tasting it,
Their counsel turns to passion, which before
Would give preceptual medicine to rage,
Fetter strong madness in a silken thread,
Charm ach with air, and agony with words:

No,



Thurlton del

Platt sc

Much ado about Nothing

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No, no; 'tis all men's office to speak patience
To those that wring under the load of sorrow;
But no man's virtue, nor sufficiency,
To be so moral, when he shall endure
The like himself: therefore give me no counsel:
My griefs cry louder than advertisement.

Ant. Therein do men from children nothing differ.

Leon. I pray thee, peace; I will be flesh and blood;
For there was never yet philosopher,
That could endure the tooth-ach patiently;
However they have writ the style of gods,
And made a pish at chance and sufferance.

Ant. Yet bend not all the harm upon yourself;
Make those, that do offend you, suffer too.

Leon. There thou speak'st reason: nay, I will do so:
My soul doth tell me, Hero is bely'd;
And that shall Claudio know, so shall the prince,
And all of them, that thus dishonour her.

Enter Don PEDRO and CLAUDIO.

Ant. Here comes the prince, and Claudio, hastily.

D. Pedro. Good den, good den.

Claud. Good day to both of you.

Leon. Hear you, my lords,—

D. Pedro. We have some haste, Leonato.

Leon. Some haste, my lord!—well, fare you well, my
lord:—

Are you so hasty now?—well, all is one.

D. Pedro. Nay, do not quarrel with us, good old man.

Ant. If he could right himself with quarreling,
Some of us would lie low.

Claud. Who wrongs him?

Leon. Marry,

Thou, thou dost wrong me; thou dissembler, thou:—

Nay, never lay thy hand upon thy sword,
I fear thee not.

Claud. Marry, beshrew my hand,
If it should give your age such cause of fear :
In faith, my hand meant nothing to my sword.

Leon. Tush, tush, man, never fleer and jest at me :
I speak not like a dotard, nor a fool ;
As, under privilege of age, to brag
What I have done being young, or what would do,
Were I not old : Know, Claudio, to thy head,
Thou hast so wrong'd mine innocent child and me,
That I am forc'd to lay my reverence by ;
And, with grey hairs, and bruise of many days,
Do challenge thee to trial of a man.
I say, thou hast bely'd mine innocent child ;
Thy slander hath gone through and through her heart,
And she lyes buried with her ancestors :
O ! in a tomb where never scandal slept,
Save this of her's, fram'd by thy villainy.

Claud. My villainy !

Leon. Thine, Claudio ; thine I say.

D. Pedro. You say not right, old man.

Leon. My lord, my lord,

I'll prove it on his body, if he dare ;
Despite his nice fence, and his active practice,
His May of youth, and bloom of lustyhood.

Claud. Away, I will not have to do with you.

Leon. Canst thou so daff me ? Thou hast kill'd my child ;
If thou kill'st me, boy, thou shalt kill a man.

Ant. He shall kill two of us, and men indeed :
But that's no matter ; let him kill one first ;—
Win me and wear me,—let him answer me :—
Come, follow me, boy ; come, boy, follow me :

Sir boy, I'll whip you from your foining fence ;
Nay, as I am a gentleman, I will.

Leon. Brother,—

Ant. Content yourself : God knows, I lov'd my niece ;
And she is dead, slander'd to death by villains ;
That dare as well answer a man, indeed,
As I dare take a serpent by the tongue :
Boys, apes, braggarts, Jacks, milkfops !—

Leon.

Brother Antony,—

Ant. Hold you content ; What, man ! I know them, yea,
And what they weigh, even to the utmost scruple :
Scambling, out-facing, fashion-mong'ring boys,
That lie, and cog, and flout, deprave and slander,
Go antickly, and show outward hideousness,
And speak off half a dozen dangerous words,
How they might hurt their enemies, if they durst,
And this is all.

Leon. But, brother Antony,—

Ant.

Come, 'tis no matter ;

Do not you meddle, let me deal in this.

D. Pedro. Gentlemen both, we will not wake your patience.
My heart is sorry for your daughter's death ;
But, on my honour, she was charg'd with nothing
But what was true, and very full of proof.

Leon. My lord, my lord,—

D. Pedro.

I will not hear you.

Leon.

No ?

Brother, away :—I will be heard ;—

Ant.

And shall,

Or some of us will smart for it.

[*Exeunt* LEONATO and ANTONIO.]

Enter BENEDICK.

D. Pedro. See, see ; here comes the man we went to seek.

Claud. Now, signior! what news!

Bene. Good day, my lord.

D. Pedro. Welcome, signior: You are almost come to part almost a fray.

Claud. We had like to have had our two noses snapped off with two old men without teeth.

D. Pedro. Leonato and his brother: What think'st thou? Had we fought, I doubt, we should have been too young for them.

Bene. In a false quarrel there is no true valour. I came to seek you both.

Claud. We have been up and down to seek thee; for we are high-proof melancholy, and would fain have it beaten away: Wilt thou use thy wit?

Bene. It is in my scabbard; Shall I draw it?

D. Pedro. Dost thou wear thy wit by thy side?

Claud. Never any did so, though very many have been beside their wit.—I will bid thee draw, as we do the minstrels; draw, to pleasure us.

D. Pedro. As I am an honest man, he looks pale:—Art thou sick, or angry?

Claud. What! courage, man! What though care kill'd a cat, thou hast mettle enough in thee to kill care.

Bene. Sir, I shall meet your wit in the career, as you charge it against me:—I pray you, choose another subject.

Claud. Nay, then give him another staff; this last was broke cross.

D. Pedro. By this light, he changes more and more; I think, he be angry indeed.

Claud. If he be, he knows how to turn his girdle.

Bene. Shall I speak a word in your ear?

Claud. God bless me from a challenge!

Bene. You are a villain;—I jest not:—I will make it good how you dare, with what you dare, and when you dare:—

dare :—Do me right, or I will protest your cowardice. You have kill'd a sweet lady, and her death shall fall heavy on you : Let me hear from you.

Claud. Well, I will meet you, so I may have good cheer.

D. Pedro. What, a feast ? a feast ?

Claud. I' faith, I thank him ; he hath bid me to a calf's-head and a capon ; the which if I do not carve most curiously, say, my knife's naught.—Shall I not find a woodcock too ?

Bene. Sir, your wit ambles well ; it goes easily.

D. Pedro. I'll tell thee how Beatrice prais'd thy wit the other day : I said, thou hadst a fine wit ; *True*, says she, a fine little one : No, said I, a great wit ; *Right*, says she, a great gross one : Nay, said I, a good wit ; *Just*, said she, it hurts no body : Nay, said I, the gentleman is wise ; *Certain*, said she, a wise gentleman : Nay, said I, he bath the tongues ; *That I believe*, said she, for he swore a thing to me on Monday night, which he forswore on Tuesday morning ; there's a double tongue, there's two tongues. Thus did she, an hour together, trans-shape thy particular virtues ; yet, at last, she concluded with a sigh, thou wast the properest man in Italy.

Claud. For the which she wept heartily, and said, she cared not.

D. Pedro. Yea, that she did ; but yet, for all that, an if she did not hate him deadly, she would love him dearly : the old man's daughter told us all.

Claud. All, all ; and moreover, God saw him when he was bid in the garden.

D. Pedro. But when shall we set the savage bull's horns on the sensible Benedick's head ?

Claud. Yea, and text underneath, *Here dwells Benedick the married man ?*

Bene. Fare you well, boy ; you know my mind ; I will
leave

leave you now to your gossip-like humour: you break jests as braggarts do their blades, which, God be thanked, hurt not.—My lord, for your many courtesies I thank you: I must discontinue your company: your brother, the bastard, is fled from Messina: you have, among you, kill'd a sweet and innocent lady: For my lord Lack-beard, there, he and I shall meet; and till then, peace be with him.

[Exit BENEDICK.]

D. Pedro. He is in earnest.

Claud. In most profound earnest; and, I'll warrant you, for the love of Beatrice.

D. Pedro. And hath challeng'd thee?

Claud. Most sincerely.

D. Pedro. What a pretty thing man is, when he goes in his doublet and hose, and leaves off his wit!

Enter DOGBERRY, VERGES, and the Watch, with CONRADE and BORACHIO.

Claud. He is then a giant to an ape: but then is an ape a doctor to such a man.

D. Pedro. But, soft you, let be; pluck up, my heart, and be sad! Did he not say, my brother was fled?

Dogb. Come, you, sir; if justice cannot tame you, she shall ne'er weigh more reasons in her balance: nay, an you be a cursing hypocrite once, you must be look'd to.

D. Pedro. How now, two of my brother's men bound! Borachio, one!

Claud. Harken after their offence, my lord!

D. Pedro. Officers, what offence have these men done?

Dogb. Marry, sir, they have committed false report; moreover, they have spoken untruths; secondarily, they are slanders; sixth and lastly, they have bely'd a lady; thirdly, they have verified unjust things: and, to conclude, they are lying knaves.

D. Pedro.

D. Pedro. First, I ask thee what they have done ; thirdly, I ask thee what's their offence ; sixth and lastly, why they are committed ; and, to conclude, what you lay to their charge.

Claud. Rightly reasoned, and in his own division ; and, by my troth, there's one meaning well suited.

D. Pedro. Who have you offended, masters, that you are thus bound to your answer ? this learned constable is too cunning to be understood : What's your offence ?

Bora. Sweet prince, let me go no further to mine answer ; do you hear me, and let this count kill me. I have deceived even your very eyes : what your wisdoms could not discover, these shallow fools have brought to light ; who, in the night, overheard me confessing to this man, how Don John your brother incensed me to slander the lady Hero ; how you were brought into the orchard, and saw me court Margaret in Hero's garments ; how you disgraced her, when you should marry her : my villainy they have upon record ; which I had rather seal with my death, than repeat over to my shame : the lady is dead upon mine and my master's false accusation ; and, briefly, I desire nothing but the reward of a villain.

D. Pedro. Runs not this speech like iron through your blood ?

Claud. I have drunk poison, whiles he utter'd it.

D. Pedro. But did my brother set thee on to this ?

Bora. Yea, and paid me richly for the practice of it.

D. Pedro. He is compos'd and fram'd of treachery :—
And fled he is upon this villainy.

Claud. Sweet Hero ! now thy image doth appear
In the rare semblance that I lov'd at first.

Dogb. Come, bring away the plaintiffs ; by this time
our Sexton hath reform'd signior Leonato of the matter :
And

And masters, do not forget to specify, when time and place shall serve, that I am an ass.

Verg. Here, here comes master signior Leonato, and the Sexton too.

Re-enter LEONATO and ANTONIO, with the Sexton.

Leon. Which is the villain? Let me see his eyes;
That when I note another man like him,
I may avoid him: Which of these is he?

Bora. If you would know your wronger, look on me.

Leon. Art thou the slave, that with thy breath hast kill'd
Mine innocent child?

Bora. Yea, even I alone.

Leon. No, not so, villain; thou bely'st thyself;
Here stand a pair of honourable men,
A third is fled, that had a hand in it:—
I thank you, princes, for my daughter's death;
Record it with your high and worthy deeds;
'Twas bravely done, if you bethink you of it.

Claud. I know not how to pray your patience,
Yet I must speak: Choose your revenge yourself;
Impose me to what penance your invention
Can lay upon my sin: yet sinn'd I not,
But in mistaking.

D. Pedro. By my soul, nor I;
And yet, to satisfy this good old man,
I would bend under any heavy weight
That he'll enjoin me to.

Leon. I cannot bid you bid my daughter live,
That were impossible; but, I pray you both,
Possess the people in Messina here
How innocent she died: and, if your love
Can labour aught in sad invention,
Hang her an epitaph upon her tomb,

And

And sing it to her bones ; sing it to-night :—
 To-morrow morning come you to my house ;
 And since you could not be my son-in-law,
 Be yet my nephew : my brother hath a daughter,
 Almost the copy of my child that's dead,
 And she alone is heir to both of us ;
 Give her the right you should have given her cousin,
 And so dies my revenge.

Claud. O, noble sir,
 Your over-kindness doth wring tears from me !
 I do embrace your offer ; and dispose
 For henceforth of poor Claudio.

Leon. To-morrow then I will expect your coming ;
 To-night I take my leave.—This naughty man
 Shall face to face be brought to Margaret,
 Who, I believe, was pack'd in all this wrong,
 Hir'd to it by your brother.

Bora. No, by my soul, she was not ;
 Nor knew not what she did, when she spoke to me ;
 But always hath been just and virtuous,
 In any thing that I do know by her.

Dogb. Moreover, sir, (which, indeed, is not under white
 and black,) this plaintiff here, the offender, did call me
 ass : I beseech you, let it be remembered in his punish-
 ment : And also, the watch heard them talk of one De-
 formed : they say, he wears a key in his ear, and a lock
 hanging by it ; and borrows money in God's name ; the
 which he hath used so long, and never paid, that now
 men grow hard-hearted, and will lend nothing for God's
 sake : Pray you, examine him upon that point.

Leon. I thank thee for thy care and honest pains.

Dogb. Your worship speaks like a most thankful and
 reverend youth ; and I praise God for you.

Leon. There's for thy pains.

Dogb.

Dogb. God save the foundation!

Leon. Go, I discharge thee of thy prisoner, and I thank thee.

Dogb. I leave an arrant knave with your worship; which, I beseech your worship, to correct yourself, for the example of others. God keep your worship; I wish your worship well; God restore you to health: I humbly give you leave to depart; and if a merry meeting may be wish'd, God prohibit it.—Come, neighbour.

[*Exeunt DOGBERRY, VERGES, and Watch.*]

Leon. Until to-morrow morning, lords, farewell.

Ant. Farewell, my lords; we look for you to-morrow.

D. Pedro. We will not fail.

Claud. To-night I'll mourn with Hero.

[*Exeunt D. PEDRO and CLAUDIO.*]

Leon. Bring you these fellows on; we'll talk with Margaret,

How her acquaintance grew with this lewd fellow.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

LEONATO's Garden.

Enter BENEDICK and MARGARET, meeting.

Bene. Pray thee, sweet mistress Margaret, deserve well at my hands, by helping me to the speech of Beatrice.

Marg. Will you then write me a sonnet in praise of my beauty?

Bene. In so high a style, Margaret, that no man living shall come over it; for, in most comely truth, thou deservest it.

Marg. To have no man come over me? why, shall I always keep below stairs?

Bene.

Bene. Thy wit is as quick as the greyhound's mouth, it catches.

Marg. And your's as blunt as the fencer's foils, which hit, but hurt not.

Bene. A most manly wit, Margaret, it will not hurt a woman; and so, I pray thee, call Beatrice: I give thee the bucklers.

Marg. Give us the swords, we have bucklers of our own.

Bene. If you use them, Margaret, you must put in the pikes with a vice; and they are dangerous weapons for maids.

Marg. Well, I will call Beatrice to you, who, I think, hath legs. [Exit MARGARET.]

Bene. And therefore will come.

The god of love,

[Singing.]

That sits above,

And knows me, and knows me,

How pitiful I deserve,—

I mean, in singing; but in loving,—Leander the good swimmer, Troilus the first employer of pandars, and a whole book full of these quondam carpet-mongers, whose names yet run smoothly in the even road of a blank verse, why, they were never so truly turn'd over and over as my poor self, in love: Marry, I cannot show it in rhyme; I have try'd; I can find out no rhyme to *lady* but *baby*, an innocent rhyme; for *scorn*, *born*, a hard rhyme; for *school*, *fool*, a babbling rhyme; very ominous endings: No, I was not born under a rhyming planet, nor I cannot woo in festival terms.—

Enter BEATRICE.

Sweet Beatrice, would'st thou come when I called thee?

Beat. Yea, signior, and depart when you bid me.

Bene.

Bene. O, stay but till then !

Beat. Then, is spoken ; fare you well now :—and yet, ere I go, let me go with that I came for, which is, with knowing what hath passed between you and Claudio.

Bene. Only foul words ; and thereupon I will kiss thee.

Beat. Foul words is but foul wind, and foul wind is but foul breath, and foul breath is noisome ; therefore I will depart unkiss'd.

Bene. Thou hast frighted the word out of his right sense, so forcible is thy wit : But, I must tell thee plainly, Claudio undergoes my challenge ; and either I must shortly hear from him, or I will subscribe him a coward. And, I pray thee now, tell me, for which of my bad parts didst thou first fall in love with me ?

Beat. For them all together ; which maintain'd so politick a state of evil, that they will not admit any good part to intermingle with them. But for which of my good parts did you first suffer love for me ?

Bene. *Suffer love* ; a good epithet ! I do suffer love, indeed, for I love thee against my will.

Beat. In spite of your heart, I think ; alas ! poor heart ! If you spite it for my sake, I will spite it for yours ; for I will never love that which my friend hates.

Bene. Thou and I are too wise to woo peaceably.

Beat. It appears not in this confession : there's not one wise man among twenty, that will praise himself.

Bene. An old, an old instance, Beatrice, that lived in the time of good neighbours : if a man do not erect in this age his own tomb ere he dies, he shall live no longer in monument, than the bell rings, and the widow weeps.

Beat. And how long is that, think you ?

Bene. Question ?—Why, an hour in clamour, and a quarter in rheum : Therefore it is most expedient for the wife, (if Don Worm, his conscience, find no impediment
to

to the contrary,) to be the trumpet of his own virtues, as I am to myself: So much for praising myself, (who, I myself will bear witness, is praise-worthy,) and now tell me, How doth your cousin?

Beat. Very ill.

Bene. And how do you?

Beat. Very ill too.

Bene. Serve God, love me, and mend: there will I leave you too, for here comes one in haste.

Enter URSULA.

Urf. Madam, you must come to your uncle; yonder's old coil at home: it is proved, my lady Hero hath been falsely accused, the prince and Claudio mightily abused; and Don John is the author of all, who is fled and gone: Will you come presently?

Beat. Will you go hear this news, signior?

Bene. I will live in thy heart, die in thy lap, and be buried in thy eyes; and, moreover, I will go with thee to thy uncle's.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

The Inside of a Church.

Enter Don PEDRO, CLAUDIO, and Attendants with musick and tapers.

Claud. Is this the monument of Leonato?

Atten. It is, my lord.

Claud. [*Reads from a scroll.*]

Done to death by slanderous tongues

Was the Hero that here lies:

Death, in guerdon of her wrongs,

Gives her fame which never dies:

*So the life, that died with shame,
Lives in death with glorious fame.*

*Hang thou there upon the tomb,
Praising her when I am dumb.—*

[affixing it.

Now, musick, sound, and sing your solemn hymn.

S O N G.

*Pardon, Goddess of the night,
Those that slew thy virgin knight;
For the which, with songs of woe,
Round about her tomb they go.
Midnight, assist our moan;
Help us to sigh and groan;
Heavily, heavily:
Graves, yawn, and yield your dead,
Till death be uttered,
Heavily, heavily.*

Claud. Now, unto thy bones good night!
Yearly will I do this rite.

D. Pedro. Good morrow, masters; put your torches out:
The wolves have prey'd; and look, the gentle day,
Before the wheels of Phoebus, round about

Dapples the drowsy east with spots of grey:
Thanks to you all, and leave us; fare you well.

Claud. Good morrow, masters; each his several way.

D. Pedro. Come, let us hence, and put on other weeds;
And then to Leonato's we will go.

Claud. And, Hymen, now with luckier issue speed's,
Than this, for whom we render'd up this woe! [Exeunt.

SCENE

SCENE IV.

A Room in LEONATO's House.

Enter LEONATO, ANTONIO, BENEDICK, BEATRICE, URSULA, Friar, and HERO.

Friar. Did I not tell you she was innocent ?

Leon. So are the prince and Claudio, who accus'd her,
Upon the error that you heard debated :
But Margaret was in some fault for this ;
Although against her will, as it appears
In the true course of all the question.

Ant. Well, I am glad that all things sort so well.

Bene. And so am I, being else by faith enforc'd
To call young Claudio to a reckoning for it.

Leon. Well, daughter, and you gentlewomen all,
Withdraw into a chamber by yourselves ;
And, when I send for you, come hither mask'd :
The prince and Claudio promis'd by this hour
To visit me :—You know your office, brother ;
You must be father to your brother's daughter,
And give her to young Claudio. [*Exeunt Ladies.*]

Ant. Which I will do with confirm'd countenance.

Bene. Friar, I must entreat your pains, I think.

Friar. To do what, signior ?

Bene. To bind me, or undo me, one of them.—
Signior Leonato, truth it is, good signior,
Your niece regards me with an eye of favour.

Leon. That eye my daughter lent her ; 'Tis most true.

Bene. And I do with an eye of love requite her.

Leon. The sight whereof, I think, you had from me,
From Claudio, and the prince ; But what's your will ?

Bene. Your answer, sir, is enigmatical :

But, for my will, my will is, your good will
 May stand with ours, this day to be conjoin'd
 In the state of honourable marriage ;—
 In which, good friar, I shall desire your help.

Leon. My heart is with your liking.

Friar.

And my help.

Here comes the prince, and Claudio.

Enter Don PEDRO, and CLAUDIO, with Attendants.

D. Pedro. Good morrow to this fair assembly.

Leon. Good morrow, prince ; good morrow, Claudio ;
 We here attend you ; Are you yet determin'd
 To-day to marry with my brother's daughter ?

Claud. I'll hold my mind, were she an Ethiop.

Leon. Call her forth, brother, here's the friar ready.

[*Exit ANTONIO.*]

D. Pedro. Good morrow, Benedick : Why, what's the
 matter,

That you have such a February face,
 So full of frost, of storm, and cloudiness ?

Claud. I think, he thinks upon the savage bull :—
 Tush, fear not, man, we'll tip thy horns with gold,
 And all Europa shall rejoice at thee ;
 As once Europa did at lusty Jove,
 When he would play the noble beast in love.

Bene. Bull Jove, sir, had an amiable low ;
 And some such strange bull leap'd your father's cow,
 And got a calf in that same noble feat,
 Much like to you, for you have just his bleat.

Re-enter ANTONIO, with the Ladies mask'd.

Claud. For this I owe you : here come other reckonings.
 Which is the lady I must seize upon ?

Ant. This same is she, and I do give you her.

Claud.

Claud. Why, then she's mine : Sweet, let me see your face.

Leon. No, that you shall not, till you take her hand
Before this friar, and swear to marry her.

Claud. Give me your hand before this holy friar;
I am your husband, if you like of me.

Hero. And when I liv'd, I was your other wife :

[*Unmasking.*]

And when you lov'd, you were my other husband.

Claud. Another Hero?

Hero. Nothing certainer :

One Hero died defil'd ; but I do live,

And, surely as I live, I am a maid.

D. Pedro. The former Hero ! Hero that is dead !

Leon. She died, my lord, but whiles her slander liv'd.

Friar. All this amazement can I qualify ;

When, after that the holy rites are ended,

I'll tell you largely of fair Hero's death :

Mean time, let wonder seem familiar,

And to the chapel let us presently.

Bene. Soft and fair, friar.—Which is Beatrice?

Beat. I answer to that name ; [*Unmasking.*] What is
your will ?

Bene. Do not you love me ?

Beat. No, no more than reason.

Bene. Why, then your uncle, and the prince, and Claudio,
Have been deceived ; for they swore you did.

Beat. Do not you love me ?

Bene. No, no more than reason.

Beat. Why, then my cousin, Margaret, and Ursula,
Are much deceiv'd ; for they did swear, you did.

Bene. They swore that you were almost sick for me.

Beat. They swore that you were well-nigh dead for me.

Bene. 'Tis no such matter :—Then, you do not love me ?

Beat. No, truly, but in friendly recompence.

Leon.

Leon. Come, cousin, I am sure you love the gentleman.

Claud. And I'll be sworn upon't, that he loves her;
For here's a paper, written in his hand,
A halting sonnet of his own pure brain,
Fashion'd to Beatrice.

Hero, And here's another,
Writ in my cousin's hand, stolen from her pocket,
Containing her affection unto Benedick.

Bene. A miracle! here's our own hands against our hearts!—Come, I will have thee; but, by this light, I take thee for pity.

Beat. I would not deny you;—but, by this good day, I yield upon great persuasion; and, partly, to save your life, for I was told you were in a consumption.

Bene. Peace, I will stop your mouth.— [*Kissing her.*]

D. Pedro. How dost thou, Benedick the married man?

Bene. I'll tell thee what, prince; a college of wit-crackers cannot flout me out of my humour: Dost thou think, I care for a satire, or an epigram? No: if a man will be beaten with brains, he shall wear nothing handsome about him: In brief, since I do purpose to marry, I will think nothing to any purpose that the world can say against it; and therefore never flout at me for what I have said against it; for man is a giddy thing, and this is my conclusion.—For thy part, Claudio, I did think to have beaten thee; but in that thou art like to be my kinsman, live unbruised, and love my cousin.

Claud. I had well hoped, thou would'st have denied Beatrice, that I might have cudgell'd thee out of thy single life, to make thee a double dealer; which, out of question, thou wilt be, if my cousin do not look exceeding narrowly to thee.

Bene. Come, come, we are friends:—let's have a dance

ere we are married, that we may lighten our own hearts,
and our wives' heels.

Leon. We'll have dancing afterwards.

Bene. First, o' my word; therefore, play, musick.—
Prince, thou art sad; get thee a wife, get thee a wife:
there is no staff more reverend than one tipp'd with horn.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, your brother John is ta'en in flight,
And brought with armed men back to Messina.

Bene. Think not on him till to-morrow; I'll devise
thee brave punishments for him.—Strike up, pipers.

[*Dance. Exeunt.*]



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[REDACTED]









